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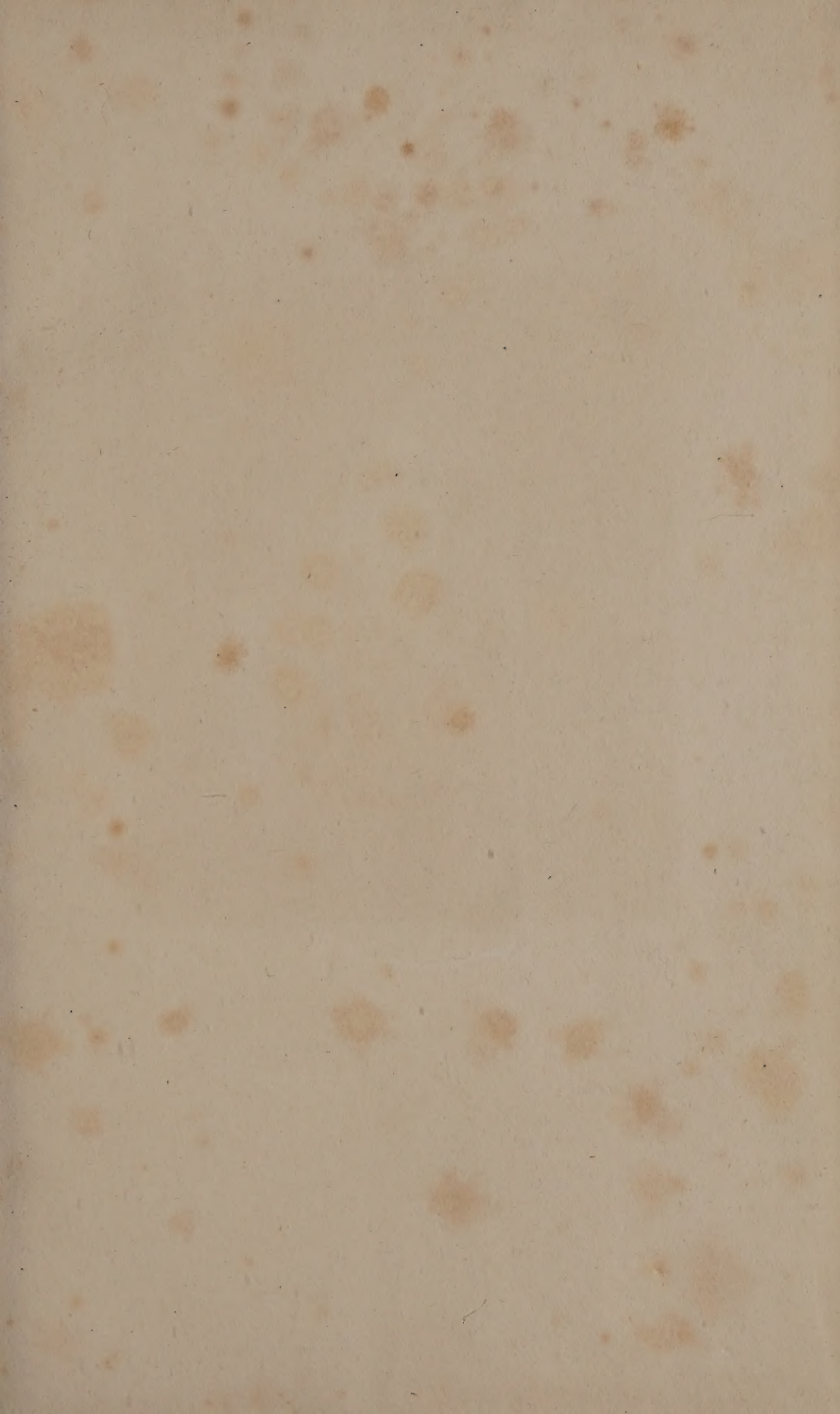
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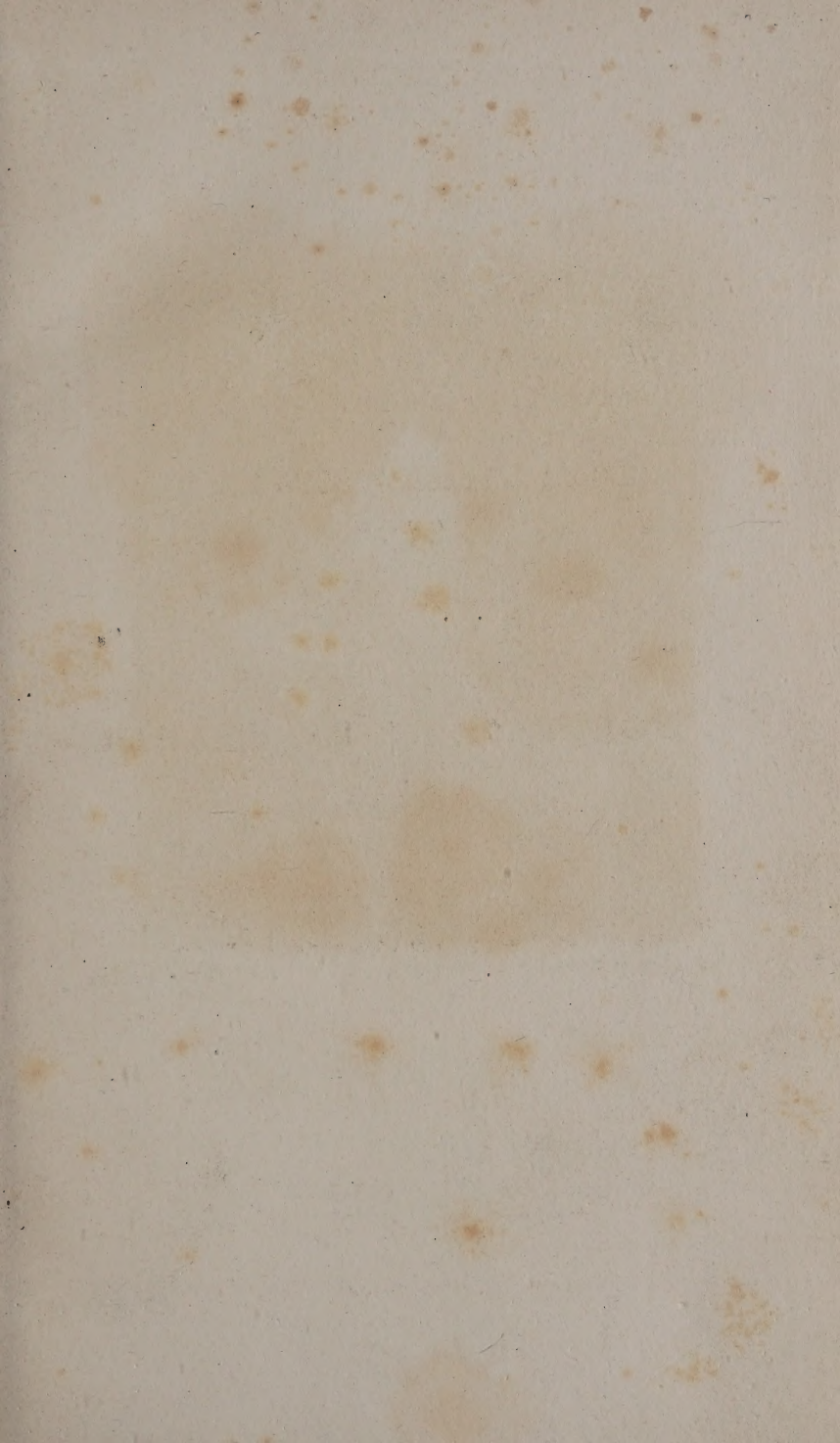
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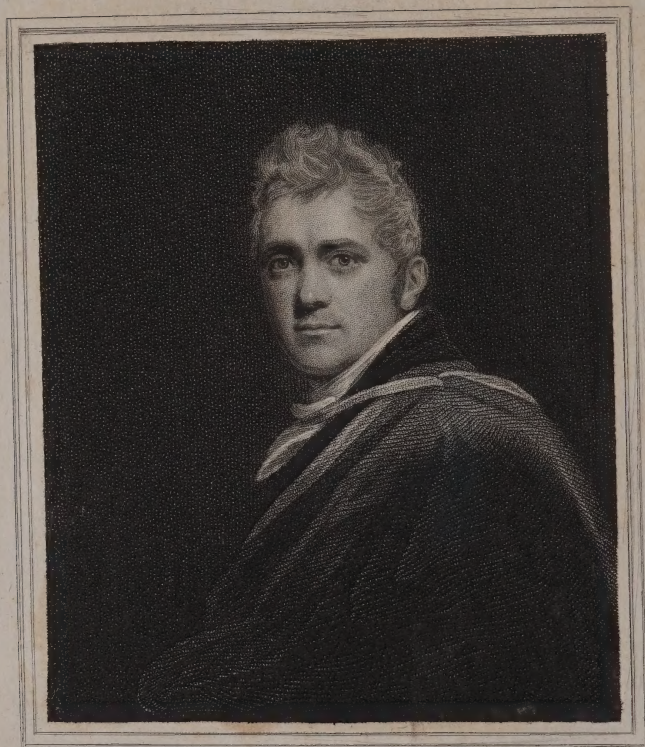












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Engraver to His Majesty.

C. D. Clarke.

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in the Poultry.

THE
Life and Remains
OF
EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE

PROFESSOR OF MINERALOGY
IN THE UNIVERSITY OF CAMBRIDGE.

BY THE
REV. WILLIAM OTTER, A. M. F. L. S.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON :
PRINTED FOR GEORGE COWIE AND CO.
IN THE POULTRY.

1825.



PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION.

IN submitting these Memoirs of Dr. Clarke to the Subscribers and to the Public, the Individual who has undertaken to compile them, fears that he must bespeak their indulgence for the very imperfect manner in which the task, interrupted by various causes, and resumed under many disadvantages, has been performed.

It has been his main object to bring forward most prominently into the Work so much of the Remains of Dr. Clarke as seemed likely to gratify his friends. At the same time he has made it his endeavour to select from the large mass of materials before him, those portions, which appeared best calculated to illustrate his life and character, or by their intrinsic merit to support his established reputation with the public. In what manner the Editor has executed this task of selection, rendered more difficult by the irregular manner in which the materials have been supplied, must be left to the judgment of others. He hopes he will be thought to have done no injustice to the memory of his friend, whom he has endeavoured to exhibit as he was, fully, candidly, and fairly; and if it shall be judged in any quarter, that he has indulged too much in the language of panegyric, he is persuaded that those who were best acquainted with Dr. Clarke will be most ready to make every allowance for the error. It is difficult for any one whom he regarded to speak of him with moderation, and the Author of this Memoir shared too long and too largely in his friendship, to be exempt from the partiality it inspired.

He has to acknowledge much kindness in the prosecution of his task. To one friend, in particular, his thanks are justly due for more assistance than he can well express; suffice it to say, without involving him in the imperfections or even in the opinions of the narrative, that his aiding or correcting hand may be traced in every portion of the work, and that in some of them the pains he has bestowed have been not less than those of the Author himself. To many other persons the work is indebted for the ready supply of letters, and of such other information as they happened to possess; and to the kindness of a lady it owes an engraving of Dr. Clarke, which has been thought by many to exhibit a stronger likeness of him than any other portrait has presented before.

WILLIAM OTTER.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

THE second Edition of the Life and Remains of Dr. Clarke, is now offered to the public with little alteration, and therefore requires but little comment from the Author. He cannot, however, suffer this occasion to pass by without expressing to the Subscribers, the strong sense he entertains of the kindness with which the work has been received by them,—a kindness the more valuable, as it conveys to him the welcome assurance that the memory of his Friend has not suffered in his hands.

It remains only to take a short notice of the present Edition.—A few verbal errors have been corrected; some letters which had been mislaid while the first Edition was printing, and have been since found, are now inserted; and at the suggestion of several Friends of Dr. Clarke, his Tract upon the Blow-pipe and his Letter to Archdeacon Wrangham upon the character of Wheler have been re-printed for the Appendix. A new Portrait from a different Painting, engraved in Octavo, expressly for this Work, has also been prefixed.

WILLIAM OTTER.

Stockwell, December 31th, 1824.

N. B. A new and more correct List of Subscribers is now printing in Quarto, and will be delivered gratis to the Subscribers, to bind up with the Quarto Edition, upon application to Messrs. Cowie and Co. 31, Poultry.

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THE LIFE
OF
EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE.

CHAP. I.

Ancestors of Dr. E. D. Clarke—William Wotton—MILD William Clarke—Rev. Edward Clarke—Birth of Dr. E. D. Clarke—His early education—Death of his Father.

EDWARD DANIEL CLARKE, the subject of these Memoirs, was born June 5, 1769, at Willingdon, in the county of Sussex, and was descended from a line of ancestors, whose learning and abilities reflected, for a long series of years, the highest credit upon the literature of their country. The celebrated Dr. William Wotton, justly considered in his time as a prodigy of early knowledge, was his great-grandfather. His grandfather, known to his friends by the appellation of *mild* William Clarke, was one of the most accomplished scholars of his age; and his father, Mr. Edward Clarke, although labouring for the best part of his life under the disadvantages of an infirm constitution,

was distinguished in the same honourable career. Nor were these instances solitary, occurring one only in each descent: for so widely diffused has been the love of literature throughout the different members of this family, that, of four entire generations, beginning with Dr. Wotton and his wife Anne Hammond, of St. Alban's, in Kent, and ending with Dr. Clarke, his brothers and his sister, there is scarcely a single individual, whether male or female, who, at one period or other, and in proportion to the opportunities offered, has not been remarkable for literary genius or taste; while many of them, by their learning and their works, have arrived at high degrees of eminence and reputation.

The character and writings of Dr. Wotton are so well known to the literary world, that a short notice of them here will be thought sufficient. Besides several larger works, he was the author of many tracts and dissertations, involving much classical and antiquarian research. One of the earliest of these was entitled, "Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning;" which, being afterward published in a second edition, in 1697, with a dissertation of Dr. Bentley's annexed, was the means of involving him incidentally in the celebrated controversy betwixt that great scholar and Mr. Boyle. From a dispute like this, in which abuse was lavished on every side with an unsparing hand, it

was little to be expected, that Dr. Wotton would escape without some unpleasant marks of his having been connected with it ; still less when it is considered, that his immediate adversary was the caustic dean of St. Patrick's : but it is honourable to him to record the testimony of Mr. Boyle himself, to a species of merit displayed by him, which must have been somewhat rare in that controversy, that his remarks were urged with decency and modesty, and that there was a vein of learning running through his work without any ostentation of it. In the latter part of his life, having retired into Wales, in consequence of some pecuniary embarrassment, he determined to profit by the occasion to make himself master of the Welsh language ; and among the fruits of this industry, are a Welsh sermon, which he preached and printed, being, as it is said, the first that was ever composed and delivered by an Englishman ; two Histories of Cathedrals ; and, finally, a digest of the laws of Hoel Dha, which he did not live to finish. He died at Buxted, in Sussex, in 1726, at the age of Sixty-one, and was buried there by the side of his wife, who had departed a few years before him. His profound and extensive knowledge, which is allowed by all, was the natural consequence of studious habits, combined with a wonderful memory, which is said to have retained correctly every thing that he had ever read. To the latter faculty may be chiefly

attributed the singular facility he possessed of acquiring languages; and so extraordinary are the testimonies which have been handed down to us of the precocity of his intellect in this respect,*

* The following among many other testimonies, of the early proficiency of William Wotton, are taken from a MS. of his father's and are inserted in Nichols's Literary Anecdotes of the eighteenth century, vol. iv. p. 253-5.

“ Mr. Ombler, a fellow of Corpus Christi college, coming occasionally near my house, and hearing of my child, was pleased, to satisfy himself, to do me the honour to make an experiment of the truth of what he had heard; and, as a testimony of his satisfaction, after he had examined my son, he gave this account of him :

“ ‘ *Prima juventutis indoles futurum virtutis fructum indicat.*

“ ‘ Hanc sententiam posuit JOHANNES OMBLER, Coll. Corporis Christi Cantab. socius, Gulielmi Wottoni gratiâ, qui quinque plus minus natus annos, linguam Latinam, Græcam, et Hebraicam, mirum in modum callet.

“ ‘ *Maii 24, 1672.*’

“ Sir Thomas Brown, Doctor of Physic, a gentleman not only famous for his practice, but illustrious as well in Philology, as Philosophy, upon the observation he had of my son, left this testimony of him with me :

“ ‘ I do hereby declare and certify, that I heard William Wotton, son to Mr. Henry Wotton of Wrentham, of the age of six years, read a stanza in Spenser very distinctly and pronounce it properly: as also some verses in the first Eclogue of Virgil, which I purposely chose out; and also construed the same truly. Also some verses in Homer, and the *Carmina Aurea* of Pythagoras, which he read well and construed; as he did also the first verse

when a child, that if they did not rest upon the most unquestionable authorities, or if they had been recorded in a manner less specific and minute, they would scarcely have found credit with posterity.

Of mild William Clarke, whose name and relationship seem to connect him more closely with these Memoirs, it will be permitted to speak more fully; especially since his eminence as a scholar, which his singular modesty contributed in some respect to veil, and the many interesting and excellent qualities of his heart, present him to our notice in an attractive point of view. He was born at Haghmon Abbey, in Shropshire, in 1696, being the son of a substantial and respectable yeoman, who occupied a considerable tract of land under the Kynastons of Hardwick in that county, and acted also as a confidential agent to the family. The Abbey, with its dependances, has since passed by marriage to the Corbets of Sundorne; and they now form together an interesting and remarkable

of the 4th chapter of Genesis, in Hebrew, which I purposely chose out.

“ ‘ *July* 20, 1672.

THOMAS BROWN.’

“ ‘ Gulielmo Wotton puerulo septenni, Latine, Græcè, et Hebraicè, valdè supra ætatem erudito, similem, id est, felicissimum in timore Dei, in gratiâ cœlesti, et in severioribus studiis profectum, summis votis, et certissimâ spe exoptat,

“ ‘ *Jun.* 12, 1673.

ED. NORVIC.’” [Bp. REYNOLDS.]

ruin, within the bounderies of Sundorne Park. He received his early education where many other distinguished scholars have laid the foundation of theirs, at Shrewsbury School, under Mr. Lloyd, and in 1713 was removed from thence to St. John's College, Cambridge. Of this society he was at the early age of twenty years elected fellow, Jan. 22, 1716-17, together with nine others in consequence of the ejection* of several of the seniors, for

* At this time ten fellows were thus displaced, and the true account of their ejection is this :—The statutes of St. John's College require the fellows, as soon as they are of a sufficient standing, to take the degree of B.D. But the oath of allegiance is required to be taken with every degree : so that at the Revolution, twenty-four of the fellows not coming into the oath of allegiance, and the statutes requiring them to commence B.D., they were constrained to part with their fellowships. As to those who had taken their degrees before the Revolution, there was nothing to cause their ejection, till their refusal of the abjuration oath, enacted on the accession of George I.—See Nichols's *Anecdotes*, vol. iv. p. 247.

Mr. Baker, who died in 1740, was probably the survivor of all these. These principles of the members of this society made it little agreeable at court ; however, they had always one good friend (though he by no means agreed with them in their sentiments), Commissary Dr. Rowland Hill, paymaster to the army in Flanders under King William. See Wotton's *Baronetage*, vol. 5, p. 215. One day, upon some bad reports from Cambridge, the then Lord Carteret said, “ Well, Mr. Commissary, what have you to say for your college now ? ” — “ Why, to be sure, I must own that circumstances are against us ; but though I hardly

refusing the abjuration oath, on the accession of George I. His character and learning recommended him, at an early period, to the notice of many distinguished men. He was successively domestic chaplain to Dr. Adam Ottley, bishop of St. David's, and to Thomas Holles, duke of Newcastle; and, in 1724, he was presented by Archbishop Wake to the valuable rectory of Buxted, in the county of Sussex; this preferment he seems to have owed partly to his own merit, and partly to the recommendation of his father-in-law, Dr. Wotton, whose only daughter Anne he had recently married.

In 1738, he was made prebendary of the prebend of Hova Villa,* in the church of Chichester; and

shall, who am an old man, yet I dare say your Lordship will live to see that College as obsequious as any other." This prediction was completely fulfilled; when his Lordship nobly promoted Dr. Taylor, who was the last that retained in secret the principles of this party.—Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. iv. p. 249. It is probable, that Dr. Taylor's jacobitism was never very fierce or unaccommodating, as it is related in his Life, that he quarrelled with his patron and friend, Mr. Owen, of Condover, because he pressed him to drink the Pretender's health upon his knees, a practice common enough at that time in Shropshire.

* To this preferment Dr. Taylor alludes, in the following friendly letter, prefixed to his "*Lectiones Lysiacæ*."—See Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. iv. p. 365.

"Viro amicissimo Gulielmo Clarke, Canonico Cicestrensi.

"Grave nomen amicitiae semper fuisse duxi, gravissimum hodie

finally, in 1770, he was installed chancellor of the same cathedral. This was the highest dignity he attained; and, if we may judge from the modesty and simplicity of his mind, as well as from the whole tenor of his own declarations upon the subject, it was the highest to which he aspired.

sensi: cum aut modestiam Tuam læsura esset publica hæc gratulatio, aut levitatem meam proditura beneficiorum reticentia. In quâ tamen sollicitudine plus amicitie nostræ quam pudori Tuo tribui; maluique ab omnibus meam desiderari prudentiam, quam à Te officii rationem. Nam præter illum fructum jucundissimæ Tuæ consuetudinis quem cum ceteris percepi, ut à Te semper et ingenio emendatior et moribus elegantior discederem, singulari porro studiorum nostrorum rationem et adjuvisti consilio, et excepisti benevolentia. Unde parum mihi verendum fuisse arbitrabar, ne fortunam Tuam sequi videretur obsequii nostri significatio, aut minus id spectare quod debeo, quam dignitatem quam nuper consecutus es. Verum sit sanè, quanquam non ita est tamen. Tanti profecto pene habeo ut Te colerem, amoremque meum testatum facerem etiam periculo suspicionis. Ego interea neque adulari possum, neque Te diligere non possum; neque ulla erit tanta fortuna Tua, (sit licet aut Tuis virtutibus digna, aut expectationi nostræ æqualis) ut ego eam lubentius prædicem quam ingenii Tui et humanitatis laudes. Quæso igitur, ut Lysias, suavissimus Orator, et, quod meam diligentiam et excitasse et commendare possit maximè, ex eo genere scriptorum quorum ad disciplinas recolendas Tu mihi semper auctor exstitisti, obsequii mei supersit monumentum, eamque amicitie nostræ memoriæ perennitatem conciliet, quam velit ille qui Te ex animo, ut debet, colit observatque.

Scripsi Idibus Octobris M.DCC.XXXVIII. ex.
ædibus tuis Joannensibus."

To his early friend, the Duke of Newcastle, who had so much preferment at his disposal, and who seems never to have lost sight of him in life, he appears to have owed little beyond the credit which such a connexion might be expected to bestow; and the reason assigned for this neglect is so very natural, and throws so much light upon the character of both the parties, that we are tempted to insert it. When the duke was asked, after his retirement from office, in familiar conversation with an old friend, how it came to pass, that, amidst the many divines he had raised to the bench, he never thought of Mr. William Clarke,—“Thought of him,” replied the Duke, “why my dear sir, he was seldom out of my mind; but Mr. Clarke never asked me.” To Mr. Clarke himself, he excuses his neglect by a profession much more courtly indeed, but, in any other than a courtly sense, much less likely to be true. “It has been my misfortune,” he says, “not to have had it in my power, for my own sake as well as for that of the public, to bring you into a more exalted station in your profession.” This passage, with others of a still more flattering nature, is found, in a letter written to him by the Duke, in acknowledgment of his high sense of the honour which had been conferred upon him, by the dedication* of Mr.

* It is due to the memory of the Duke of Newcastle to state, that this dedication contains an express acknowledgment of

Clarke's work on Saxon Coins; and contains, at least, a confession, that whatever might have been the real obstacle, it was neither want of merit on the part of Mr. Clarke, nor want of knowledge of it on that of the Duke, which prevented his farther promotion.

Mr. Clarke was intimately acquainted with most of the eminent scholars of his day. Jeremiah Markland lived in the same village with him, and undertook for some time the care of his son. With the learned printer Bowyer he was associated in several useful works. Dr. Taylor (the editor of Demosthenes), Mr. Boyle, Archbishop Secker, and Bishop Sherlock, were amongst his correspondents; and his Letters,* which have been published in

obligations received by Mr. Clarke from the Duke, and of the benevolent principle upon which they were conferred. But whatever these obligations may have been, they do not appear to have been connected with Mr. Clarke's profession, unless, indeed, the appointment of his Son to be one of his Grace's domestic chaplains may be so deemed.

* It has been thought right to present here to the reader two or three specimens of Mr. Clarke's correspondence from Mr. Nichols's Anecdotes.

To those who are acquainted with the present state of Brighton, it will be interesting to contrast it with what it was in 1736.

“ July 22, 1736.

“ We are now sunning ourselves upon the beach at Bright-helmstone, and observing what a tempting figure this Island must have made formerly in the eyes of those gentlemen who were

Mr. Nichols's Anecdotes, as well as others which are in private hands, bear the most ample testi-

pleased to civilize and subdue us. The place is really pleasant; I have seen nothing in its way that outdoes it: such a tract of sea, such regions of corn, and such an extent of fine carpet, that gives your eye the command of it all. But then the mischief is, that we have little conversation besides the *clamor nauticus*, which is here a sort of treble to the plashing of the waves against the cliffs. My morning business is, bathing in the sea, and then buying fish; the evening is, riding out for air, viewing the remains of old Saxon camps, and counting the ships in the road—and the boats that are trawling. Sometimes we give the imagination leave to expatiate a little—fancy that you are coming down, and that we intend next week to dine one day at Dieppe in Normandy; the price is already fixed, and the wine and lodging there tolerably good. But, though we build these castles in the air, I assure you we live here almost under ground. I fancy the architects here usually take the altitude of the inhabitants, and lose not an inch between the head and the cieling, and then dropping a step or two below the surface, the second story is finished—something under 12 feet. I suppose this was a necessary precaution against storms, that a man should not be blown out of his bed into New England, Barbary, or God knows where. But, as the lodgings are low, they are cheap: we have two parlours, two bed-chambers, pantry, &c. for 5*s.* per week; and if you really will come down, you need not fear a bed of proper dimensions. And then the coast is safe, the cannons all covered with rust and grass, the ships moored—no enemy apprehended. Come and see,

‘ ——— Nec tela timeres

Gallica, nec Pictum tremeres, nec littore toto
Prospiceres dubiis venturum Saxona ventis.’

My wife does not forget her good wishes and compliments upon

mony, not only to his erudition and good taste, but also to the high estimation in which he was held

this occasion. How would you surprize all your friends in Fleet-street, to tell them that you were just come from France, with a vivacity that every body would believe to be just imported from thence!"

"Brighthelmstone, August . . 1736.

"We are now about taking our leave of that very variable element the sea. After it had smiled upon us for a month, it is at present so black and angry, that there is no seeing or approaching it. It is all either fog or foam; and I truly pity every body who cannot fly from it. We had this morning some hopes of entertaining your Society with our discoveries upon the beach. The sea had thrown up a piece of an old coin, grown green with salt water: but, instead of an Otho's head, it proved only a fragment of Charles I.; and I humbly nodded over it, as one of the friends of *The Mitre*.* Pray let me know which way your researches run at present in that Society. We have here a very curious old font,† covered over with hieroglyphicks, representing the two Sacraments, which rise in very bold but bad relieves on each side of it."

His cursory observations upon Warburton's Divine Legation, on its first appearance, will by many be thought interesting:—

"Mr. Warburton's book ‡ is but just arrived in this country; and, I believe, had scarce found its way so soon, if it had not been for the uncommon zeal of a young Preacher at our Visitation: he took it into his head to censure the performance, and was much too angry—placing him with Sextus Empiricus and

* The Tavern, where the Society of Antiquaries then held their regular meetings.

† Engraved in "*The Antiquarian Repertory*," vol. III. pp. 56. and 255, old edition.

‡ "*The Divine Legation*."—Nichols's *Anecdotes*, vol. I. p. 120.

by the best and most learned of his contemporaries. The first publication in which he was engaged seems

Spinoza among the Antients. Who would have thought of such gentlemen meeting together, unless it was in the *Mysteries*?—We suffer equally by the extremes of too much or too little zeal; having so many nice criticks to observe the conduct of Clergy Writers, that are equally offended with a Dutch phlegm or a Spanish fire. For my part, I wonder what has given so much offence in this book; or why it is they are so angry with a Writer who, in all appearance, means no harm. It is true he is fond of new tracts, and, like a brisk adventurer, strikes out for fresh discoveries. Where is the hurt of this? Some things may succeed well; and if he fails, the loss is his own venture. Though I do not approve of many passages, as to his arguments, conclusions, critique, expression, references, &c. yet I see nothing worth being angry or alarmed at, and am often pleased with things new to me, and arguments well managed. I do not understand what they mean by a moral sense; but, as others do, it may be of use. And, surely, the First Book may pass without censure; and I agree with you, that there are many things well done in it. The next Book is a little more enterprising, which I have not yet gone through.—But here I find myself often obliged to him. Why we had that long story of the *Mysteries* I know not; but the puppet-show in Virgil is very pretty, and he has made the whole allusion very consistent: though, by the same rule that Virgil's sixth book is a representation of the *Mysteries*, Homer's eleventh *Odyssey* should be so likewise; and then you would have antient and modern *Mysteries*, and between both might discover many great improvements in antient Legislation. He is, indeed, too much inclined to favour the wisdom of the antient Legislators: with him the magistrates were all sages, and the people dupes.

“As to critique, it generally gives way to hypothesis: his

to have been recommended to him rather by a sense of filial piety, than by his own opinion of his

scheme is the point in view, not the correctness of his authorities ; otherwise his Princeps, his Hierophanta, &c. the Preface to Zeleucus' Laws, the ἐγκράτεια in his Sermon, had never passed off so readily. Whoever can suppose that preface Zeleucus's, may suppose Mr. Pope's preface to Homer Caxton's. And his quoting Jerom for a she-mystagogue, when the passage says *æternâ debilitate castus*, is as surprising, p. 193, *k*. This was well corrected in the Grub-street. And where does ἐγκράτεια signify keeping a due temper in disputes, or searches after knowledge ?

“ The little prejudice of raising the Egyptian Antiquities above the Jewish has been the foible of several great men ; nor is that any excuse for idle prepossession ; Moses stands upon a level, at least, with any antient writer ; is as good an authority for antient customs ; and may justly claim a precedence, when the dispute lies between him and authors many centuries after him ; which makes it something mysterious why the writing upon two tables of stones might not pass for an original, without supposing it an Egyptian custom, as he does, p. 196. And, to make his mysteries agree with the order observed by Virgil, he is a little inclined to new model his morality ; making suicides, and those who give a loose to exorbitant passions, rather miserable than wicked, p. 205 : and yet making the Fathers guilty of depraving and vitiating the Christian Religion, for adopting the terms and phrases (for I think he has carried his proofs no farther) of the mysteries. These terms, when in use, were in themselves innocent, and would perhaps more naturally affect the superstitious Heathens. But is there any great hurt in this ? Might he not as well charge our Liturgy, as borrowing from Baal, “ O Baal, hear us,” *mutatis mutandis* ? I will allow that there was too much indulgence among the antient Christians in

fitness for the task, or by the desire of literary fame. It was the learned work of his father-in-law, Dr. Wotton, upon the laws of Hoel Dha, and was printed in 1730. To this he wrote the Latin Preface, and otherwise prepared it for the press : but so lightly did he esteem his own labour upon this book, that in allusion to some favourable public notice which Mr. Bowyer had taken of the Preface, he says, “The less you say of it the better, for I have no ambition to be, or to be thought, an author.” In the spirit of this declaration, he seems to have generally acted in the course of

this particular ; but, as many of the Fathers had been formerly friends to the Mysteries, I cannot wonder at some indulgence, much less think it so extremely criminal. But, after all, I have as much inclination to indulge Mr. Warburton as they had the old phraseology, and can imagine the design of both to be very excusable. It is plain Mr. Warburton is no enemy to paradoxes : his very scheme is a proof of it ; a medium to prove the Divine Legation of Moses never thought of before. I take the plain case to be this :—The legislation of Moses all along supposes a future state ; it is taken for granted. There was, perhaps, in his opinion, no occasion to insist on it particularly. The very burying of Joseph would, among Heathens, have been thought proof enough of it ; but our Saviour’s answer to the Sadducees puts it past doubt. Upon this supposition, therefore, the proof of a Divine Legation is brought to a nearer issue, by his miracles, by his promises of temporal rewards and punishments ; which no Legislator but a person sent by divine authority would have ventured to have promised in the manner he has done.”—Nichols’s Anecdotes, vol. iv. p. 450—3.

his subsequent life; for, although he was the author of several learned Tracts upon various subjects, which excited considerable attention at the time, yet some of them were published without any name annexed, and others were incorporated with the works of his friends. He took a copy of the famous Chichester Inscription, which is now in the Duke of Richmond's garden, and caused it to be engraved for the collection of Welsh Laws. He was also the author of several of the Notes to the English Version of Bleterie's Life of the Emperor Julian; and was associated with Mr. Bowyer in the translation of Trapp's Lectures on Poetry, and in many learned Annotations on the Greek Testament. His *opus magnum*, however, was "the Connexion of the Roman, Saxon, and English Coins," deduced from "Observations on the Saxon Weights and Money." This learned and ingenious work is said to have made its appearance from the press in consequence of a discovery made by Martin Folkes, Esq. of the old Saxon pound; and it now forms the chieffoundation of Mr. Clarke's literary character. It was extolled by the scholars of his day as replete with curious and profound learning, and not less remarkable for the clearness and sagacity of its reasoning, than for the taste and discernment displayed in its specimens and illustrations. The publication was followed by letters of congratulation from some of the most distinguished persons in the kingdom; and notwithstand-

ing the progress of antiquarian knowledge since his time, it still continues to be a standard work upon the subject, and is consulted by all who are desirous of cultivating this recondite department of ancient literature. The work appeared in one volume, 4to. in 1767.

Of the pious and exemplary manner in which he performed all the duties of the several offices committed to him, whether parochial or diocesan; of his many amiable qualities in domestic life; and, more particularly, of that union of contentment, patience, and benevolence, which procured for him the name of mild William Clarke, many proofs might be adduced, as well from his extensive correspondence, as from a variety of circumstances in his conduct, which have been preserved in the recollection of his descendants; but it would be wholly superfluous to collect these scattered notices for the purpose of exhibiting, what would, after all, be an imperfect representation of his character; when we have it in our power to present to our readers portraits of himself and his wife, drawn from the life, by one who was intimately acquainted with their persons and manners, and perfectly competent not only to appreciate the virtues which he undertook to describe, but to represent them in their just relations and harmony with each other—we mean Mr. Hayley.

“ Mr. Clarke was not only a man of extensive eru-
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dition, but he had the pleasing talent of communicating his various knowledge in familiar conversation, without any appearance of pedantry or presumption. There was an engaging mildness in his countenance and manner, which brought to the remembrance of those who conversed with him, the portrait of Erasmus. Indeed he bore a great resemblance to that celebrated personage in many particulars: in the delicacy of his constitution, in the temperance of his life, in his passion for letters, in the modest pleasantry of his spirit, and in the warm and active benevolence of his heart. As men, they had both their foibles; but foibles of so trivial a nature, that they are lost in the radiance of their beneficent virtues.

“Antiquities were the favourite study of Mr. Clarke, as his publications sufficiently shew: but he was a secret, and by no means an unsuccessful, votary of the Muses. He wrote English verse with ease, elegance, and spirit. Perhaps there are few better epigrams in our language than the following, which he composed on seeing the words *Domus ultima* inscribed on the vault belonging to the Dukes of Richmond, in the cathedral of Chichester:

‘ Did he, who thus inscrib’d the wall,
Not read, or not believe, St. Paul,
Who says there is, where’er it stands,
Another house not made with hands,

Or may we gather from these words,
That house is not a house of Lords?*

“ Among the unstudied pieces of his classic poetry, there were some animated stanzas, describing the character of the Twelve English Poets, whose portraits, engraved by Vertue, were the favourite ornaments of his parlour: but he set so modest and humble a value on his poetical compositions, that I believe they were seldom committed to paper, and are therefore very imperfectly preserved in the memory of those to whom he sometimes recited them. His taste and judgment in poetry appear, indeed, very striking in many parts of his learned and elaborate Connexion of Coins. His illustration of Nestor’s cup, in particular, may be esteemed as one of the happiest examples of that light and beauty, which the learning and spirit of an elegant antiquary may throw on a cloudy and mistaken passage of an ancient poet.

“ He gave a very beneficial proof of his zeal for literature, by the trouble he took in regulating the

* The inscription, which is on a mural tablet at the East end of the Duke’s vault, near St. Mary’s Chapel, is in these words:

“ Sibi et suis, posterisque eorum,

Hoc Hypogæum vivus F. C.

Carolus Richmondiæ, Liviniæ,

et Albiniaci dux,

anno æræ Christianæ, 1750.

Hæc est Domus ultima.”

library of the Cathedral to which he belonged. He persuaded Bishop Mawson to bestow a considerable sum towards repairing the room appropriated to this purpose. He obtained the donation of many valuable volumes from different persons ; and, by his constant and liberal attention to this favourite object, raised an inconsiderable and neglected collection of books, into a very useful and respectable public library.

“ As to his talents as a divine, he might, I think, be rather esteemed as an impressive and doctrinal, than as a highly eloquent preacher. In the more important points of his professional character, he was entitled to much higher praise. In strict attention to all the duties of a Christian pastor, in the most active and unwearied charity, he might be regarded as a model to the ministers of our church. Though his income was never large, it was his custom to devote a shilling in every guinea that he received, to the service of the poor. As a master, as a husband, and as a father, his conduct was amiable and endearing ; and, to close this imperfect sketch of him, with his most striking feature, he was a man of unaffected piety, and evangelical singleness of heart.

“ Having thus given a slight yet a faithful account of Mr. Clarke, let me now speak of the admirable woman who was the dear companion of his life, and the affectionate rival of his virtues.

Mrs. Clarke inherited, from her father Wotton, the retentive memory by which she was distinguished; and she possessed the qualities in which Swift considered him as remarkably deficient, penetration and wit. She seemed, indeed, in these points, rather related to the laughter-loving Dean of St. Patrick's, than to his solemn antagonist. The moral excellence of her character was by no means inferior to the sprightly activity of her mind. Nature and education never formed, I believe, a more singular and engaging compound of good-humoured vivacity and rational devotion. Her whole life seemed to be directed by the maxim, which one of our English bishops adopted for his motto, 'Serve God, and be cheerful.' There was a degree of irascible quickness in her temper, but it was such as gave rather an agreeable than a dangerous spirit to her general manners. Her anger was never of long continuance, and usually evaporated in a comic *bon-mot*, or in a pious reflection. She was perfectly acquainted with the works of our most celebrated divines, and so familiar with the English muses, that, even in the decline of her life, when her recollection was impaired by age and infirmities, she would frequently quote, and with great happiness of application, all our eminent poets. She particularly delighted in the wit of Butler; and wrote herself a short poem, which I am unable to recover, in the manner of Hudibras.

“ Her sufferings on the death of her excellent husband were extreme ; and though she survived him several years, it was in a broken and painful state of health. Through the course of a long life, and in the severe maladies that preceded her dissolution, she displayed all the virtues of a Christian with uniform perseverance, but without ostentation.

“ Such were these amiable persons. I have endeavoured to give a very simple description of two characters, who being themselves most steadily attached to simplicity and truth, would have been wounded by the varnish of less faithful and more elaborate praise : yet, as they were both fond of verse, I am tempted to add a little tribute of affectionate respect to their memory, in the following epitaph :

“ Mild William Clarke, and Anne his wife,
Whom happy love had join'd in life,
United in an humble tomb,
Await the everlasting doom.
And blest the dead ! prepar'd as these,
To meet their Saviour's just decrees !

On earth their hearts were known to feel
Such charity, and Christian zeal,
That should the world for ages last,
In adverse fortune's bitter blast,
Few friends so warm will man find here,
And God no servants more sincere.”

Nichols's Anecdotes, vol. iv. p. 372.

It can be scarcely necessary to apologize to the reader for thus introducing to his notice the characters of two persons, who, besides their near connexion with Dr. Clarke, and the reverence and affection with which he always spoke of them, were so truly excellent and amiable in themselves, and have been so happily described by the author whom we have quoted. But we acknowledge a farther object in thus dwelling upon the qualities of this gifted pair. To those who were well acquainted with the subject of the present memoirs, and who still bear his image impressed in lively colours upon their remembrance, the picture will be productive of additional interest from the resemblance they cannot fail to trace between some of the most pleasing parts of these portraits, and several of the features which were most prominent in the mind of Dr. Clarke; and if they, who knew him not, would fancy to themselves, the learning, the benevolence, and the communicativeness of mild William Clarke, happily blended with the memory, the vivacity, and the quickness of Anne Wotton, and the whole brightened with a glowing enthusiasm which was peculiarly his own, they might then form to themselves some notion of that singular assemblage of qualities which gave the charm to the conversation of Dr. Clarke; a charm which we may venture to affirm, those who knew him well will never forget, and the like of which

they can scarcely hope ever to meet again. Mr. Clarke retired to Chichester in 1768, after having resigned the living of Buxted, which he had held for forty-four years, to his son. He died in 1771.

The tribute to his memory which is subjoined*

* “ *Memoriæ Sacrum*

WILHELMI CLARKE, A. M.

Cancellarii et Canonici Ecclesiæ Cicestrensis :

Quem pietate, literis, moribus urbanis,

humanitate et modestiâ ornatum

concives et familiares sui

uno ore ubique confessi sunt ;

et si ipsi siluissent,

testarentur ipsius scripta :

In communi vitâ comis, lætus, utilis,

facilè omnes perferre ac pati promptus,

ingenui pudoris, magni et liberalis animi :

In ecclesiâ suadens, facundus concionator,

ut non solùm in aures fidelium,

sed etiam in animos

veridica stillaret oratio,

precibus offerendis fervidus et profluens,

ut, tanquam sanctior flamma,

in cœlos ascendere viderentur :

In parochiâ pastor vigil, laborum plenus,

indoctis magister, ægris solamen,

abjectis spes, pauperibus crumena :

tamen eleemosynas suas adeo occultè,

adeo latè disseminavit,

ut illas non nisi dies ultima judicii ultimi

revelare potuerit.

Natus est anno 1696 in comitatu Salopiensi

et cœnobio de Haghmon :

was composed by his son, and placed in Buxted church; but the inscription on his tomb which is in the cathedral of Chichester behind the choir, was written by himself.

He left a large collection of manuscript sermons, which were submitted at his death to the perusal

Primis literis imbutus in Salopiæ scholâ;
collegii S'ti Johannis, Cantabrigiæ, socius:
Primo Adamo Ottley, Menevensi Episcopo,
postea Duci Novo-Castrensi, Thomæ Holles,
â sacris domesticis:

Tandem ad rectoriam de Buxted inter Regnos
à Wilhelmo Wake, Archiepiscopo Cantuariensi,
propter sua et egregia soceri sui
Wilhelmi Wottoni merita,
sine ambitu collatus.

Obiit Cicestrîæ, Oct. 21, A.D. 1771."

"*Sepulchrale marmor, quo subjacet Cicestrîæ,
virente adhuc viridi senectâ,
mente solidâ et serenâ, sic inscripsit:*"

The *sic inscripsit* refers to the following short inscription:

"Depositum GULIELMI CLARKE, A.M.

Canonici et Cancellarii hujus Ecclesiæ:

qui obiit [Octobris 21°]

A.D. [1771] ætatis [75.]

Uxorem Annam,

Gulielmi Wottoni, S.T.P.

et Annæ Hammondi filiam;

et Liberos duos

superstites, reliquit."

of Dr. Bagot, bishop of St. Asaph; and so favourable was the opinion which this accomplished prelate formed of their merit and usefulness, that he was induced to express an earnest wish for their publication: for some reason however this wish was never fulfilled; they seem indeed to have been dispersed at an early period after his death. Some of them were given, at his Lordship's request, to the late bishop of Chichester, Sir William Ashburnham; and were inadvertently burnt at his death with his other papers. Some of them are still left amongst the manuscripts of the late Dr. Clarke, and others, it is believed, are in the hands of Dr. Stanier Clarke.

The fruit of his happy union with Anne Wotton was three children, two of whom only survived him; namely, Edward, the father of the subject of this memoir; and a daughter Anne, who died unmarried at an advanced age at Chichester, and was buried in a cemetery adjoining the cathedral. To this lady, who seems to have been every way worthy of the stock from which she sprang, Mr. Hayley, who was long her intimate friend and correspondent, addressed some verses upon the fear of death. They have never before been printed; and they are now presented to the reader chiefly with a view of illustrating the character of the lady, and of adding another testimony to the many we

shall have occasion to exhibit of the wide diffusion of native talent amongst the different members of this family.*

* On the Fear of Death ;—an Epistle, to Mrs. Anne Clarke,
by William Hayley, Esq.

Thou ! whose superior and aspiring mind,
Can leave the weakness of thy sex behind ;
Above its follies and its fears can rise,
Quit this low earth, and gain the distant skies ;
Whom strength of soul, and innocence have taught,
To think of Death, nor shudder at the thought :
Say, whence the dread that can alike engage
Vain, thoughtless youth, and deep-reflecting age ;
Can shake the feeble, and appal the strong ;
Say, whence the terrors that to Death belong ?

Guilt must be fearful ; but the guiltless too
Start from the grave, and tremble at the view.
The blood-stain'd pirate, who in neighbouring climes,
Might fear, lest Justice should o'ertake his crimes,
Wisely may bear the sea's tumultuous roar,
And rather wait the storm, than make the shore.
But can the mariner, who sail'd in vain,
In search of fancied treasure on the main ;
By hope deceiv'd, thro' various perils tost,
His strength exhausted, and his viands lost ;
When land invites him, to receive at last,
A full reward, for every danger past ;
Can he then wish his labours to renew,
And fly the port, just opening to his view ?

Not less the folly of the tim'rous mind,
Which dreads that peace it ever longs to find ;

Mr. Edward Clarke was born at Buxted in 1730.
At an early age he was placed under the care of

Which worn with age, and toss'd in endless strife,
On this rough ocean, this tempestuous life;
Still shuns relief, and shakes with abject fear,
When sickness shews Death's friendly haven near.

The love of life, it yet must be confess'd,
Was fix'd by Nature in the human breast;
And Heaven thought fit, that fondness to employ,
To teach us to preserve the brittle toy.

But why, when knowledge has inform'd our thought,
Years undeceiv'd us, and affliction taught,
Why do we strive to grasp with eager hand,
And stop the course of life's quick-ebbing sand?
Why weakly covet what we can't sustain,
Why dead to pleasure, would we live to pain?
What is this sentence from which all must fly,
Oh! what this horrible decree to die?—
'Tis but to quit, what hourly we despise,
A fretful dream, that tortures as it flies :—
But hold, my pen, nor let a picture stand,
Thus darkly colour'd, by this gloomy hand!
Minds deeply wounded, and by spleen oppress'd,
Grow sick of life, and sullen sink to rest;
But when the soul, possess'd of its desires,
Glow with more warmth, and burns with brighter fires;
When Friendship soothes each care, and Love imparts
Its mutual raptures to congenial hearts;
When joyful life thus strikes the ravished eye,
'Tis then a task,—a painful task,—to die.

See! where Philario, poor Philario lies!
Philario,—late the happy as the wise;

Mr. Gerison, his father's curate, and afterward became the pupil of Mr. Markland, who was then

Connubial Love, and Friendship's pleasing power,
Fill'd his good heart, and crown'd his every hour:
But sickness bids him those lost joys deplore,
And Death now tells him, they are his no more:
Bless'd in each name of Husband, Father, Friend,
Must those strong ties, those dear connexions, end?—
Must he thus leave to all the woes of life,
His helpless child, his unprotected wife?
In vain would Faith before his eyes display,
The promised realms of never-ending day;
While thus to Earth those lov'd ideas bind,
And tear his lab'ring, his distracted mind.

But lo! the gates of pitying Heaven unfold:
A form divine descends, on clouds of gold;
Peace in her eye, and strength with sweetness join'd,
Speak the bright mission for relief design'd.
See! to Philario moves the flood of light,
And Resignation bursts upon his sight.
See! to the cross which in her hand she bore,
Humbly she points, and bids the world adore;
Then sweetly breathing, in his soul inspires.
A Christian spirit, and devout desires:
Hark! his last words!—his dying pray'r's begun;
“ Lord! as in heaven, on earth thy will be done!”
Calm in his soul, his painful struggles cease;
He bows adoring, and expires in peace.

Oh Resignation! thou unerring guide
To human weakness, and to earthly pride!
Friend to distress! who can'st alone control,
Each rising tumult in the madd'ning soul;

resident at Uckfield, a small town within the parish of Buxted. He inherited his father's passion for literature, and seems to have trod in many of his

'Tis thine alone from deepest ills to save,
To soothe the woes of life, and terrors of the grave.
Spirit divine!—support me with thy power!
Shed thy mild lustre o'er each passing hour!
Calm ev'ry trouble, and confirm my mind,
Serene, tho' feeling; cheerful, tho' resign'd!

And thou, my friend! while thus in artless verse,
Thy mind I copy, and thy thoughts rehearse;
Let one memorial, tho' unpolish'd, stand,
Rais'd to thy friendship, by this grateful hand!
By partial favour, let my verse be tried,
And 'gainst thy judgment, let thy love decide!
Tho' I no longer must thy converse share,
Hear thy kind counsels, see thy pleasing care;
Yet memory still upon the past shall dwell,
And still the wishes of my heart shall tell;
O be the cup of joy to thee consigned,
Of joy unmix'd without a dreg behind!
For no rough monitor thy soul requires,
To check the frenzy of its vain desires;
No poignant grief, to prove its latent worth,
No pain to wean it from the toys of earth;
But calm and peaceful can alike survey,
This gloomy world, and Heaven's eternal day.

Then while the current of thy life shall flow,
While Heaven yet lends thee to thy friends below;
Round thee may pleasure spread a cheerful scene,
Mild as thy heart,—and as thy soul serene!

footsteps through life. Like him, he was elected fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge; and he also succeeded him, in consequence of the resignation of which we have spoken, in the living of Buxted. But before this event took place, which led to his final settlement in life, he had mingled largely in the active business of the world, and had passed several years abroad in situations from which a man less gifted than himself could not fail to derive many advantages. His first preferment was the rectory of Pepper-Harrow, in Surrey, to which he was presented in 1736, by Viscount Middleton. It is probable, however, that he never resided upon this living; for, in 1760, he went abroad as chaplain to Lord Bristol, who was appointed ambassador extraordinary to Madrid.

It was during his residence in this capital, that he collected the materials which he afterward communicated to the world, under the title of Letters concerning the Spanish Nation, written at Madrid during the years 1760 and 1761.

On his return to England in 1763, he married Anne, the daughter of Thomas Grenfield, Esq., of Guildford, in the county of Surrey, of whom we shall have frequently occasion to speak hereafter;

And oh ! when time shall bid thee yield thy breath,
And take thy passage thro' the gates of Death ;
May that last path without a pang be trod,
And one short sigh conduct thee to thy God !

and in the course of the same year, he accompanied Governor Johnstone to Minorca, in the quality of chaplain and secretary. 1767 he thought himself called upon, in the exercise of his official duties, to publish a pamphlet, entitled, "A Defence of the Lieutenant-Governor, in reply to a printed Libel." This work which was dedicated to Lord Northington, at that time president of the council, was written with great ability and spirit; but it seems to have excited some alarm in the mind of his father, who with his characteristic mildness and good sense thus expresses himself to Mr. Bowyer upon the subject of it: "These warm contests about the government of Minorca have affected us: my son, as secretary to the governor, could not avoid having some concern in them, and may perhaps lose his post; but it is a little hard to make persons suffer for what they do by the directions of their superior in office." It is clear, indeed, that such a controversy, however naturally arising from one part of his duty, was not very congenial with the spirit of the other; and although his father's fears do not appear to have been realized, they add force to a lesson which the whole proceeding obviously inculcates, that two such offices ought rarely, if ever, to be united in the same person. Having returned from Minorca in 1768, he was soon afterward inducted to the vicarages of Willingdon and Arlington, in Sussex, through the in-

terest of his father : and towards the end of the same year, he succeeded to the rectory of Buxted ; the permission for his father's resignation having been obtained from Archbishop Cornwallis, through the means of the late Marquis, with whom Mr. Clarke had happily formed a connexion during his residence at Minorca. From this period to his death, which happened in 1786, Mr. Clarke resided constantly upon his living, devoting himself chiefly to the cultivation of letters, and to the care of his parish and family ; and occasionally mingling in the peaceful society of the families around, to which his amusing and instructive conversation always rendered him peculiarly acceptable. At the request of his friend Thomas Steele, Esq., recorder of Chichester, he undertook to finish the education of his two sons : the eldest of whom, the Right Honourable Thomas Steele, was afterward well known in Mr. Pitt's administration ; and as long as his health permitted, he was occasionally occupied in engagements of a similar nature. Besides the publications already mentioned, he had a copy of Greek Hexameters, in the *Luctus Academiæ Cantabrigiensis*, in 1751, on the death of Frederick, Prince of Wales ; and, in 1755, he published a letter to a Friend in Italy, and Verses on reading Montfaucon. About this time, also, he had a project, in concert with Mr. Bowyer, of editing an improved Latin Dictionary, by reducing

that of Faber from a radical to a regular form; of which, for want of encouragement, only a single sheet was completed: and in 1759, he published a Sermon, preached at the Roll's Chapel, December 9, being the day appointed to return thanks to Almighty God for a victory over the French fleet, the 20th of November. Besides the tribute to his father's memory already mentioned, he drew up several Latin epitaphs, one of which, in honour of his friend and instructor, Mr. Markland, we shall subjoin*.

* This inscription was written soon after Mr. Markland's death:

“ *Memoriæ Sacrum*
JEREMIÆ MARKLANDI:
 Qui, quanquam splendidiore eum
 et literæ et virtutes ornaverant,
 semper modestissimè se gessit:
 omnes benignè, doctos urbanè
 et, quod mirere magis,
 etiam indoctos sine supercilio excep
 In restituendis et explicandis
 Græcis et Latinis Poetis,
 Statio, Euripide, Horatio, Juvenale,
 et præcipuè Novi Fœderis libris,
 cautus, acutus, felix,
 et, si quando audacior,
 tamen non inconsultus:
 In edendis Maximo Tyrio et Demosthene
 cum Davisio et Taylora conjunctus
 utrisque et auxilio et ornamento fuit.

Nor should we omit to mention, that towards the latter part of his life, he contemplated a folio edition of the New Testament in Greek. His intention was to have printed the text after the impression of Dr. Mill, with select notes from the most celebrated critics and commentators—specifying either in the prolegomena, or the notes, the alterations which Mill had proposed. His own copy prepared for this purpose, and another interleaved and filled with notes by his father, are still in the possession of Dr. Stanier Clarke.

It is much to be regretted, that this project, which was altogether worthy of his learning and

Sequantur alii Famam,
 aucupentur Divitias,
 Hic illa oculis irretortis contemplatus,
 post terga constanter rejecit.
 A cœtu tandem et communione omnium
 per hos triginta annos proximè elapsos
 in solitudinem se recepit,
 studiis excolendis et pauperibus sublevandis
 unicè intentus.
 Memoria viri sibi amicissimi,
 et præceptoris et parentis loco,
 viri candore, humanitate, modestiâ, doctrinâ,
 religione demum ornatissimi,
 dat, dicat, dedicat,
 olim Discipulus.
 Obiit prope Dorking, in comitatu Surriæ,
 Julii 7º, 1776,
 annum agens octogesimum tertium."

office, and for which he had such ample stores provided, both of his own and his father's, never proceeded farther than the printing of the proposals; nor is any reason assigned, in Mr. Nichols's *Anecdotes*, for its being abandoned; but, as his health seems to have declined several years before his death, it is not improbable that the indolence and want of exertion, which indisposition is too apt to produce, might have been the cause, that neither this, nor any other of his literary labours, ever afterward appeared before the public. He died at Buxted, in 1786, and was buried in the chancel of his own church.

Mr. Clarke left three sons and one daughter, the youngest of the family. Of these, Edward Daniel, the subject of these memoirs, was the second. He was born, as we before stated, at the vicarage-house of Willingdon, in Sussex, in the short interval which elapsed between his father's return from Minorca, and the removal of his family to the rectory at Buxted. His elder brother, Dr. James Stanier, who is well known to the literary world by his various publications, was born at Minorca: he has had the honour to be domestic chaplain to his present Majesty, both before and since his accession to the throne, and is now a canon of Windsor, and rector of Tillington in Sussex. The younger, George, was born at Willingdon: he was a captain in the navy, and after many years of distinguished service,

was unhappily drowned in the Thames, on a party of pleasure, in 1805. His sister Anne, married to Captain Parkinson of the Navy, and now living at Ramsgate, was born after the settlement of the family at Buxted.

Edward Daniel Clarke is represented to have been from his infancy a most amusing and attractive child; and particularly to have exhibited in the narrow sphere of his father's parish, the same talent for playful conversation and narrative, which ever afterward distinguished him in the various and extensive circles, through which he moved. He was the special favourite of the poorer neighbours and of the servants in his father's family; and his sister well remembers the delight which sat upon the countenance of every domestic, when master Ned could be enticed from the parlour to recount his childish stories in the kitchen. Indeed, it should be remarked, that to the last moment of his life, his manner to servants and inferiors was unusually kind and considerate; at the same time, it was such as savoured more of benevolence than of familiarity, and, though it invariably created attachment, it never diminished the respect due to himself. On the pursuits which occupied his childish years, it would be idle to dwell at any length; but, from circumstances which have been communicated to us, it may be worth while to state, that he shewed when very young a decided inclination to those ob-

jects of science, which were the favourite studies of his later years : nor were there wanting at this early period many striking indications of that ardent and enterprising spirit, which, whether it led him to distant regions in pursuit of knowledge, or prompted him to labours and experiments at home, was ever afterward incessantly at work within him ; rising, indeed, in its aims and objects as he advanced in years, and appearing to burn with a brighter and a purer flame, in proportion as the frail tenement in which it dwelt was hastening to decay. But as little traits of conduct, and even occasional observations, under particular circumstances, serve more effectually to give an insight into character, than the most laboured attempts at description, we have thought it right to insert the following stories communicated by his sister, as being better calculated to shew what sort of a boy he was than any thing we can say.

Having upon some occasion accompanied his mother on a visit to a relation's house in Surrey, he contrived before the hour of their return, so completely to stuff every part of the carriage with stones, weeds, and other natural productions of that country, then entirely new to him, that his mother, upon entering, found herself embarrassed how to move ; and, though the most indulgent creature alive to her children, she was constrained, in spite of the remonstrances of the boy, to eject them one by one

from the window. For one package, however, carefully wrapped up in many a fold of brown paper, he pleaded so hard, that he at last succeeded in retaining it; and when she opened it at night after he had gone to sleep, it was found to contain several greasy pieces of half burnt reeds, such as were used at that time in the farmers' kitchens, in Surrey, instead of candles; which he said, upon inquiry, were specimens of an invention that could not fail of being of service to some poor old women of the parish, to whom he could easily communicate how they were prepared.

Another childish circumstance, which occurred about the same time, is worthy of recital, not only because it indicates strongly the early prevalence of the spirit to which we have alluded, but because it accounts in some measure for the extraordinary interest he took throughout his life in the manners and the fortunes of gypsies. At this period, his eldest brother was residing with his relations at Chichester; and, as his father's infirm state of health prevented him from seeing many persons at his house, Edward was permitted frequently to wander alone in the neighbourhood, guarded only by a favourite dog, called Keeper. One day, when he had stayed out longer than usual, an alarm was given that he was missing: search was made in every direction, and hour after hour elapsed without any tidings of the child. At last, his old nurse,

who was better acquainted with his haunts, succeeded in discovering him in a remote and rocky valley above a mile from his father's house, surrounded by a group of gypsies, and deeply intent upon a story which one of them was relating to him. The boy, it seems, had taken care to secure their good will with some victuals which he had brought from his mother's pantry; and they, in return, had been exerting their talents for his amusement. Many of the stories which he thus obtained were treasured with great delight in his memory, and often brought out, as occasion served, for the amusement of his rustic audience.

He received the rudiments of his education at Uckfield, under the same Mr. Gerison whom we have already noticed: a clergyman, whose singular habits and scraps of learning are still remembered and talked of in that village and its neighbourhood. He had been long ago the curate of the grandfather; and, having had the care of the son, was now intrusted with the education of the grandson. What progress Edward Clarke made in grammar under this veteran schoolmaster does not appear; but it is evident from the following story, that, whether from his master or his schoolfellows, or both, he had imbibed a very barbarous pronunciation of his mother tongue.

In the later years of his life, Mr. Clarke's health so far declined, as to render the duty of the church,

particularly in Lent, extremely fatiguing to him; and not thinking himself justified, under the circumstances of his family, in incurring the expense of a curate, he had been persuaded by his friends to allow his son Edward to relieve him, by reading one of the lessons. Accordingly, upon a day appointed, Edward took his station in the desk beside his father; and when the time for his part arrived, began, with a voice which was always strong and sonorous, to read aloud the chapter allotted to him. It happened to be the 10th of St. Luke, which contains the story of the good Samaritan. The affair went on tolerably well for some time; but when he arrived at the 35th verse, and had uttered with a genuine Sussex twang; “And on the morrow, when he departed, he took out *tuppence*, and gave them to the host,” his father, unable any longer to tolerate the sound, and dreading something more of the same character, gave him secretly a sharp twitch on the foot, and pushing him impatiently away, finished the lesson himself. Nor could he ever afterward be prevailed upon to renew the experiment. Under such unlucky auspices did the subject of this memoir commence the practice of an accomplishment, which, in after life, he carried to so great a degree of perfection, that no one ever heard him in private reading or recitation, or in the exercise of his public duties as a lecturer or a preacher, without being

struck with the correctness of his pronunciation, and delighted with the sweetness of his voice, and the skill and good taste with which he managed it.

In 1779, being somewhat more than ten years old, he was removed from his village preceptor, and sent with his two brothers to the grammar-school of Tunbridge, at that time conducted by Dr. Vicesimus Knox. But here his progress did not seem to be very satisfactory. Dr. Knox acknowledged his abilities : nor was it probable, indeed, that an intelligent mind like his could be insensible to the existence of talents which were obvious to every ordinary observer ; but he was soon compelled to complain that his pupil was deficient in application. To many, who have witnessed the laborious habits of his later days, this report will probably appear extraordinary ; and to others, who were acquainted with many traits of patient industry exhibited by him even at the time we speak of, we know that it has appeared erroneous. But, notwithstanding this persuasion, there cannot be the slightest doubt of the justice of the complaint, so far as the usual objects of boyish education were concerned ; for, besides the unquestionable authority upon which it rests, the fact was well known to his schoolfellows at the time, many of whom are now living ; and was decisively confirmed by the state of his classical acquirements when he came to college.

In truth, his case, though rare, is by no means singular: nor are such instances confined to great schools, although they are certainly much more likely to occur where the superintendence of the principal is extremely subdivided, than where the smallness of the number will admit of more individual attention and more discriminating care. It happens unavoidably in seminaries, where many boys are classed and taught together, that only one plan of instruction and one class of stimulants can be employed. Now admitting, what many would be disposed to question, that for every practical purpose the same mode of instruction may be equally applicable to all, it is obvious that the effects of the same stimulants must be as various as the dispositions which are submitted to them; and since the different progress of boys will depend not only upon the measure in which the powers of memory, perception, and attention, are severally possessed by them, but also upon the degree in which they are excited and developed by the means employed, it may and does frequently happen, that a boy of good natural parts will fail of making an adequate advancement amongst his schoolfellows, merely from the circumstance of these stimulants not being such as would be the most effectual with him.

But if, in addition to this want of sensibility to the ordinary excitements, he should have im-

bibed an early taste for some particular pursuit, foreign to the immediate business of the school, and should possess withal the means of indulging it, the evil is then greatly aggravated. The powers of his mind become diverted from their appropriate labours to others which are less suited to his age, and of course less profitable to him : and his improvement in the school is impeded not only by the time occupied in his favourite pursuits at the expense of his allotted task, but also in proportion as the pleasure he derives from the studies of his own choice indisposes him for those which, besides their having no apparent object, are only associated in his mind with ideas of punishment and privation. For this evil, which, when it has once begun, every succeeding day renders more inveterate, a large school affords no prospect of relief ; for however accessible a boy's mind may be to some of his schoolfellows, it is generally closed to the master, who, having no clue to the cause of his failure, would be at a loss to administer the proper remedy, even if the choice were ready to his hand.

Such, we apprehend, was the case with Edward Clarke ; for, while he had justly enough the character with his master of being an idle boy, while he was notorious with his schoolfellows not only for the neglect of his own exercises, but also for the ingenious and good-natured tricks which he

played to interrupt the labour of others, he had his own studies, which he was delighted to cultivate, and his own quiet hours which he contrived to set aside for them. It is communicated to us, upon the best authority, that he was in the habit of saving his pocket-money to buy candles, and that, after his schoolfellows were asleep, and all the house at rest, he would settle himself in bed comfortably for reading, and occupy his mind with some favourite book; and that, one night in particular, having pursued his studies longer than usual, and sleep having crept upon him unawares, he was only prevented from being burnt in bed by the seasonable arrival of the usher, who happily came in at the very moment when the bed-clothes had taken fire.

It cannot be questioned that these eccentric habits have their enjoyments; it may also be true, that in particular cases they lay the seeds of future compensation in the independent character which they give to a man's exertions in his future life, and in the habit which they nourish and support of seeking pleasure from study, distinct altogether from a sense of the advantages to which it leads; a pleasure which no one possessed more amply, or relished more keenly, than he of whom we speak. But, lest any one, who may chance to read these pages, should be disposed to imitate his example, or to look upon it with complacency in

thers, it cannot be too strongly urged, that the experiment is exceedingly perilous, and would rarely be successful, even in the partial view we have mentioned; that the loss arising from it is immediate, decisive, often irremediable, and sometimes nothing less than utter ruin to the boy; while the advantage is distant, obscure, and to the last degree uncertain; capable of being reaped only by a few, and, even with these, dependant upon a fortunate concurrence of circumstances which can rarely be supposed: and, lastly, that Dr. Clarke himself always felt very sensibly, and regretted most forcibly, the disadvantages under which he laboured from his neglect, in his earlier years, of the ordinary school studies.

What those attractive subjects were which thus engrossed the attention of Edward Clarke, to the manifest injury of his classical progress, it is difficult for us to know; but that some of them at least referred to popular experiments in chemistry and electricity, may be clearly inferred from several humourous exhibitions which he used to make in his father's house during the holidays, to the entertainment, and sometimes to the dismay, of the neighbours and servants, who were always called in upon these occasions to witness the wonders of his art. In the pursuit of these experiments, it is remembered that he used, in spite of the remonstrances of the cook, to seize upon tubs, pots,

and other utensils from his father's kitchen, which were often seriously damaged in his hands; and that on one occasion he surprised his audience with a thick and nauseous cloud of fuming sulphureous acid, insomuch that, alarmed and half suffocated, they were glad to make their escape in a body as fast as they could. It does not appear, however, that his attachment to these sedentary pursuits prevented him from partaking in the active pleasures and amusements which were suited to his age, and in which his light and compact figure, uniting great agility with considerable strength, was calculated to make him excel. Every sort of game or sport which required manliness of spirit and exertion, he was ever foremost to set on foot, and ever ready to join; but in running, jumping, and swimming, he was particularly expert.

By these exercises he was unconsciously preparing himself for those difficulties and hardships which he had afterward to encounter in his travels; and to his skill in swimming, in particular, he owed very early in life the delight, which no one could feel more strongly than himself, of saving his younger brother, George, from that death which seemed by a fatality to await him. He was one day seized with the cramp while bathing in the moat which surrounded his father's house, and having already sunk under the surface in the sight of the servant who had charge of him, he would

inevitably have been drowned, if Edward, who had been alarmed by the man's cries had not plunged immediately to his relief, and dragged him by his hair to shore.

But this boyish portion of his life was destined to be short: for, in the spring of 1786, when his father's illness had taken a more decided turn, and serious apprehensions were entertained of a fatal termination of it, it was thought adviseable to hasten his departure for the University. He was only sixteen years of age, and there was clearly no reason arising from his proficiency, which called for this early admission to an academic life. But an opportunity had offered, through the kindness of Dr. Beadon, one of his father's friends, then master of Jesus College, at Cambridge, and now the venerable Bishop of Bath and Wells, of obtaining for for him the chapel clerk's place in that society; and the advantage was thought too important, in the critical circumstances of the family, to be neglected. Accordingly, about Easter of that year, he was removed from Tunbridge school, and sent to take possession of his office in Jesus College, to which several active duties were attached. But before we lose sight of Tunbridge school, in which he seems to have passed his time with some profit and much happiness, it is due both to the master and to the scholar, more especially after what has been already said, to state, that the first recorded

effort of his muse is a sort of thanksgiving ode upon the recovery of Dr. Knox, from a dangerous illness in 1785. It was not a task imposed upon him, but the spontaneous effusion of his own grateful heart, under a strong sense of the care and kindness he had experienced from his master. The composition, although respectable as coming from a schoolboy, is not of sufficient merit to entitle it to insertion.

Having remained at College, in the exercise of his office, till the period of the Commencement in that year, he returned to spend his summer vacation under his father's roof: and, at the close of it, he once more took leave of his parents, to fix himself permanently in College. The parting upon this occasion, between himself and his mother, to whom he was tenderly attached, is described as having been particularly painful. The moment, indeed, was critical for both. The rapid decline of his father's health could no longer be concealed from the son; and, under the melancholy forebodings of a calamity, so fatal to her own happiness, and so threatening to the prospects of her children, it was no wonder that "all a mother's fondness should be in her eyes, and all her tender passions in her heart." But the prudence of the friend was not lost in the affection of the parent; and while the feelings of her son, naturally warm and passionate, were unusually excited, she took advantage of the occasion to prepare him for the

sad but instructive lesson that he would soon be called upon to practise. She imparted to him the actual circumstances of the family, and their future prospects ; she did not conceal from him that their main support depended upon the precarious tenure of his father's life ; that his immediate allowance from them could be but small ; and that, in the event which they had so much reason to dread, he would have to depend altogether upon his own exertions for his future advancement in life. The effect of this confidence was such as might naturally be expected upon a generous and affectionate mind. He quitted her under the strongest emotions of grief, but with the most solemn pledge—a pledge which, to his honour be it spoken, he did more than keep—that, from that time, whatever difficulties he might have to encounter (and many and trying to our knowledge have they been), he would contend with them alone ; that his own exertions should be indeed his sole dependance ; and that no emergency whatever should induce him to apply to his parents for further pecuniary aid. From that hour he saw his father no more ; but a strong impression was left upon his mind by this affecting scene ; and the event which quickly followed, only served to fix it there more deeply. His father's disorder terminated sooner than was expected. Within a few weeks after his departure, his brother James (who had been for some time at St. John's

College) and himself received a summons to attend his death-bed. But they arrived too late. Of all his children, his daughter only was present at his last moments; and the circumstances which preceded and accompanied his death have been communicated by herself, with so much truth and feeling, that it has been thought proper to give them in her own words. “A flattering change had taken place in my father’s health; his hearing, which had been much impaired, was almost entirely restored. He was able to return to his books, and to read to his family aloud in the evening; and had begun to revise his History of Spain, probably with a view to another edition. These deceitful prognostics had raised the liveliest hopes in the minds of his family and friends. His neighbours again resorted to his house, to enjoy his delightful and improving society; and it was while he was surrounded by these, in the full flow of conversation, even while the unfinished sentence lingered on his lips, that his tongue faltered,—his hand sunk,—a painful struggle was visible, and the voice, beloved and revered, had ceased for ever. During two days he lingered speechless; and, before his two eldest sons could arrive from College, or the youngest from school, his sufferings were over, and his wife and children were doomed to experience that severe reverse of fortune, so frequent in the clerical profession. A short time after, at midnight,

the post-chaise, which contained James and Edward, drove up to the door. Their mother was in bed : they flew with filial affection to her chamber, and, kneeling down beside her in speechless grief, mingled their tears with hers. Young and fatherless—just entering into life, and thus rudely checked on the very threshold of it—their lot seemed to me lamentable indeed. Years have since passed away, and other griefs have been allotted to me ; but the recollection of that night of sorrow can never be effaced from my mind.”

There is certainly no calamity in life more trying to a young family, than the loss of an intelligent and affectionate father. But, perhaps, there is an acuteness of feeling in the preceding description, surpassing the sorrow which such a loss, however grievous, would commonly inspire. Mr. Clarke, it should be observed, had enjoyed a considerable income from his preferment for many years ; but he had always lived hospitably and liberally, and had spared no expense in the education of his children. Thus, a severe alteration in the circumstances of the family ensued at his death ; and, as his daughter was at that time old enough fully to comprehend the different bearings, and the full extent, of their calamity, we cannot wonder at any strength of expression, which even the remembrance of such a scene may have suggested to her.

CHAP. II.

His education at Cambridge—Studies and occupations there—
Bachelor's degree—First engagement as private tutor—Tour
through England—Publication of his first work.

IT is pleasing to record, that, by the blessing of that Providence, to whom the widow and the fatherless are said to be a peculiar care, the evils which the family of the deceased Mr. Clarke had to encounter, were much less serious than they had reason to fear. Comfort sprang up for them on every side, and from quarters where they had little reason to expect it; and that too of a nature calculated not only to soften their actual distress, but to disperse the gloom which hung over their future path. Amidst all their privations there was one species of property which they possessed in ample portion; viz. the good name of those who had preceded them. And who shall pretend to calculate the value of this inheritance? Its benefit is often great when dependant upon no stronger ties than those which accident or relationship have created; but, when it flows from friendships, which have been consecrated by piety and learning; when it is the willing offering of kindred minds to

departed worth or genius, it takes a higher character, and is not less honourable to those who receive than to those who confer it. It comes generally from the best sources, and is directed to the best ends ; and it carries with it an influence which powerfully disposes all worthy persons to co-operate in its views. Nor is this all. The consciousness of the source from which it springs, is wont to stimulate the exertions, and to elevate the views, of those who are the objects of it : and many instances will occur to our readers, of persons who have laid the foundation of the very highest fortunes both in church and state, upon no other ground than that which this goodly inheritance has supplied.

Of such a nature was the kindness, which this family now experienced. Their father himself had, in the course of his academic life, formed many valuable connexions ;—and the virtues of mild William Clarke were still fresh and honoured in the recollection of his surviving friends. Most of these came readily forward upon this distressing occasion, and with equal delicacy and kindness, offered their assistance and advice. Amongst them may be mentioned with honour, Dr. Bagot, Bishop of St. Asaph ; Sir William Ashburnham, Bishop of Chichester ; and Dr. Beadon, Master of Jesus College ; who, not content with interposing that seasonable and friendly aid which the exigencies

of the moment required, continued afterward their valuable assistance to the children, upon many important occasions of their lives. Nor were the immediate neighbours and friends of Mr. Clarke less desirous of contributing their portion of comfort. George Medley, Esq. the possessor of Buxted Place, was particularly distinguished by his kindness to Mrs. Clarke, and her family. In addition to other substantial proofs of it, he obtained for her youngest son, George, by the benevolent exertion of his interest, an appointment in the Navy; and it is understood that the same interest was afterward very instrumental in procuring his advancement in that profession.

In Mr. D'Oyly, who was shortly after appointed to succeed Mr. Clarke in the rectory of Buxted, they found a person ever disposed to treat them with the liberality of a gentleman, and the kindness of a Christian. All claims to dilapidations was waved, and Mrs. Clarke was invited to remain in the rectory-house as long as her convenience or comfort might require; a permission of which she took advantage till the ensuing April, when she retired to a small house in the neighbouring town of Uckfield.

In this situation she was enabled for many years to continue her intercourse with many excellent and sincere friends, by whom she was esteemed and beloved; and it is honourable both to her and

to them to state, that in her reduced and humble circumstances, she was treated with as much respect, and with more kindness, than in the days of her prosperity. But it was in the bosom of her own family, in the kindness and affection of her children, that she found her best consolation. In this labour of love, Edward was neither the least forward nor the least successful. The buoyancy of his spirits, joined to the delicacy and tenderness of his mind, made him at all times an excellent comforter; and often, both at that season and afterward, when he saw his mother's countenance dejected, and her spirits drooping, he would ever suggest some cheerful thought, or practise some playful endearment, to draw her, as it were, away from her sorrows, and to restore her to her former cheerfulness. And seldom were these endeavours vain; "the few," says his sister, "who yet live to recollect him in his maternal dwelling will bear testimony to the charm of his filial affection; they will remember how often the midnight hour passed unheeded, while all were delighted with the witchery of his conversation, and his mother's countenance was lighted up with smiles." Soon after the death of their father, the two elder sons returned to College; and Edward, having now acquired a melancholy title to one of the scholarships of the society of Jesus College, founded by Sir Tobias Rustat, for the benefit of clergyman's

orphans, was elected a scholar on this foundation immediately upon his return. The emoluments of his scholarship, joined to those of an exhibition from Tunbridge school, and the profits of his chapel clerk's place, amounting in the whole to less than 90*l.* a year, were his principal, indeed it is believed his only, resources during his residence in College: and, however well they may have been husbanded, it must be evident, that even in those times of comparative moderation in expense, they could not have been sufficient for his support, especially when it is understood, that he was naturally liberal to a fault. It does not appear, however, that he derived during this time any pecuniary assistance from his father's friends; and as there is the strongest reason to believe that he faithfully adhered to the promise he had made to his mother, that he would never draw upon her slender resources for his support; it may excite some curiosity to know by what means the deficiency was supplied. The fact is, that he was materially assisted in providing for his College expenses, by the liberality of his tutor (Mr. Plampin); who, being acquainted with his circumstances, suffered his bills to remain in arrear; and they were afterward discharged from the first profits he derived from his private pupils.

It was upon his return to College, after his father's death, that the author of this memoir first

became acquainted with him. He had just come into residence himself, and there were many coincidences in their College life, which naturally threw them much together. They were of the same age, and the same year; of course occupied in the same public studies, and the same lectures; both orphans of clergymen, and both Rustat scholars; and with this perhaps fortunate distinction only, that being born on different sides of the Trent, they were originally precluded by statute from being competitors for the same college preferments. The acquaintance, begun under this happy concurrence of circumstances, was quickly ripened by youthful confidence into a sincere and ardent friendship; a friendship heightened, not more by pleasures, which a similarity of taste enabled them to enjoy in common, than by a sense of mutual kindness, which the difference of their characters and acquirements furnished perhaps more frequent occasions of indulging: a friendship, in short, which was afterward carried with them, unimpaired, into the business of the world, confirmed by habit, as well as taste, under all the occurrences of their lives, and prolonged by the most unre-served intercourse, whether they were together or separate, until terminated by death.

The three years which Edward Clarke spent in College, before he took his Bachelor's Degree, present few incidents of life, and few points of

character, proper to be intruded upon the attention of the reader ; nor has there been found a single academical composition written by him at this time, in any department of learning, either in prose or verse, which would be considered worthy of his subsequent fame. Indeed, it is not the least extraordinary circumstance in his history, that this critical period, which generally lays the foundation of other men's fortunes, and exercises the greatest influence upon the conduct of their future lives, was suffered to pass by him, not only without academical honours or distinctions of any kind, but apparently without fixing any character whatever upon his literary views ; and evidently without even those moderate advantages which a common mind might have derived from it. The loss itself, however, is much more easy to account for, than the singular vigour of mind, with which he afterward redeemed it. In Jesus College, as well as in many others, mathematical studies formed then, as they do now, the principal path to College honours and emoluments. To these, of course, the chief attention of the youth, and the principal encouragement of the tutors, would be directed. But Edward Clarke had unhappily no taste for this branch of learning, and therefore made little progress in it ; and as for classics, in which, as has been before observed, he came up with a moderate knowledge, there was nothing at that time, either

in the constitution or the practice of the College, calculated to encourage a taste already formed for them, much less to create one where nothing of the kind was felt before. All the classical lectures, which it is remembered, were given during the three years of his residence, were confined to the two little tracts of Tacitus, *De Moribus Germanorum*, and *De Vita Agricolæ*; and the only other occasions upon which he was called upon to revive his classical knowledge, were the delivery of a Latin declamation in the chapel once a year, and the usual examinations of the Rustat scholars at Easter, for which latter no great preparation was required. Under these circumstances, with a strong literary passion, and at sea, as it were, without a pilot upon the great waters of mental speculation, it was natural for him to form his own plans, and to steer his own course; and, accordingly, his College life may be said, with a few slight deviations, to exhibit an obvious continuation of the track which he had adopted at school; the same languid and capricious efforts in the regular studies of the place; the same eagerness in the excursive pursuits of his own choice; and the same playful, and welcome interruption of the more measured and regular labours of others. Hence it happened, that, though he was considered, by all who knew him, to be a very delightful fellow, his real character was understood by none: and as the higher

powers of his mind were not yet sufficiently developed, and scarcely known even to himself, his literary pretensions were ranked by his contemporaries at a low rate, and the promise of his future life regarded by those who loved him with considerable alarm. To one, however, looking back upon those years which now seem very short, and which, owing to his friendship, have been always numbered amongst the most agreeable of his life, it sometimes appears that in this estimate there was a want of discernment amongst his contemporaries themselves. Even in that season of apparent indolence and real trifling, there was much in the character and furniture of his understanding that was instructive, as well as all that was delightful. It was impossible to mingle intimately with a mind of so much ardour, fancy, and benevolence, and, it may be added, purity, without reaping from it many great advantages : and, when the author of this memoir is disposed to trace to their source, as men are sometimes wont to do, the advantages as well as the defects of his own education, he is led to conclude, that much of the intellectual pleasure he has since derived from certain valuable sources, may be imputed to the cultivation of a taste, which was at first nurtured, if not imbibed, in his society. Indeed, there is reason to believe, that with more actual knowledge, Edward Clarke possessed a consciousness of greater

capabilities, than his friends then gave him credit for; and, certain it is, that there frequently came across his mind, visions of brighter scenes, and aspirations after higher destinies, than seemed at that time ever likely to attach to him. There remains amongst his papers, at this moment, a manuscript dissertation of his own, upon the comparative antiquity of the Jews and Egyptians, written, as he himself records in the margin, at seventeen years of age, in consequence of a dispute with his brother upon this subject, and exhibiting great spirit and considerable research. But the most curious and interesting proof that his imagination was sometimes haunted by ideas of future distinction, is communicated by his sister, on whose affectionate heart every circumstance relating to her brother seems to have been indelibly impressed. "In one corner of our abode," she says, "was a small apartment occasionally used for books, and papers of every kind, which now bore the dignified title of a study: here my brother had placed two black backed easy chairs, where he would sit with his sister for hours and hours building airy plans of future actions. Look! he would exclaim, look upon that shelf where appear three generations of my ancestors: Wotton's Welsh Laws, Clarke's Connexion of Coins, and our father's Travels in Spain. And shall my works ever stand beside them? Never will I cease, never will

I say enough, until my own books shall appear with them in that shelf beneath my mother's roof." His wish was partially fulfilled; two volumes of his youthful works did find a place on that very shelf to his mother's admiration and delight; but, long before the full completion of the prophecy, before the elaborate productions of his maturer years could claim under his mother's roof a divided honour with those of his ancestors, the kind parent who inhabited it was no more, and one earthly object of his literary labours was never obtained.

Notwithstanding the eccentric habits, which have been imputed to him, it is remarkable that, in every thing which related to the regulations and discipline of the College, his conduct was most exemplary. At chapel and lectures he was always present and always attentive; and, though in the latter the advances of his own mind by no means kept pace with the progress of the tutors, he had always something pleasant to say or do, connected with the subject, which was sure of disarming reproof, and suggested the appearance, or at least the hope, of improvement. In the exercise of his office, more particularly, of chapel clerk, he was scrupulously and conscientiously correct; and it ought not to be omitted, that in his English declamations, the only species of College exercise in which the state of his acquirements offered him a prospect of success, he bestowed great labour, and

both merited and obtained considerable credit. The style and the manner of his compositions were always much admired, particularly by his contemporaries; and so much pains did he take with the delivery, that he used to bring his declamation rolled and sealed up into the chapel, and retain it in that shape during the whole of his repetition. On those accounts, as well as from his attentive and attractive manners, he was justly in great favour both with the master and the tutors. Every advantage, which might be considered as the fair reward of regularity and attention, was bestowed upon him; and not a single instance is remembered, in which he received a College punishment or an admonition of any kind. Nor was his academical regularity more remarkable than the sobriety and correctness of his whole demeanour at this period. From excess of drinking, which was the prevailing vice of the place and of the day, he was particularly averse; and though fond of society, and always acceptable in it (the natural state of his spirits being, at least upon a level with the half-intoxication of his friends), he was ever upon his guard, ever watchful of the moment when the gaiety of the party was likely to degenerate into excess, and certain of finding some plausible pretext, or inventing some ingenious scheme for making his escape.

These happy exemptions from the popular fail-

ings of his age, to which men of more regular minds sometimes fell a sacrifice, and in which others unhappily made their boast, must be attributed to his early moral habits, and to the excellent religious principles he had imbibed at home. But there was another motive at work within him, forcibly operative in these, but much more obvious in other, restraints which he imposed on himself; and that was the peculiar duty, which the pledge he had given to his mother demanded from him, of avoiding every wanton and unnecessary expense, and of recommending himself by all honourable means to the College authorities.

That the recollections of his biographer, which have been always vivid in every thing relating to him, have not failed in these particulars, may be inferred from a poem written by him at this period, the character and sentiments of which, not only accord with the course of conduct imputed to him, but must be thought highly honourable to the feelings and state of mind of a youth not eighteen years of age, naturally gay and festive in his temperament, of strong passions, and placed in a situation where so many circumstances tempted him to excess. The occasion on which they were written, was some severe family misfortune; the time, night; the scene, the grove of Jesus College; a quiet and secluded spot, sufficiently distant from the body of the building to prevent the sounds of

revelry from being heard, but near enough to allow the lights from the windows of a large wing of it to gleam from different quarters upon his eyes, as he turned occasionally in his walk.

Enwapt in meditation's pleasing dreams,
Musing and melancholy here I stray;—
Where often at this solemn, silent, hour,
To ease a mind, oppress'd with heavy woe,
Secluded from the noisy crowd I rove,
And tell my sorrows to the silent moon.
A night like this suits well a heart like mine,
Congenial to the tenor of my soul!
How awful, and how silent is the scene!
No sound existing, 'tis as nature slept,
And, sinking from the busy hum of day,
Enjoy'd the sweet repose herself had made;
Save where yon bird of night with omens dire,
Portentous to the superstitious mind,
Perch'd in a nook, with stiff imperial nod,
Blinks consequential, flaps its wings, and screams;
Save where the wind deep murmuring through the gloom,
And my own footsteps, strike the attentive ear.
Now o'er the world sleep spreads her soft domain,
And night in darkness veils her sable head.
To some her shades terrific horror bring,
To me thrice welcome, clad in darkest hue.
The copious bowl, the Bacchanalian song,
The loud full chorus, and the bumper'd glass,
The choice amusements of the clam'rous crew,
In all their mirth, afford no joy to me.
For what avails a momentary glee,
When grief and care sit heavy at the heart?

Can aught derived from drunkenness and noise,
Dull wit, and blasphemy, and jest obscene,
With all the boastings of the vicious mind,
Allay the sufferings of a sorrowing heart,
Or ease the bosom of its load of woe?
In the cold cloister at the midnight hour,
When lamps dim glimmering cast a misty light,
When students close their philosophic lore,
And dream of definitions dullness gave,
To darken science, and obscure her laws,
To check imagination's glowing fire,
And curb the genuine ardour of the soul;
To lead the mind in intricate amaze,
From unaffected purity of thought,
To doze o'er *Vince's* soporific draughts,
To wander wild in scientific terms,
Through inconceivable infinity:
When Bacchus sends his reeling vot'ries home,
To snore* in sleep the potent fumes away,
My evening task begins. Silent and sad,
I close the page where truth and wisdom shine,
Such truth as Newton brought from God to man;
Such wisdom as the son of science gave,
To cheer and light the darkness of mankind.
Immortal sage! illumined nature hails
Thy heaven-taught soul, that made creation glow,
And sol's meridian glory beam anew.
But here, O Pope, I drop my humbler pen,
Unfit for themes immortal as thy song.
This praise, mellifluous-muse, is justly thine;
Whilst I the meaner bard, must seize thy lyre,
Catch thy own words, and give my song thy fire.

* Steep—or drown.

‘ Nature, and nature’s laws lay hid in night,
‘ God said—let Newton be! and all was light!’
The paths of science ere that light appear’d,
Were wilder’d in a chaos, dark and drear;
Wisdom in dim obscurity was veil’d,
Till Newton’s genius soar’d in flight sublime,
And bade the clouds of error glide away.
Here oft enraptured I delight to walk,
To raise my mind from ev’ry thought below,
And view the spangled firmament above.
Approach, thou atheist! cast thine eyes from earth,
Nor vainly dare to doubt on things below.
Rebellious mortal! here’s a sight for thee;
In the vast regions of ethereal space
Behold the wonders of the King of kings—
Millions of flaming orbs, suns, systems roll,
Harmoniously confused.

Thus far Dr. Clarke composed the poem at this time. He concluded it as follows in some subsequent period of his life.

Dost thou still doubt
The first great cause, the will of the supreme?
Does not yon orb with its resplendent light
Dazzle the darkness of thy impious mind?
Or canst thou scrutinize the works of God;
Observe the planets in their orbits move,
And say they strike not light upon thy soul?
The light of truth, whose radiant piercing beams,
Shall still o’er pride and prejudice prevail.
Vain impious man! expand thy narrow soul,
And check that vice which gave thy madness birth;
Let reason’s dictates still exalt thy mind,

Above those joys that glitter to betray,
The love of novelty and love of fame.
Oft when oppressed, dejected, and forlorn,
With heart brimful of sorrow and of care,
Impiety has tempted me aside,
To doubt the goodness of my Maker's works,
Arraigning proud the equity of God.
'Twas thus in youth, when ev'ry trifling woe,
When every little cloud that cross'd my breast
Expired in folly, doubt, and discontent.
But when by riper years to manhood brought,
How oft astonished have I gazed around,
And view'd in ev'ry object that appear'd,
The Deity display'd, and all his power;
Beheld in every herb, in every plant,
In every living thing of air and earth,
A dread omnipotent eternal king,
All wise—all merciful—supremely just;
Who from the heav'n of heav'ns, ere time began,
Cast his broad eye upon a chaos vast;
And when all nature in confusion join'd,
Dispelled the darkness, bade the light appear,
Whose heav'nly Spirit on the waters mov'd,
And with a voice that made creation shake,
Bade anarchy and chaos rule no more.
In silent admiration oft I've stood,
Till every sentiment his works inspired,
Till every grateful thought his mercy raised,
Has burst in eager transports from my lips,
And kneeling to the throne of grace exclaimed,
Lord what is man! a creature but of dust!
Impious and proud, and arrogant and vain;
'Tis thou hast made him great, O pow'r supreme!
To thee he owes his being, life, and light,

With every blessing hast thou placed him here;
And yet, he dares dispute thy dread decrees,
And doubt the justice of thy blessed will!
Teach me, O Lord! to know myself and thee,
To use with prudence all thy bounteous gifts,
And justify thy mighty works to man!

The reader, it is hoped, will bear in mind, that neither this nor any other of his metrical compositions are introduced in proof of poetic genius, which was always a secondary quality in him—but as pictures rather of the thoughts and feelings which occupied his mind at the time; and for the indulgence of which they were principally, if not solely, written. The preceding lines, however, are worthy of attention in other respects; as shewing that the same propensity to solitary and midnight lucubrations, which characterised him at school, attended him still in College; and, what is more curious, as exhibiting in a striking light the precise defect of reasoning which the turn his education had so early taken, was likely to produce in him: for while he dwells with fervour upon the popular results of the Newtonian philosophy, which a single view of his understanding enabled him to comprehend, with a strange inconsistency he turns his back upon the principles from which they flowed, and speaks with all placid contempt of those dry but necessary definitions, over which every one must make his way who would hope to

comprehend either the difficulty or the importance of the discovery.

It must not, however, be imagined, that, because he made little progress in the appropriate studies of the place, his literary ardour was directed to unworthy objects, or conducted upon a narrow scale. This was not the case. His active mind ranged lightly over a wide and interesting field of literature; resting here and there as his genius or inclination prompted, and always exercising, though rarely exerting, its powers: and, if the fruits he gathered seemed little likely to be productive of any solid advantage to his future prospects, they were, at least, delightful to him for the present, and rendered his society exceedingly acceptable to many distinguished members of the College, who were glad to relax from their severer labours in those light but tasteful discussions, to which he always contributed an ample share. Nor is there any difficulty here in stating what these subjects were: History, ancient and modern, Medals, Antiquities, with all that variety of polite learning which is comprehended under the name of the Belles Lettres, shared by turns his attention and his time. But English Poetry was the natural element in which his youthful and ardent imagination delighted to expatiate. Other subjects he might be said at that time only to have touched;

but in this his progress was more decided, and his knowledge more extensive and advanced. Without having, what may be properly termed an ear for music, he was remarkably alive to all the charms of rhythm, to which his voice and animation gave a particular effect; and as he had a strong memory, and was moreover thoroughly capable of conceiving and enjoying the higher excellences of the art, there was no one who could produce with more readiness and grace the finest passages of our best poets, with all of which he was very conversant. Of these it is no impeachment of his taste to say, that Gray was his particular favourite, every ode and every line of whose writings were familiar to him; and so strong at one time was his passion for this bard, that it extended itself to all the circumstances of his life and character. Not a town, not a spot that he had visited on the Continent; not a footstep that he had traced upon the mountains of his own country, but was known to his admirer: and, though nothing could be more opposite than the characters of the two men, Mr. Clarke was, in conversation, the constant champion of his pre-eminence, both moral and poetical, and the advocate even of his eccentricities.

To these pursuits may be added Natural History in some of its branches, particularly Mine-

ralogy ; but, as he had few books, and no assistance in these subjects, it was not probable that he could make much progress in them.

Such were the objects which occupied his attention, and excited his interest at this time : and it requires but a cursory view of them to perceive that, when thus cultivated, they were much better calculated to keep alive his enthusiasm, which was already excessive, than to supply what was most defective, strength to his reasoning and stability to his knowledge. It must be confessed, however, that they were not entirely barren speculations : they threw a sort of *éclat* over his pretensions at his first entrance into life ; and were of real advantage to him at the commencement of his subsequent career, as a private tutor.

To illustrate the desultory nature of his occupations at this time, and to give an early specimen of the talent which he always possessed in a very high degree, of exciting an interest in the minds of others towards the objects which occupied his own, it may be worth while here to give some account of a balloon, with which he amused the university in the third year of his residence. This balloon, which was magnificent in its size, and splendid in its decorations, was constructed and manœuvred, from first to last, entirely by himself. It was the contrivance of many anxious thoughts, and the labour of many weeks, to bring it to what

he wished ; and when, at last, it was completed to his satisfaction, and had been suspended for some days in the College Hall, of which it occupied the whole height, he announced a time for its ascension. There was nothing at that period very new in balloons, or very curious in the species which he had adopted ; but by some means he had contrived to disseminate not only within the walls of his own College, but throughout the whole University, a prodigious curiosity respecting the fate of his experiment. On the day appointed, a vast concourse of people was assembled, both within and around the College ; and the balloon having been brought to its station, the grass-plat within the cloisters, was happily launched by himself, amidst the applause of all ranks and degrees of gownsmen, who had crowded the roof, as well as the area of the cloisters, and filled the contiguous apartments of the master's lodge. The whole scene, in short, succeeded to his utmost wish ; nor is it easy to forget the delight which flashed from his eye, and the triumphant wave of his cap, when the machine with its little freight, (a kitten) having cleared the College battlements, was seen soaring in full security over the towers of the great gate. Its course was followed on horseback by several persons, who had voluntarily undertaken to recover it ; and all went home delighted with an exhibition, upon which nobody

would have ventured, in such a place, but himself; while none were found to lament the unseasonable waste of so much ingenuity and industry, or to express their surprise that to the pleasure of this passing triumph he should have sacrificed the whole of an important term, in which most of his contemporaries were employed in assiduous preparations for their approaching disputations in the schools.

But to gratify and amuse others was ever a source of the greatest satisfaction to himself. In the pursuit of this object, he thought little of any sacrifice he was to make, and still less of any ulterior advantage he might gain; and though it was important to his enjoyment, that the means employed should be, more or less, of a literary or scientific kind, it was by no means essential that they should gratify his own vanity, or reflect any credit upon himself. As a proof of this, it may be mentioned, that only a few months before this exhibition of the balloon in the University, which seemed calculated to excite an interest amongst thousands, he bestowed quite as much time and labour in the construction of an orrery, for the sole purpose of delivering a course of lectures on astronomy in his mother's house, to a single auditor; and that one, his sister.

This state of things continued till he arrived at the end of the third year of his residence in Col-

lege, when an event occurred which left a strong impression upon the whole society, and produced for a time a sensible alteration in his habits. It was usual at that period for those who were candidates for honours, instead of forming parties with private tutors, in the retired parts of the island, as at present, to spend their last summer in College, with the hope of giving a closer and more undivided attention to their studies than could be expected in the midst of their families at home. For this purpose Edward Clarke, with several others, one of whom, a youth of eighteen, a nephew of the master, was reading for a scholarship, remained in College after the Commencement in 1789, when the rest of the society were dismissed. The summer was singularly beautiful; their little party gay and united; and, all superintendence being removed, they were left to pursue their own devices; and these often led them to excursions upon the water, which sometimes extended even as far as Lynn. The last of these, in which two of the junior fellows had joined, proved fatal to the youth already mentioned. He fell overboard at midnight, in passing through Downham bridge, in some manner which no one witnessed or could account for; and, notwithstanding the efforts of one of the party,* who nearly shared

* The Rev. Edward Otter, Rector of Botthall, Northumberland.

his fate in attempting to save him, he was unfortunately drowned. Edward Clarke was spared the pain of witnessing this distressing scene: he had left the party in the morning with another friend to return to College; but, before they had well reached home, news of the disaster overtook them, and filled them with consternation. The body having been found that night, was brought to Jesus College, and interred in the ante-chapel, close to the spot which lately received the remains of Dr. Clarke.

It was at the close of the latter mournful ceremony, when chance had placed the author of this Memoir on the very stone which covered the remains of their common friend, that the grief they had shared together over his untimely fate frequently occurred to his recollection; and it was difficult not to remark how strongly the ready flow of youthful sorrow remembered upon that occasion, contrasted with the manly tears which were wrung from so many time-worn faces then around the grave of Dr. Clarke, when all that remained on earth of so much genius and benevolence, was about to be committed to the dust.

Thus the summer, which had opened upon the party with so much gaiety, closed in thoughtfulness and gloom. There was not a single member of the College, from the master to the servants, who did not feel and lament the loss; for besides

the suddenness of the calamity, which had thus hurried into eternity a youth just now moving before their sight in the very bloom of youth and health, there was something particularly amiable and attractive in his character, which had rendered him the idol of his companions, and an object of affection to all with whom he conversed. But no one grieved for him more sincerely than Edward Clarke, for there was no one to whom he was more attached; the effect, however, of this sorrow upon his mind was altogether salutary. Books were an obvious refuge, and to them he had recourse; it was the first occasion on which his friends had witnessed in him any thing like a continued and persevering attention to any regular object of pursuit. It seemed as if the saddened tone of his spirits had reconciled him at once to those severer studies, which he had before neglected or disliked, but which the approaching examination must have contributed to force upon his attention; and the consequence was, that with the increased energies arising from these stimulants, aided by the seasonable assistance of the same fellow of the College, to whom allusion has already been made, he was placed at the examination for Degrees as the third Junior Optime; an honour of no distinction, and rarely leading to any academical advantage, but, in his case, of considerable importance; because, to those of his

friends among the fellows, who from kindness and regard were disposed to favour his pretensions to a fellowship, it afforded afterward an ostensible reason for supporting his election. In this respect, therefore, the assistance, which has been alluded to, may be thought valuable; but it is only mentioned here for the purpose of bringing into notice a little monument of that extraordinary sensibility to kindness, for which Mr. Clarke was ever so remarkable, viz. a manuscript of mechanics, found among his papers at his death, written by himself in his fairest character, and dedicated to the person who had assisted him, as a token of gratitude for the important service rendered him upon that occasion.

In this irregular and careless manner, undistinguished as an academic in his own College, and altogether unknown as such to the University at large, was formed and educated almost to the age of twenty-one, a man, who in his maturer years was numbered both at home and abroad amongst the most celebrated of its members; who in various ways contributed not less to its embellishment, than to its reputation; who was honoured and distinguished by it while living, and followed by its regrets when dead. It is an opinion stated in the posthumous work of one, whose own training was not very regular (Mr. Gibbon), that every man receives two educations; the first from others,

the second from himself, and that the last is by far the most important of the two. In these sentiments most persons will be disposed readily to acquiesce, and, farther, to be of opinion, that men are wont to be much more defective in the latter than in the former; in that which they owe to themselves, than in that which is due to them from others. But as the harmony and solidity of a building can only be secured by a strict attention to every part of the structure, which can then and then only be considered as complete, when nothing can be withdrawn or altered without a striking injury to the whole; so also in education, if any part whatever be either omitted or misplaced, there will always be some defect or obliquity remaining, which injures the whole effect. Such was the case with Dr. Clarke. It was his misfortune that his education was almost entirely his own, the result of accident rather than of system, and only begun in earnest at that period of life when most others with equal inconsistency conceive that they have finished theirs. The precious years of boyhood and of youth, which are usually dedicated to the acquisition of fundamental truths, and to the establishment of order and method in the mind, were by him wasted in unseasonable pursuits; and though it may be difficult to conjecture what might have been the effect of a different training upon such a mind, yet certain it

is, that the defects most remarkable in his character were precisely those which might be computed from such a cause, viz. a want of due balance and proportion amongst the different faculties of his mind, some having been cultivated at the expense of others, and, by a strange but natural perversity, those having received the most encouragement, which required the least; and a defective knowledge of principles—an error afterward singularly aggravated by the analytical process he usually adopted in all his acquisitions both in language and science, joined to the circumstance of his being thrown into the world, and constituted a guide to others, at too early a period.

From these defects arose most of the disadvantages which affected the success and happiness of his life. For many years they threw an air of unsteadiness over the whole circle of his pursuits; and, what is worse, they were the cause, that the very finest of his qualities, his imagination and feeling, which were always on the side of genius and humanity, sometimes served to no other purpose than to lead him astray; inducing strong, but rapid and partial, views of things, and occasionally rash and erroneous conclusions. To these, it may be attributed, that he had many a weary footpath in science to retrace, and many an irremediable error in life to regret; for, although the most candid man alive, he was also amongst the

most hasty ; and had often advanced too far in the false, but alluring light of his own eyes, before the beams of truth broke in upon him from another quarter. Nor was it till the latter end of his life, when incessant labour had enabled him to go more nearly to the bottom of things, and the duties of his station had induced a greater steadiness in his pursuits, that these original errors of his education had any prospect of a remedy. But had this been otherwise,—had the distinguished qualifications which he afterward displayed, his fine genius and imagination, his extraordinary memory, his singular power of patient labour and attention, his ardent love of knowledge, and, above all, his lofty spirit and enthusiasm, in which he was surpassed by none,—had these been employed upon a better foundation, and directed by a better judgment ; and had the strength of his constitution supported to a more advanced period the exertions of his mind ; it may be presumed that they would have borne him, not only to a much greater height of eminence, than he actually attained ; but, unless the partiality of a friend deceive him, would have given him a name and a place in the estimation of posterity, inferior to few of whom the present age can boast.

He had now taken his Degree, and it was necessary for him to choose a profession ; or, at least, to consider seriously about the means of his

advancement and support. And certainly, at this moment, to any common observer, and particularly to one, who, like his historian, had been accustomed to measure every man's expectations in life by that standard upon which academical honours and rewards had stamped their approbation, his case appeared very difficult, if not almost hopeless. For the church, which seemed to be his obvious and hereditary profession, he had, at that time, a strong distaste; and, although the qualifications expected for holy orders were by no means so comprehensive as those so properly required by the bishops of the present day; yet, for the little which was required, he had made no preparation. Nor was his age sufficient, had he been ever so well prepared. On the other hand, even if a different profession had occurred to him as more agreeable to his taste, or more suitable to his talents, he was entirely without the means of pursuing it, being already embarrassed with debts, necessarily incurred in his previous education, and with fewer actual resources, than those with which he set out in College. But, whatever might have been the apprehensions of others, the buoyancy of youth and his own spirit never failed him; and it fortunately happened, that the only path in life which seemed open to his pretensions, and capable of affording him support, was precisely that which was the most likely to be productive of improvement

and excitement to himself. Nor was it long before an opportunity offered of engaging in it. Dr. Beadon, who had been lately promoted to the Bishopric of Gloucester, had in consequence vacated the Mastership of Jesus College, and removed from Cambridge; but he still kept a watchful eye on the family of his friend, and, more particularly, over the young Edward, who had been brought up under his care, and in various ways had recommended himself to his regard: and within a few months after Mr. Clarke had taken his degree, he mentioned him to the Duke of Dorset, as a proper person to superintend the education of his nephew, the Honourable Henry Tufton, who had been just taken from Westminster School, and was eventually destined for the army. The situation proposed to him was neither flattering to his talents, nor very promising in point of comfort or emolument; but it was such as, under his circumstances, he could not refuse; and, indeed, there is reason to believe that it was a subject of congratulation both to his family and himself.

In consequence of this engagement he went, before he was of age, to join his pupil at Hothfield, in the month of April, 1790, and entered cheerfully and earnestly upon a task, which, to most men, would have been very difficult, and to many altogether impracticable. Mr. Tufton was at that time a youth about sixteen years of age, of a hardy

and manly spirit, and of an athletic form, naturally somewhat reserved, and in consequence of a strong distaste conceived at school, averse at that time from tutors of every kind. The place intended for his residence with his pupil was a large house belonging to Lord Thanet, inhabited at that time only by one or two servants, situated in a wild and secluded part of the county of Kent, and cut off as well by distance as bad roads from all cheerful and improving society; a residence suitable enough to a nobleman with a large establishment, and a wide circle of friends: but the last place one would have thought to improve and polish a young man of family just entering into active life. In speaking of this situation afterward to his mother, Mr. Clarke himself designates it, as "one of the most dreary and most complete solitudes any wilderness or desert in Europe can boast of." Notwithstanding these disadvantages the work went on with great spirit and success, and there were several circumstances which rendered the connexion infinitely more pleasing to both the parties, than a first sight would have given reason to expect. In the character of the pupil, there was a manliness and honesty, which were particularly agreeable to the taste of his instructor; and his real warmth of heart, which was not evident on a first acquaintance, appeared more agreeable perhaps to Mr. Clarke, because it came upon him by

surprise. On the other hand, it was morally impossible for any reserve, however strong by nature or confirmed by habit, to stand long against the vivacity and good nature of the tutor when exerted to overcome it. Their first interview seems to have made a strong impression in his favour; and, before he had been a month at Hothfield, he had gained the confidence and secured the attention of his pupil. To the friend who visited them soon after this period, it was matter of interest and curiosity to observe the influence he had acquired over a mind so differently constituted from his own; nor was it less curious to remark the ingenuity with which he had contrived to relieve the solitude of the place, and to people it with a thousand little agreeable resources, which would have occurred to no one but himself. In the course of this engagement, which seems at first only to have been intended for nine months, Mr. Clarke was constantly in correspondence with the Duke of Dorset, respecting the character and progress of his nephew; and sometimes they were both invited to spend a few days at Knowle, that the duke might be a better judge of the improvement which had been made in his charge, and of the course which it might be proper to pursue with him in future. These occasions, which were now and then prolonged beyond the term appointed, could not possibly pass away without great ad-

vantage to Mr. Clarke ; they were the means of introducing him to a polished and lettered society, at that time, frequently assembled at Knowle, from which no one knew better how to profit than himself ; and, what was perhaps of more importance, they gave him access to an admirable collection of books connected with those favourite studies, which he had before been compelled to cultivate under great disadvantages. On the other hand, his own talent and vivacity, joined to his extreme readiness and good nature, could not fail of raising his character in the opinion of the duke himself, who has always been described as an accomplished man ; and the result of all this was such as might have been expected, that at the duke's particular request, the connexion with his nephew was prolonged another year. Accordingly, they took up their residence together at Hothfield for the winter ; and in the spring of 1791, as some compensation for the long and dreary season spent in that solitude, and with a view to the farther improvement and information of Mr. Tufton, they were permitted to make the tour of Great Britain together.

This was undoubtedly a most important epoch in Mr. Clarke's life ; it was the first opportunity he had had of gratifying a passion which was always uppermost in his mind, but which he had hitherto been unable to indulge ; and it necessarily

threw in his way many opportunities of acquiring information in those branches of natural history, for which he had early shewn a decided taste, and to which he afterward owed so much of his celebrity. It gave him also such a portion of knowledge and experience in the details of travelling, as seemed to qualify him for the commencement of greater undertakings hereafter. But it was still more important in another point of view ; it was the cause of his first appearance before the public in the character of an author ; he kept a journal of his tour, and at the request of some of his young friends, upon his return, was induced to publish it. The work is now exceedingly scarce, the greater part of the copies having been destroyed or lost within a short period after its publication. Indeed, Mr. Clarke himself soon learnt to have a lower opinion of its merits than others perhaps, more considerate, would be disposed to entertain, when the age and circumstances of the author are taken into the account. Within a year after its appearance, he expressed his regret that he had been led to publish it so hastily ; and to such a length was this feeling carried in the latter part of his life, that the book was studiously kept from the sight, and as much as possible from the knowledge, of his friends ; nor did he ever speak of it to any one, although, to the last, allusions to certain ridiculous parts of it were frequently conveyed in

broken hints to a particular friend, which nobody but themselves understood. Considered as a whole, the work must be judged unworthy of the high reputation he afterward attained. It was got up in a great hurry, without even the advantage of having the sheets corrected by himself, and bears about it strong internal evidence both of youth and haste; it abounds with trifling incidents of life, and florid descriptions of scenery, as coming from one to whom the varieties of human character, and the majesty of nature, were alike fresh and new; it betrays occasionally considerable credulity, some proofs of a crude and unformed taste, and of a rash judgment: but, notwithstanding these defects, it has merit enough, and of a kind, to shew that it is the production of no common mind. It is throughout natural, eloquent, characteristic, full of youthful ardour and spirit, and strongly indicative of feelings, which do honour to the goodness and humanity of his heart. It contains, too, some happy as well as faithful descriptions, and is not entirely without humour.

To gratify the curiosity of the reader, and to shew, what is always interesting, the first impressions of fine scenery, and the first effects of new habits and manners upon an observing and enthusiastic mind, a few passages will be extracted from this work.

It should be premised that the travellers left

London on the 4th of June, and proceeding first to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight, traversed the whole of the south of England to the Land's End. Returning thence, by the north of Devon, they visited Bath and Bristol, and crossing the Severn at the New Ferry, made the usual tour of South and North Wales. They then crossed the channel to Dublin. From Dublin they returned to Holyhead after a few days' stay, and then passing by Conway to Chester, entered the midland counties of England; and having visited Manchester, Sheffield, Birmingham, Lichfield, and Oxford, arrived in London in the latter end of August.

The first extract submitted to the reader, is an account of Keeve's Hole, in the Isle of Portland: a very interesting natural cavern, difficult of access, and rarely visited by travellers.

“ By stepping from one fragment to the other, I contrived to descend below the roof of the cavern. Here, seated upon one of the most prominent points of the rock, I had an opportunity of contemplating a spectacle so truly awful and sublime, as to beggar every power of description. Impelled by the same motives of curiosity, many may have ventured to explore it, as I did; but I am confident the same reflection arose from the view of it, that it is one among the stupendous features of nature, which can only be conceived by those who contemplate its beauties on the spot:

and in all attempts to depicture it, whether by the pencil, or the pen, however lively the delineation, it must fall short of the original. And this is one of the first emotions which a traveller feels, in beholding the magnificence of nature—a consciousness of the impossibility of retaining, or relating, the impressions it affords; inasmuch as it is beyond the power of mechanism, to give to inanimate matter the glow and energy of life. I found it to be indeed a cavern, not as our guide had described it, proceeding through the whole island, but such as amply repaid me for my trouble. Winding from its entrance into the heart of the solid stone, it forms so large a cavity, that ships, in stress of weather, have put into it for shelter. From the peculiar advantage of my situation, I beheld at the same time the whole of this wonderful place, from the prodigious arches which form its mouth, unto its utmost extent behind. The sea gushed in with a force that threatened to overwhelm me in its foam, and subsiding among the rocks, roared in rough surges below. Vast masses of stone had, from time to time, fallen among the huge pillars that supported the roof, and by the ponderous chasms which every where appeared, many more seemed to tremble, and menace a terrible fall. I looked around me with astonishment, and felt what an insignificant little mite I was, creeping about among the fearful and

wonderful works of God. I could have remained for hours in my subterranean abode. A reverie, which would have continued unbroken until put to flight by the shades of the evening, succeeded to the astonishment I was at first thrown into. But in the world above I had companions of a more restless nature, who soon roused me with their bawling, and by a shout of impatience snapped the thread of my meditations."

The following is his description of the Mount, in Mount's Bay, in Cornwall, belonging to Sir John St. Aubyn, Bart.

"We beheld a mountain in the middle of a beautiful bay, spreading its broad base upon the glassy waves, and extending its proud summit high above the waters, with an air of uncommon dignity. It shoots up abruptly from the sea, and terminating in a point, presents an object of uncommon grandeur. Its rugged sides are broken with rocks and precipices, displaying a most beautiful contrast to that pleasant prospect of fields and villages which surround and enclose the bay. As the sea ebbs and flows it is alternately either an island or a peninsula. It is called St. Michael's Mount. At the top of it is a building resembling a church, the seat of Sir John St. Aubyn. The most skilful architect could scarcely plan a structure which would better adorn the mountain, or be more adapted to the shape of the hill on which

it stands. The tower of the church is almost in the middle of the whole building, and rises from the centre of the mountain's base, terminating the whole. The church bells, and parapet walls, spread themselves round the tower, so as to cover the area or summit of the hill. Enlarging itself gradually from the building downwards, the hill swells into a base of a mile in circumference. It stands near the centre of a delightful piece of water, and making the most remarkable figure in any part of its circuit, gives it the name of Mount's Bay. We visited the exalted residence of the Baronet before-mentioned, who may truly be said to dwell—'in the moon's neighbourhood.'—It is remarkable on no other account but its stupendous situation, which is so very high, that from the tower we could see across the channel. Formerly it was used as a garrison, and fortified accordingly. Charles the First confined the Duke of Hamilton in this very place, who was afterward released by the parliament forces. In earlier periods a priory of Benedictine monks stood here, founded by Edward the Confessor, and until the reign of Richard Cœur de Lion it served for the purposes of religion only."

On arriving at the Land's End, he thus expresses himself.

"From Penzance we went to the Land's End, and stood upon the extreme point of that part of

this island, which, at the distance of three hundred miles from the metropolis, extends south-west into the sea. From this spot you command at once the entrance of the great channel. It is an astonishing sight. Immense rocks lie scattered up and down, piled upon each other, as if the fables of old had been realized, and the giants of Etna had burst from their sepulchres to heap these ponderous masses, in horrible confusion, against the pillars of heaven.—The sea, in vehement fury, dashes its rough surges against their craggy sides, and disclosing the black visages of a thousand breakers, that frowned half-concealed among the waves, betrayed the terrors of a place which had proved so often fatal to the shipwrecked mariner. The Islands of Scilly appeared at a distance through the thick gloom that enveloped them. The sea fowl screamed among the cliffs. The clouds were gathering up apace, and the wind, as it broke through the chasms of the rocks, in short convulsive blasts, predicted a terrible storm. It began already to howl, and the vast surface of the ocean swelled into a foam. I know not a spectacle more awful than a storm at sea : but if I wished to place a spectator in a spot, from which such a scene would appear more terribly sublime than usual, it should be upon a stupendous promontory which presents itself in this remote corner of our island.”

The narrative which follows is strictly characteristic of him at this period of his life, exhibiting his vehement and rapid flow of diction—his peculiar benevolence of heart—his ready confidence and strong sympathy in stories of distress—and the warmth and quickness of his feelings.

“We had proceeded but a few paces from the door (of an inn at Haverford West), when I discerned on the opposite side of the way something like a place of confinement; but so barricaded, and so miserable in its aspect, that I conceived it to be a receptacle for wild beasts. Upon farther inspection, I discovered through a small window, double grated, a man in a melancholy attitude, with a book in his hand. He was clothed in the tattered remnants of a naval uniform, and as we obstructed the light which glimmered through the grate upon the pages of his book, he started, and saw us. We were going to withdraw, when finding how much we were struck with his appearance, he addressed us. ‘Gentlemen (said he), you see here an unfortunate officer of the navy, who, for a trifling debt, has suffered five months’ imprisonment in this abominable dungeon; without any support but from the benevolence of strangers and the uncertain charity of a few among the inhabitants, denied even water to gratify his thirst, unless he can raise a halfpenny to pay for

it, and condemned to linger here without a prospect of release.

“ We asked him by what means he had incurred the debt, and how he became unable to discharge it.

“ He said he was a Lieutenant in the navy, and formerly belonged to a King's ship, called the Trimmer. That he had been stationed with the rest of his crew at Haverford. It happened one day that he was out on a visit, when his comrades hearing of some smugglers went in pursuit of them, and left him on shore. During their absence, he had lived, he said, as other gentlemen do in the neighbourhood. He had visited them, hunted with them, and partook of the amusements of the place. When he wished to leave Haverford, he had written to his agent at Liverpool for cash. The people of the house where he lodged knew this, and when the answer returned, with a spirit of parsimony hardly to be conceived, and in violation of every honest and honourable principle, intercepted and broke it open. It was then discovered that his agent had failed, and could remit him only five guineas, which were enclosed in the letter. This sum the harpies instantly siezed, and threw their unfortunate victim into the dungeon where we found him, and where he had languished ever since.

“I felt my blood chill with horror at his narrative, and interrupting him, ‘In God’s name, Sir,’ said I, ‘have you no friends, is there not one to whom I can write in your behalf?’

“‘My name,’ said he, ‘is G—th. I was one of those who accompanied Captain Cook in his circumnavigations. I lived but by my profession, and have done so from my infancy; I have no relations, and hardly a single friend. There may be those who would hasten to extricate me, if they knew my situation, but I wish to keep them ignorant of it, nor can I bear to apply to them.’

“Finding all our entreaties ineffectual, in endeavouring to serve him by writing to those who knew him, we begged he would accept of our assistance in a different way, and leaving a small donation with him, we went to make other inquiries among the inhabitants. They all knew him to be a gentleman of good character, and great ability in his profession; every information we received tended to confirm his own assertions; but this only increased our astonishment, to find that in so large a town as Haverford West, there could not be found liberality enough among the people, to save a gentleman from prison for a paltry tavern-bill.

“Once we heard he had made his escape. A deserter was thrown into the same dungeon with him, and this fellow effected the means of his deli-

verance. They had not quitted their prison above a quarter of an hour, before their flight was discovered, and the gaoler rang the fire-bell to alarm the town. Mr. G—th and the deserter were then in one of the fields near the town. As soon as they heard the fire-bell Mr. G—th fainted. Overcome with weakness, from confinement, and the apprehension of being retaken, he fell at the feet of his companion. Upon this, the deserter dragged him into a ditch, and covering themselves with some new hay that was in the field, they remained concealed until the morning, when they both endeavoured to escape. The deserter being the strongest, soon got out of the reach of his pursuers; but Mr. G—th, unacquainted with the country, and unable, from excessive weakness, to proceed, was retaken by the sheriff's officers about twenty miles from the town. As soon as he perceived them, he made a desperate attempt upon his own life, and before they could seize him, stabbed himself in the side. The wound proved not mortal, and he recovered to undergo, what he dreaded much more, the horrors of his prison.

“We returned to him again, and apologizing for the meanness of our former offer, begged we might improve it. He seemed overcome with the thoughts of having found a human being who could feel for his situation. Upon farther conversation, I found he was well acquainted with a fellow col-

legian of mine, and with his whole family. He said he was certain of having the command of a vessel if he could be released; that he had frequently offered to compromise with the woman who imprisoned him, and would give her cent. per cent. for her money until it was paid, if she would enable him to return to his profession. The inexorable d—l, for I cannot now think of a worse name for her, had refused all his requests, and would not pay the least attention to any application that was made for his release. The original debt did not exceed twenty pounds, but his prosecutrix, by her villanous machinations, by rascally attorneys, and the expenses of his imprisonment, had really doubled it. It was not until eleven at night that I gave over my enquiries with respect to Mr. G—th; and among the variety of questions we put to different people, no one gave him an ill word, but all were unanimous in encomiums upon him. Thus, in a hostile country, surrounded with persecutors, imprisoned, and in debt, he seemed without an enemy. Some despaired of his release, others were in hopes he would receive his liberty at the assizes, as a society of gentlemen had promised to subscribe for that purpose.

“YE GENTLEMEN OF HAVEREORD! could ye not find one spark of pity or generosity resident among ye? A stranger came and fell into misfor-

tunes, and was there not one Samaritan, who would visit the prison of the wretched, and soften the iron fetters of his bondage? Yes, one there was, and more than one, and happy must they feel who have hitherto supported him in his captivity. But YE ALDERMEN OF HAVERFORD! for it is to you I dedicate these effusions of my soul—and if ever your eyes glance upon these pages of my work, may the traces of my pen sink deep into your hearts, and penetrating the iron folds around them, force out a sentiment of contrition and remorse. What! could ye not spare the exuberance of one feast from your gorgeous appetites, to succour a bulwark of your country—a son of Neptune? Could you not spare the price of one dinner, to relieve a fellow-creature in distress? Oh shame! shame! shame upon you, YE ALDERMEN OF HAVERFORD!!!

“Peace to the ashes of the benevolent HOWARD! what a scope for his philanthropy would have been offered, had he visited the dungeon at Haverford. He is gone to receive the reward of his virtues, but his name shall be immortal.

The spirits of the good, who bend from high,
Wide o'er these earthly scenes, their partial eye;
When first array'd in virtue's purest robe,
They saw her Howard traversing the globe;
Saw round his brows her sun like glory blaze
In arrowing circles of unwearied rays;

Mistook a mortal for an angel guest,
And ask'd what seraph foot the earth imprest.

Loves of the Plants. Canto II. p. 86.

“I never felt more disposed to quit any place than Haverford. The thoughts of Mr. G—th’s sufferings, added to the filthiness of our inn, and the unwelcome deportment of every yawning countenance we met upon our return to it, so prejudiced us against the whole town that we ordered horses to be in readiness before sun-rise the next morning.

“Creeping into my miserable sty, for I could not be guilty of so gross a compliment as to call it a bed-room, I endeavoured to compose myself to sleep. The sheets stuck to my back with dampness, and not having been changed since the last assizes, contained such a quantity of sand, which the feet of my predecessors had imported from the floor, that I was determined to sit up the whole night. The thoughts of Mr. G—th in his horrid dungeon, but a few yards from me, seemed to reproach me for my discontent, and feeling thankful that I was out of their clutches, I fell asleep.

“When we came to our chaise in the morning, we found four horses affixed to it, whereas we had ordered but two, and an impudent scoundrel at the door insisting upon our using them. We had no alternative, we must either obey his orders, or remain at Haverford, and God knows with what

alacrity I chose the lesser evil, to avoid the greater. Any inconvenience was better than staying *with Pharaoh and all his host*, so away we drove, execrating the whole tribe, and fearful lest the well-known words, with which Dr. Johnson addressed a crow in the Highlands, should be made applicable to us—*What, have wings, and stay here?*”

The following is his description of a blind female Harper at Aberystwyth, and of the first effect of the native music of the country upon his feelings.

“Here we had, for the first time since we entered Wales, the pleasure of hearing the music of the country, in its pure state, from a poor blind female harper. She could speak no English, nor play any English tunes, except *Captain Mackintosh* and the *White Cockade*. There was so much native simplicity in her appearance, and the features of sorrow were so visible in her countenance, that no one could behold her unmoved. She was led in by the waiter, dressed after the style of her countrywomen, in a coarse woollen gown, and a hat of black beaver. She had seated herself in a corner of the room, and by an involuntary motion, I drew my chair close to hers. A predilection for Welsh music would alone have disposed me to listen to the harp; but our blind minstrel, with her untaught harmony, called forth all our admiration, and attention became the tribute of pity. When she touched the strings, she displayed all

the execution and taste of the most refined master. Her mode of fingering was graceful, light, and elegant; her cadences inexpressibly sweet. We had never before heard such tones from the harp; she ran through all the mazes of Welsh harmony, and delighted us with the songs of the bards of old. She seemed to celebrate the days of her forefathers, and fancy led me to interpret the tenor of her melody. It sang the fall of Llewellyn, and broke forth in a rapid tumultuous movement, expressive of the battles he had fought, and the laurels he had won.

“All at once she changed the strain; the movement became slow, soft, and melancholy—it was a dirge for the memory of the slaughtered bards, the departed poets of other times. An air was introduced after a momentary pause, which vibrated upon our very heartstrings. With trembling hands, and in a tone of peculiar melody, she told us the sad tale of her own distress. She sang the blessings of light, and portrayed in cadences the sorrows of the blind.

“Without any support but her harp, deprived of her sight, friendless, and poor, she had wandered from place to place, depending entirely upon the charity of strangers. We were told that she contrived to obtain a decent livelihood by her talents for music; nor did we wonder at it, for who can

refuse pity to the sufferings of humanity, when the voice of melody breaks forth in its behalf?"

He thus expresses himself on the fall of the Monach:

"We beheld the river Monach in a bold convulsive cataract between the mountains, foaming with clamorous fury through a chasm of the solid rock, and rushing down the steep abrupt of a prodigious precipice, roar in a white surf at our feet, and lose itself in a vast bason below. Enveloped by an awful display of every thing that can add majesty and grandeur to the features of nature, the spectator is lost in the contemplation of this wild assemblage of mountains, valleys, hills, rocks, woods, and water.

Præsentio rem & conspicimus deum

Per invias rupes, fêra per juga,

Clivosque præruptos, sonantes

Inter aquas, nemorumque noctem.

GRAY.

"After having feasted our eyes with the view of this headlong torrent, we ascended by our guide's direction, and were introduced to a similar scene above it. From this second part we ascended to a third, and so on to a fourth and a fifth: for this fall of the Monach is so much interrupted and broken, that by a near inspection, as you ascend from the bottom, you are shewn five separate cas-

cedes ; which, when you retire to a proper distance, at a particular point of view, appear all united into one stupendous cataract. We were conducted to this spot, which is on an eminence opposite the fall, and from whence the effect of this cascade is superb. The bare mention of a river, precipitated from a height of four hundred feet, conveys an idea of something great, of something unusually magnificent. But when to this is added the peculiar wildness and gigantic features of the scenery which surrounds the fall of the Monach, no description whatever can do it justice. Soon after its descent, it runs into the Rhyddol, which river also displays a beautiful cascade, before its union with the Monach. Several brooks and smaller streams are seen falling from the tops of the high mountains on all sides, and losing themselves in the valley below. Thus we seemed surrounded by waterfalls, many of which deserved our notice, had it not been for the fall of the Monach, which engrossed our whole attention."

The last extract from this work shall be his farewell address to the reader. It is interesting for the view which he takes of his own production, as well as for the prophetic hope it holds out of better efforts in the same career, when the inexperience and the prejudices of youth should be

removed. It was written when he was setting off on his tour to Italy.

“To him, therefore, who had been induced from motives of candour or curiosity to mark the progress and termination of my rambles, I make my grateful acknowledgments. Courteous or inquisitive reader! if, in the perusal of these pages, thy brow has been sullied with anger or contracted by contempt, let me entreat thee to obliterate the remembrance of it! I have endeavoured to portray with accuracy a variety of scenes in no small extent of territory; I have pointed out every object which I deemed worthy of thy notice; I have considered thee as the companion of my travels, and have given thee the fruits of my labours without the fatigue or expense of acquiring them.

“It would be impertinent to apologize for present deficiency by a promise of future improvement—else, haply, when the hand of time shall remove the curtain of prejudice, and check the sallies of inexperience, I may hope to throw aside my anonymous pen and assume a more respectable appearance. It is with this view I leave my present work to its fate, and go in search of materials for a more important superstructure. I hasten among the wider regions of continental domain; to see peace expel discord, and to witness the downfall of anarchy: to behold the armies of nations combined in restoring serenity to a dis-

tracted people: to behold the melancholy condition of a country, where faction, drunk with the blood of multitudes, has fantastically arrayed herself in the garb of liberty, and like the arrogant bird, who envied the meekness and beauty of the dove, vainly endeavours by assuming a borrowed plumage to hide her native deformity."

In a letter to a friend, written while this work was in the press, Mr. Clarke thus expresses himself, with all the ardour of a youthful author:—

"I have a work in the press. It is the tour we made. My friends encourage me to hope for success. Two booksellers have it between them. It will make two volumes octavo, with plates, in aquatinta. A few impressions will be struck off in quarto. The first edition consists of 1000 copies only: if these are sold off, the disposal of the second edition remains with me. It will cost them 140%: so, I gave them the first edition, and they pay all expenses."

CHAP. III.

His engagement to travel with Lord Berwick—Tour to Italy—

His employments and acquirements there—Residence at Naples—Projected excursion to Egypt and Greece—Hasty journey to England and back—Departure from Naples—Return to England—Conclusion of the tour—Letters on foreign travel.

IN the autumn of this year, 1791, and shortly after the close of his journey, we find him balancing between the prospect of another winter at Hothfield with his pupil, and the alternative of entering into holy orders with an immediate prospect of the curacy of Uckfield, which had been served by his elder brother, but was at this time offered to him; and, certainly, if any proposal of the kind could have tempted him, it would have been the curacy of Uckfield, where all that was most dear to him in life was assembled, and where he was always anxious to take up his abode. But, as he was not at this time disposed to embrace the profession of the church, he did not hesitate long; and the result of his deliberation, with the reasons upon which it was founded, will be best learned from one of his letters to his friend and biographer, dated October, 1791.

“ ———Your letter came most welcome to me ; I had just been framing a remonstrance against your long silence. It was not my wish to leave Mr. Tufton, but all my friends cried out against me, and said it would be madness to resign a certain emolument, for the precarious consequences of another six months’ interment at Hothfield. I wrote to the bishop of Gloucester, and asked his advice ; he begged to stand neuter, and give no opinion upon such a nice point. I then sent off my letters to the Duke of Dorset ; I represented the whole case, offered to take Mr. Tufton into our family, which must be better for him than being at Hothfield, and ended with saying, if he did not approve of my proposal, my services, such as they were, were entirely at his disposal. I was, I said, bound to him in gratitude for repeated acts of kindness, and was willing if he desired it, to disengage myself from every other occupation ; and dedicating myself solely to Mr. Tufton’s welfare, would go with him to any part of the world, and stay with him for any length of time whatever. You have no idea how much the duke was pleased with my offers. He wrote immediately, requesting of me to continue with his nephew, and said that he was fully sensible of my attention to him, and that my conduct upon all occasions demanded his warmest acknowledgments. I did not hesitate a moment, but swallowing this fine pill, jumped

into the mail coach, and reached Uckfield by four o'clock in the morning. There I knocked them all up, adjusted every thing, bade my mother good-bye, travelled all night again to Lord Thanet's, sent the duke my final determination, persuaded Mr. Charles Tufton to accompany us, and here we are again.

“ E. D. C.”

But before this resolution was taken, he had paid a visit to his mother at Uckfield, and there, with his usual overflow of filial kindness, had recounted to her the whole story of his adventures, and spread before her admiring eyes the wonders of art and nature which had been the produce of his tour; for, it may be observed here, that the specimens of mineralogy which he gathered in this journey, formed the nucleus of that extensive collection, which long afterward furnished the subjects of his academical lectures at Cambridge. A scene from this visit shall be described in his sister's words. “ The animated gaze,” she says, “ with which he regarded his treasures from the mines of Cornwall, his specimens of copper ore, mundic, &c. &c. &c., covering a whole long dining-table, at the top of which he had placed his delighted mother, and his beloved and invaluable friend and counsellor Mrs. Catherine Courthope, together with every friend and acquaintance that

could be met with, in the surrounding precincts ; the long and original droll detail, which he delivered to them, of all his adventures, particularly of his obtaining one worm-eaten leg, from the many that had been sold of Shakspeare's chair ; the woman's loud scream, when he wrenched it from the seat, though unable to refuse the liberal offer ; the kick of the husband, as he sent her head-over-heels, down the cellar stairs, for being such a fool as to part with so large a relic ; the anan!! anan!! of the neighbours, may well be remembered, but can never be described."

It will be seen from the extracts of a former letter, that Mr. Tufton's brother accompanied them on their return to Hothfield, after it had been decided that the connexion should be continued through the winter, and this gentleman being about to join Lord Thanet in Paris, had taken Hothfield in his way ; and when he left the place in the latter end of October, the two friends eagerly seized the opportunity of passing over with him to Calais. It was the first time Mr. Clarke had set his foot on foreign ground, and how delightful were the sensations he experienced, will appear from the following extract from an amusing letter to his mother :

" CALAIS, October 18, 1791.

" Here we are ! Even I in France. Would you believe it ? I have found my father's name written

with a pen upon the frame of an old looking-glass. The date is almost worn out, but a rude guess makes it to be, December, 1772. I am half dead with sea sickness—twenty-four hours passage from Dover. Just now I sent for Monsieur Dessein, and asked him if he remembered Sterne. He speaks broken English, and I worse French, so you may suppose what an edifying tête-à-tête I have had with him. When I arrived I was half-starved, and seeing a number of waiters crowding round me with ‘*Que voulez vous, Monsieur?*’ I dispatched them all for something to eat. They all came back again, ‘*Et pardonnez moi, Monsieur, que voulez vous?*’ Beef! and be hanged to you! said I, out of all patience, and away they flew, saying, ‘*Mon-Dieu! en verité, mi lor Anglois!*’ Presently in comes a troop of ’em with Dessein at their head, bringing in tea, but no beef, and an old overgrown hen, by way of cold chicken. Allons! said I, portez le beff! Monsieur Dessein made a low bow, ‘*Non pas beef, Monsieur! la voila, un petit pullet!*’ Un petit Turkey cock! said I; Monsieur Dessein bowed again, I laughed, and got over the style. You will think me mad or drunk, so I’ll wind to a close. I am in such spirits, I cannot write sense.”

After a few days spent at Calais, they returned to Hothfield, where they spent the winter. In

the spring of the ensuing year, 1792, when Mr. Clarke's protracted engagement with Mr. Tufton was drawing to a close, he began to turn his thoughts seriously towards that home, which had ever been his pride and delight, and which he now considered as likely to furnish under the repose of its peaceful roof, the best means to gratify that literary passion, which began more and more to occupy and interest his mind. Under this impression he wrote to his mother, requesting that the little study might be prepared for him, and that his father's table and high backed chair, objects always dear to his recollection, might be placed in it for his use. Joyfully were these directions received, and promptly and accurately were they executed; nor could any thing exceed the delight of the mother and daughter, at the prospect of receiving permanently for their inmate a son and brother whom they so fondly loved, and in whose conversation and pursuits they took so deep an interest: but for this time they were destined to be disappointed. Having come to London in the spring of 1792, with his pupil, of whom he was about to take his leave, in consequence of the appointment of the latter to a regiment, he renewed his acquaintance with Lord Berwick, who had been of the same year with him in College, and who being now of age, pro-

posed that Mr. Clarke should accompany him in the capacity of a friend to Italy. The offer was too valuable in all respects to be refused; for, however pleasing at first view to all the parties concerned, might have been the thought of his sitting down at Uckfield with his mother and sister, the project was much more calculated to gratify their present feelings than to promote his future advantage. His habits were not duly settled, nor his mind sufficiently stored for the repose he sought (which was in truth only a temporary want), nor would his circumstances or prospects have admitted of it. But, if all this had been otherwise, the place itself was in no respects calculated for such a scheme. It had neither books nor learned society, nor, in truth, any materials for the furtherance of those pursuits to which his inclinations would have led him. The author of this memoir has visited him several times in this beloved home; and once or twice has seen him apparently fixed there for an indefinite period. On these occasions it has been always observed, that he was delightful to others, and contented and happy within himself, and ever with some object of pursuit, but never studious. A letter to his friend will explain the nature of Lord Berwick's offer, and the reasons assigned for his closing with it.

“ LONDON,—1792.

“ ——— Doomed to be a wanderer, I still flutter about, uncertain whether, or not, I shall ever sit down in peace. Every thing is changed—I am *not* going into orders—I am *not* going to be Curate of Uckfield—but I *am* going to be exiled from my country, and wander I know not where. It is now about a fortnight, since Lord Berwick sent to beg I would let him have an hour’s conversation with me. The purport of this was, that I would, when I left Tufton, give up all my present prospects, and accompany him in a tour through France, Germany, Switzerland, Italy, Spain, &c. and be with him about two years. He will pay all my expenses. I laid it before the Bishop of Gloucester: he told me to seize the offer, without hesitation. To tell you all the trouble I have had, all the pain it has cost my mother, to be separated from all her children, and a long *et cetera*, would take me several hours. I have consented. You can’t wonder at it—you know how I longed all my life to see *furren Pärtes*, setting aside the advantage of the connexion. I have toiled and fretted, entreated and manœuvred, till it is now nearly settled that Mr. Tufton goes with us.”

Having entered upon his engagement, Mr. Clarke immediately set about preparations for the journey. But as Lord Berwick had business of importance to transact in Shropshire before he could

leave England, Mr. Clarke joined him at Attingham in the early part of June, and remained with him for nearly a month. His letters at that time, speak in the highest terms of the magnificence of Lord Berwick's seat, and of the beauty of the country. He visited all that was remarkable in the neighbourhood, accompanied his friend in his excursions to Shrewsbury and other places, in which he was interested; and lived near a fortnight with the mess of the Shropshire militia, in which Lord Berwick had then a company. These were all new scenes to him, and seem to have afforded him considerable pleasure. About the middle of July, 1792, their preparations being all completed, and the correction of his work, now in the press, being entrusted to the kindness of a friend (Mr. now Archdeacon Wrangham), they set out upon their intended tour. They made Uckfield in their way, for the purpose of indulging Mr. Clarke with an opportunity of taking leave of his family; and after spending two days at that place they proceeded to Dover, and embarked there for Ostend. It is certainly much to be regretted that, of this tour, to which Mr. Clarke is indebted for so many valuable acquisitions to his knowledge, and so essential an improvement of his taste, the accounts which remain to us, are in some respects less satisfactory than could be wished. They consist of a journal and a few

letters. The journal, which begins at Turin, is not continued regularly till after his arrival at Naples ; from that time, however, it is sufficiently particular, and has no important breaks or interruptions : and, had the substance of it been prepared and published by himself, soon after his return, as was once intended, before the ground had been occupied by others, and while the incidents and objects he describes were fresh in the recollection of that extensive circle of his countrymen whom his talents and kindness had attached to him in Italy, there could have been no doubt whatever of its favourable reception. But now, when a lapse of thirty years has borne away with them the great majority of the persons connected with these travels, and even to the survivors must have diminished the interest which they would have once inspired ; when almost every object he notices has been accurately examined and described by many accomplished travellers since ; it would require nothing less than the happiest touches of his own pen to make such a journal attractive throughout to the public of the present day ; more especially when it is remembered, that during this period, the process of his improvement was only going on, and that the observations recorded by him must of course be of very different degrees of merit. Under these circumstances it has been thought advisable to make such extracts only from the journal as

may appear to possess in themselves any superior interest, or to throw light upon his character or pursuits. With his letters a similar course will be pursued; they are indeed loosely and hastily written, and in no respect to be compared with his later productions of the same kind; but they contain some fair specimens of his talent for description and some nice touches of character; and, at all events, when connected with the journal, they will tell the story of his life much more agreeably than any narrative which could have been framed from them. His best letters of this period, which were written to the Duke of Dorset and the Bishop of Gloucester, are probably no longer in existence.

Italy was the principal object of the travellers; and their plan was to pass into that country by Mount Cenis and Turin. But as it was necessary to avoid the French territory, which was then agitated throughout by the paroxysm of its ferocious revolution, they determined to take the route of the Low Countries to Cologne, and then ascending the Rhine to Schaffhausen, to pass from thence through Switzerland and Geneva, into Piedmont. It will be seen afterward, that they were driven from the latter part of this design. Mr. Clarke's first letter to his mother is dated, Sept. 9, 1792, from Spa; it develops the plan of their journey, and affords an amusing specimen of his inexperience as a continental traveller.

“SPA, Sept. 9, 1792.

“ — We stay here a day or two, and then proceed to Aix la Chapelle, Dusseldorf, and up the banks of the Rhine, through Cologne, Bonn, Coblantz, Mayence, Francfort, &c. &c. to the great fall of the Rhine near Schaffhausen; we then enter Switzerland, and proceed through Berne and Lausanne to Geneva—from Geneva we go to Turin, where we shall remain till we are perfect in the French language, and if possible in the Italian. After we have acquired these, and a few little improvements in fencing, dancing, &c. we set out upon our tour. Lord B. says, he shall not consider himself as travelling in earnest until he leaves Turin, when, if possible, we shall make a complete tour of Europe. He has sent for a phaeton from London, and is going to purchase four black horses to run in it, which I am to drive. I should now be as happy as any man can be, if I could but diffuse a little joy among the dear friends I left behind. The thoughts of what they may want, and they may feel, throws a cold damp over every comfort I have. Perhaps I may be now laying a foundation for their future welfare; God grant that it may be so, and that no intervening mischief may interrupt the rising prospect before me, and embitter the time to come. Let me know the success of my little work, and what the reviewers say of it, whether good or bad, word for word.”

The next letter is dated, Turin, Oct. 15th, 1792.

“ ——— It is not easy to express the satisfaction we feel in being safely lodged within the walls of this city, after all the dangers and difficulties we have passed. Every species of obstacle intervened to prevent our progress—armies met before us—rivers and lakes swelled to overwhelm us—mountains rose before us—deserts bewildered us—nay, even our own servants, from motives as yet unknown, formed projects to retard us—yet here we at last safely moored in the capital of the dominions of his majesty the King of Sardinia.

“ I think my last letter to you was from Spa ; since that time we have seen much and done more. We proceeded up the banks of the Rhine through Cologne, Coblentz, and Francfort, peaceably to Heidelberg. At Francfort we were present at the largest fair in all Europe, but it is not so much worth seeing as the annual fairs at Cambridge. At Heidelberg we had the old story of the great tun and Charlemagne, and were highly delighted with the old lacquey Antoine, who prevailed on me to scrawl some nonsense in his album. As we approached the confines of France, the road all the way was crowded with soldiers ; from Friburg to Basle, the Prince de Condé's armies filled every village and every town. It was then expected that they would cross the Rhine in three days ; baggage waggons and flat-bottomed boats filled all

the avenues of the turnpike roads; and horses became so scarce, that the poor farmer's oxen were pressed to serve the carriages that came post. When we were at Basle the inhabitants were hourly in expectation of being besieged; all the women left the town, the French emigrants lay within three miles on one side, the patriot camp within two miles on the other; I went to see both, and very near got killed in a scuffle among the democrats—but this is too long to tell now. When we entered Switzerland, all the country was rising under arms and flocking to defend Basle; before we got to Bonn, we heard that the French had taken Chambery, that the passage over Mount Cenis was shut, and that the patriots were at the gates of Geneva: what to do we did not know: but resolved to go to Lucerne, cross the lake there, and afterward make an attempt to cross that tremendous ridge of mountains which divide Italy from Switzerland. A volume would not tell you our adventures and hair-breadth scapes in performing this exploit. Our carriages were drawn by oxen and peasants over high mountains of snow, where no European had ever dreamed of meeting a carriage before, among precipices, rocks, torrents, and cataracts.* The mountaineers beheld us with

* The passage here described is that of the St. Gothard, which at this time was much more difficult than it is at present.

astonishment, the children ran away from us, and the men could not be kept from the wheels, inso-much that they broke the blinds of Mr. Tufton's carriage in their eagerness to see the inside. At one place where we stopped, the village assembled to salute '*the Prince of Wales*,' because they happened to see on the inside of one of our trunks—'*H. Mortimer, trunk maker to his Majesty and the Prince of Wales*.' At another place, they said we were the noblemen who had killed the king of Sweden, and were escaping into Italy. At last half dead, and quite satisfied with Quixotism, we reached Bellinzona, on the other side the mountains; and here we are, in Turin, alive and like to live.

“The whole continent at present seems a scene of universal hostility, and even Italy, which promised to be the last country which would suffer from French anarchy, is in a fair way to follow the example there offered. The poor King of Sardinia, old and worn out with care, sees his country rise in confusion all around him. We were presented to him yesterday.”

Having now brought the subject of this memoir to Turin, where his own journal commences, it may be proper to state shortly, for the information of the reader, the general course of his employments, and the nature of his acquirements, during

the period of his residence in Italy. It has already been stated, that a passion for travelling had early taken possession of his mind, but it would be difficult to convey an adequate notion of the strength and influence of this passion, in any other words than his own; and, fortunately, such present themselves to our notice in a little work which will be spoken of hereafter, written by him only a few months after his return from Italy. "An unbounded love of travel influenced me at a very early period of my life. It was conceived in infancy, and I shall carry it with me to the grave. When I reflect upon the speculations of my youth, I am at a loss to account for a passion, which, predominating over every motive of interest and every tie of affection, urges me to press forward and to pursue inquiry, even in the bosoms of the ocean and the desert. Sometimes, in the dreams of fancy, I am weak enough to imagine, that the map of the world was painted in the awning of my cradle, and that my nurse chaunted the wanderings of pilgrims in her legendary lullabies." To a mind thus panting for foreign climes, and glowing with all the warmth of poetic imagery, it was no small subject of triumph to have passed the barrier of the Alps, and to tread in the paths which had been hallowed in his eyes by the footsteps of Addison and Gray. But this was only a part of his enjoyment. The country which he had entered, abounded in scenes

and objects calculated, above all others, to awaken every pleasing association connected with his early studies, and to gratify his prevailing taste. The precious remains of antiquity dispersed throughout Italy, the fine specimens of modern art, the living wonders of nature, of which even the descriptions he had read, or the faint resemblances he had seen, had been sufficient to kindle his enthusiasm, were now placed before his eyes, and submitted to his contemplation and inquiry; nor were the springs and resources of his own mind unequal to the excitement which was thus powerfully acting upon them. All those higher qualities which had hitherto been only partially exerted, or held as it were in abeyance, were now completely developed and brought into constant and vigorous action. At no period, even of his subsequent life, does he seem to have exerted himself with more spirit, or with better effect. He made large and valuable additions to his stock of historical knowledge, both ancient and modern. He applied himself so effectually to the French and Italian languages, as to be able in a short time to converse fluently, and to obtain all the advantages of acquirement and information in both; and, what was less to be expected, by dint of constant and persevering references to those classical authors, whose writings have contributed either directly or indirectly to illustrate the scenery or the antiqui-

ties of Italy, he made greater advances in Greek and Latin than he had done before, during the whole period of his education. He studied with great attention the history and progress of the arts, and, more particularly, of the different schools of painting in Italy; reading carefully the best authors, conversing frequently with the most intelligent natives, and then with all the advantage of his own good taste and discernment, comparing the results of his inquiries with those of his own actual observation. By these means he laid in a stock of materials for conversation and reflection, which, treasured in his retentive memory, never wasted during the whole course of his life; and it is curious to observe how extensive, and at the same time how particular, this knowledge was; there was scarcely a picture of any eminence in Italy, or a statue either ancient or modern, with the merits and history of which he was not acquainted; and though he never visited a second time that country, the impressions made upon his mind seemed to be as fresh and lively to the very last, as if they had been of yesterday. Nor was his attention less powerfully attracted towards those rich treasures of natural history, which the peculiar resources of the country, or the industry of collectors daily presented to him. Vesuvius, with all its various phenomena and productions, was his particular study and delight. He was the

historian and the guide of the mountain, to every intelligent and distinguished Englishman, who came to Naples during his stay ; and connecting, as he did, a considerable degree of science and philosophy, with all the accurate local knowledge, and more than the spirit and adroitness of the most experienced of the native guides, his assistance was as eagerly sought after as it was highly appreciated by his countrymen. He made a large collection of vases and medals, many of which have since found their way into different cabinets of Europe ; and besides numerous valuable additions which he made to his own specimens of minerals, he formed several complete collections of Italian marbles and volcanic products for his friends. With his own hands he constructed models of the most remarkable temples and other interesting objects of art or nature in Italy ; and one particularly of Vesuvius,* upon a great scale, of the materials of the mountain, with such accuracy of outline and justness of proportion, that Sir William Hamilton pronounced it to be the best ever produced of the kind, either by foreigner or native. These things he did and much more, within an interrupted space of two years, during which, as it appears from his journal, so many of his hours were placed by his own good nature at the disposal of his

* This model is now at Lord Berwick's seat at Attingham.

countrymen in their literary or philosophical inquiries; so many others were dedicated as a matter of duty to Lord Berwick and his concerns, and so many more were devoted to the pleasures of society, and to those active amusements which our countrymen usually assemble around them whenever they take up their abode together, and for which the fine climate of Italy is so well adapted, that it must be a matter of surprise to learn, that he was able to do so much for himself. Nor will this surprise be lessened, when it is known that besides his journal, he left behind him a great number of manuscripts connected with this tour; amongst which may be mentioned some maps of his own construction, catalogues of several collections of books and natural history, and a long memorial, in the form of letters, addressed to young English noblemen and gentlemen upon the proper objects of study in travels. If it should be inquired, by what peculiar advantages he was able to affect all this, it may be said; first, by an excellent constitution, which he never spared or managed, pursuing his objects unremittingly, by night as well as by day, and at times appearing to be indifferent to the common wants of nature, particularly of rest and sleep; secondly, by the faculty which he possessed in an eminent degree of concentrating all the force of his mind upon the subjects which occupied it, and thereby rendering

the impressions almost indelible: thirdly, by the admirable tact he at all times shewed in discovering at once whatever savoured of genius or talent in the minds of others, coupled with the ready access which his own candour and ingenuity always gave him to mutual information and confidence; and, lastly, by the extreme quickness with which he appropriated (but always in the fairest manner and with the most ample acknowledgments) whatever, either in books or conversation, had the slightest tendency to throw light upon the objects of his pursuits. To this may be added the power he possessed in a most remarkable degree of exciting the faculties of others. Within the sphere of his society and influence, there could be no such thing as what Mr. Burke calls, the worst corrupter of science, stagnation. Wherever he was, the waters were sure to be troubled; and whether the virtues derived from them were seized by himself or others, it mattered little to him, provided the process of information were going on. This will account in some measure for the fact, that with him much society was compatible with much improvement; and that travelling, which is generally an interruption to the studies of other men, was in truth the great excitement, the support, and the instrument of his.

But to proceed with the narrative. Their in-

tended stay at Turin was considerably shortened by the state of disquiet which actually reigned there, and the expectation of still greater disturbances which appeared to be impending over the city, from the influence of the French revolution, the march of whose principles in the crowded cities of Italy, seemed to be more alarming, than that of its armies on the frontiers. The good old king, then sixty-five years of age, to whom they were presented immediately after their arrival, lamented to them in the most ingenuous and pathetic terms, the ruin which threatened to overwhelm both the morals and the institutions of the people, and his own inability to resist it. For himself, he said, bowed down, as he was, with the weight of years, he had no anxiety; but the fate of his country, which he loved, was a subject of the deepest interest to him; and were it possible for any sacrifices of his to restore peace and serenity to the state, he would gladly die a thousand deaths to effect it. Some blood had already been shed in the city in consequence of a popular insurrection; and the rumours from the country, where the kindly influence of the monarch was less felt, became every day more and more alarming. Under these circumstances, and with the advice of the English minister, Mr. Trevor, they determined to take up their winter quarters in

some southern city of Italy, more remote from the focus of these troubles, where they might hope to find equal, if not greater, facility for their improvement in the language, with a prospect of more repose to profit by it. Accordingly, they left Turin about the middle of the month; and, pursuing the same route which had been taken by Mr. Walpole and Mr. Gray, they passed through Novi to Genoa; there they were tempted to remain about a fortnight, delighted with the beauty and grandeur of its situation upon the Mediterranean, and struck with the magnificence of its palaces, and the profusion of its marble statues and ornaments. From Genoa they returned to Novi, and then crossing part of the spacious plain of Lombardy to Piacenza, they passed through Parma to Bologna, where they remained a week, occupied with the paintings and churches which usually attract the attention of travellers in that place. From Bologna they proceeded to the Apennines, which they were fortunate enough to pass in fine weather; and, descending into the territories of the Grand Duke, they proceeded immediately to Florence. This city notwithstanding its numerous attractions, of which Mr. Clarke speaks with great rapture, did not upon this occasion detain them long: for it appears from his journal that very early in November they arrived at Rome, having

passed through Siénna and Viterbo without stopping. From Rome, Mr. Clarke wrote a letter to his mother, of which the following is an extract

“ROME, Dec. 5th, 1792.

“ — What a tract of country intervenes to divide us ! and yet it is not the distance which makes me feel so far removed from you, it is the state of suspense which I am kept in with regard to your welfare. I can get no letters from England ; I have written many to you and to my friends, but I receive no answer to any of them. When I was at Turin, I received those letters you sent to Bruxelles ; since that time, I am as ignorant of English affairs as if I had been with Bruce to discover the source of the Nile. Some, I fear, have been idle, but I am sure *you* would not forget me, and therefore I fear those dæmons the democrats have intercepted your letters, and made use of them to set fire to the German villages. Lord Berwick is employing Angelica Kauffman in painting, and I am now selecting passages from the poets for her to paint for his house at Attingham. He has left me to follow my own taste in painting and sculpture. I have ordered for him two superb copies of the Venus de Medicis and the Belvedere Apollo, as large as the originals ; they will cost near 1000*l*. In painting, I have selected two passages from Euripides, to be executed by Gri-

gnon ; Freedom, from Chatterton's Ode, by Angelica Kauffman ; his portrait, and another allegorical painting, by the same artist. The sculpture will be executed by an English artist, in marble brought from Carrara. My time has been taken up in visiting all the artists, for we have been here three weeks comparing their works, and in taking the opinions of the oldest and best judges—except where it was mere party matter, and then I ventured to act from my own opinion. One thing I pride myself upon, and that is, that I have hitherto kept him from meddling with antiquities, and that I have almost cured myself of all my own folly in that way, by observing the wonderful system of imposition and villany that is practised here upon poor John Bull every hour in the day. The greatest of these Romans carry cheating to such a degree of ingenuity that it becomes a science ; but in baking legs, arms, and noses, they really surpass belief. The shop of an antiquarian here reminds me of an almanack I have seen in England—where one finds a list of *hips, thighs, toes, fingers, &c.* adapted for every day in the week. Indeed Rome has been so long exhausted of every valuable relic, that it is become necessary to institute a manufactory for the fabrication of such rubbish as half the English nation come in search of every year. Our banker here is an Englishman—he represents our ambassador, for there is none at

Rome ; he has long been celebrated for giving his countrymen good advice, at the rate of 3000*l.* per cent. The other day he took me into his museum and begged I would purchase the nine muses and Apollo for Lord Berwick ; cheap as dirt ! says he, they are going at 300*l.* and the empress of Russia once offered me 1000*l.* I turned the joke sadly against him the next evening at Mrs. H.'s, by proposing a subscription to be set on foot for his *brown bob-wig to succeed Lord Balmerino's head upon Temple-bar*. He has not forgiven this, for this morning he gave a grand breakfast to the prince, and we were excluded from the general invitation."

The time they remained at Rome, not more than four weeks, although diligently and actively employed, was scarcely sufficient to furnish Mr. Clarke with the means of giving even a rapid sketch of a city which has been justly described as comprising within its circuit, amusement and interest enough for years. But he was too wise to attempt it ; he was more anxious at that period to see, and to learn from others, than to record his own observations and opinions : and he frankly declared that such was the variety of objects and circumstances which crowded upon his mind during this month, that he had not time even to note them in his journal ; they were not lost,

however, either to himself or his friends, for many interesting notices of this city are found dispersed throughout his works; and still more frequent allusions to them were brought forward in his conversation.

Our travellers left Rome about the first of December, and after a safe and agreeable journey of two days, arrived at Naples; in which delightful city, or in its still more delightful environs, they remained for nearly two years, occasionally visiting other parts of Italy, as the season invited, or agreeable opportunities occurred. For the first six months of his residence at this place, viz. from the early part of Dec. 1792, the date of his arrival, till the middle of June, 1794, Mr. Clarke seems to have kept no journal of his proceedings; nor does there appear among his papers even so much as a memorandum for his own use; but, judging from his subsequent statements, he seems to have been occupied properly enough, partly in studying the language, and partly in making himself acquainted with all the remarkable places and objects in the neighbourhood, and with the characters and acquirements of the persons with whom he was to live. From the middle of June, however, his time is regularly accounted for; and to his journal of this period, in conjunction with the letters, the reader will be referred for the principal circumstances of his life, till his return to

England: with this caution only, which is applicable to the whole, that whatever statements or conjectures connected with philosophical or scientific subjects may appear in them, must be considered only as exhibiting the state of his knowledge, or the inclination of his judgment at the time, and not as pledging him permanently to opinions, some of which were in fact superseded, and others modified by the results of his maturer inquiries in his later life.

“ June 12, 1793.—I made my twelfth expedition to Vesuvius, and my third to the source of the lava, in company with Sir John and Lady L. and a large party. The day was excessively hot, the thermometer, which all the month of March and April had vibrated from 50 to 60, now stood at 78. A Sirocco wind added to the closeness of the air, and rendered our excursion tedious and difficult. We dined at the Hermitage, and then proceeded up the mountain. Mrs. H—— had hysteric fits at the second crater, owing to the great power of the sun and over-fatigue; nevertheless, she reached the source of the lava, and was very near killed by a large stone from the crater that flew by her like a wheel. The guides were with reason astonished at our females, since, excepting a few Englishmen who had accompanied me this year, no person, either male or female,

had been known to visit the source of a stream of lava while in an active state.

“ It was in the month of February that I went with a party to the source of the lava for the first time, to ascertain the real state in which the lava proceeded from the volcano that created it. I conducted Lady P. to the second crater, and then we proceeded by ourselves. I found the crater in a very active state, throwing out volleys of immense stones transparent with vitrification, and such showers of ashes involved in thick sulphurous clouds, as rendered any approach to it extremely dangerous. We ascended as near as possible, and then crossing over to the lava attempted to coast it up to its source. This we soon found was impossible, for an unfortunate wind blew all the smoke of the lava hot upon us, attended at the same time with such a thick mist of minute ashes from the crater, and such fumes of sulphur, that we were in danger of being suffocated. In this perplexity, I had recourse to an expedient recommended by Sir W. Hamilton, and proposed immediately crossing the current of liquid lava to gain the windward side of it, but felt some fears owing to the very liquid appearance the lava there had so near its source. All my companions were against the scheme, and while we stood deliberating, immense fragments of stone and huge volcanic bombs, that had been cast out by the

crater, but which the smoke had prevented us from observing, fell thick about us, and rolled by us with a velocity that would have crushed any of us, had we been in their way. I found we must either leave our present spot or expect instant death; therefore, covering my face with my hat, I rushed upon the lava and crossed over safely to the other side, having my boots only a little burnt and my hands scorched. Not one of my companions however would stir, nor could any persuasion of mine avail in getting a single guide over to me. I then saw clearly the whole of the scene, and expected my friends would every moment be sacrificed to their own imprudence and want of courage, as the stones from the crater fell continually around them, and vast rocks of lava bounded by them with great force. At last I had the satisfaction of seeing them retire, leaving me entirely alone. I begged hard for a torch to be thrown over to me, that I might not be lost when the night should come on. It was then that André, one of the Ciceroni of Resina, after being promised a bribe, ran over to me, and brought with him a bottle of wine and a torch. We had coasted the lava ascending for some time, when looking back, I perceived my companions endeavouring to cross the lava lower down, where the stream was narrower. In doing this they found themselves insulated, as it were, and surrounded by two different

rivers of liquid fire. They immediately pressed forward, being terribly scorched by the combined heat of both the currents, and ran to the side where I was; in doing which one of the guides fell into the middle of the red hot lava, but met with no other injury than having his hands and face burnt, and losing at the same time a bottle of Vin de Grave, which was broken by the fall, and which proved a very unpleasant loss to us, being ready to faint with excessive thirst, fatigue, and heat. Having once more rallied my forces, I proceeded on, and in about half an hour I gained the chasm through which the lava had opened itself a passage out of the mountain. To describe this sight is utterly beyond all human ability. My companions, who were with me then, shared in the astonishment it produced; and the sensations they felt in concert with me, were such as can be obliterated only with our lives. All I had seen of volcanic phenomena before did not lead me to expect such a spectacle as I then beheld. I had seen the vast rivers of lava that descended into the plains below, and carried ruin and devastation with them; but they resembled a vast heap of cinders on the scoriæ of an iron foundery, rolling slowly along and falling with a rattling noise over one another. Here a vast arched chasm presented itself in the side of the mountain, from which rushed with the velocity of a flood, the clear vivid

torrent of lava in perfect fusion, and totally unconnected with any other matter that was not in a state of complete solution, unattended by any scoriæ upon its surface, or gross materials of an insolvent nature, but flowing with the translucency of honey, in regular channels cut finer than art can imitate, and glowing with all the splendour of the sun.

“The eruption from the crater increased with so much violence, that we proceeded to make our experiments and observations as speedily as possible. A little above the source of the lava, I found a chimney of about four feet in height from which proceeded smoke and sometimes stones. I approached and gathered some pure sulphur, which had formed itself upon the edges of the mouth of this chimney, the smell of which was so powerful, that I was forced to hold my breath all the while I remained there. I seized an opportunity to gain a momentary view down this aperture, and perceived nothing but the glare of the red hot lava that passed beneath it. We then returned to examine the lava at its source. Sir W. Hamilton had conceived that no stones thrown upon a current of lava would make any impression. We were soon convinced of the contrary. Light bodies of five, ten, and fifteen pounds weight made little or no impression even at the source, but bodies of sixty, seventy, and eighty pounds,

were seen to form a kind of bed upon the surface of the lava and float away with it. A stone of three hundred weight, that had been thrown out by the crater, and lay near the source of the current of lava, I raised upon one end and then let it fall in upon the liquid lava, when it gradually sunk beneath the surface, and disappeared. If I wished to describe the manner in which it acted upon the lava, it was like a loaf of bread thrown into a bowl of very thick honey, which gradually involves itself in the heavy liquid that surrounds it, and then slowly sinks to the bottom. The lava itself had a glutinous appearance, and although it resisted the most violent impression, seemed as if it might easily be stirred with a common walking stick. A small distance from its source, as it flows on, it acquires a darker tint upon its surface, is less easily acted upon, and, as the stream gets wider, the surface having lost its state of perfect solution grows harder and harder, and cracks into innumerable fragments of very porous matter, to which they give the name of *scoriæ*, and the appearance of which has led many to suppose, that it proceeded thus from the mountain itself, being composed of materials less soluble than the rest of the lava, lighter, and of course liable to float continually on the surface. There is, however, no truth in this. All lava has its first exit from its native volcano, flows out in a liquid state, and all

equally in fusion. The appearance of the scoriæ is to be attributed only to the action of the external air, and not to any difference in the materials that compose it, since any lava whatever, separated from its channel, at its very source, and exposed to the action of the external air, immediately cracks, becomes porous, and alters its form. As we proceeded downward, this became more and more evident, and the same lava which at its original source flowed in perfect solution, undivided, and free from loose encumbrances of any kind, a little farther down, had its surface loaded with scoriæ in such a manner, that upon its arrival at the bottom of the mountain, the whole current resembled nothing so much as a rolling heap of unconnected cinders from an iron foundry.

“ The fury of the crater, continuing to increase, menaced us with destruction if we continued any longer in its neighbourhood. A large stone thrown out to a prodigious height, hung for some time over our heads in the air. Every one gave himself up for lost until it fell harmless beyond us, shattering itself into a thousand fragments which rolled into the valley below. We had not left this spot above five minutes before a shower of stones, issuing from the crater, fell thick upon it, covering the source of the lava, and all the parts about it; so that, had we waited, as I begged to do a little longer, every one of us would have been crushed to atoms.

“During my second visit, the appearances were pretty much the same. I thought the lava flowed slower, and was less in fusion than before, the surface appearing tougher and being sooner converted into scorix. We dressed our beef steak upon the lava, as we had done before, no fire being better calculated for that purpose, owing to the excessive heat it gives.

“Upon my third visit of this day, I found the lava had taken a different course, and flowed towards the Torre del Annunziato, whereas it had before proceeded in a channel exactly opposite the cross. The source itself had undergone great alterations, and bore strongly the marks of an earthquake.”

“June 19, 1793.—Went to hear the avocats plead in the courts of justice. These people are remarkable for the fluency and passion with which they speak, far outvying our most boasted orators, in gesture, voice, and energy. But it is all to no purpose, since justice is a virtue unknown to the Neapolitans. From the judge to the sbirri, every one is actuated according to the nature of the bribe he receives, and if a criminal can raise money sufficient to feed the avarice of these harpies, he may prevent his trial from ever taking place. There are 40,000 lawyers in Naples, great part of which being half-starved, and out of employment, are ripe for any mischief proposed to them. There never was a government in which

the police of the law could be worse administered than at Naples. If a wretch is apprehended for any crime, he has nothing to do, but bribe as long as he can; when after a certain period the whole affair becomes obsolete, and he is suffered to rot in his gaol. Lord G—— told me of a circumstance he had been witness to in coming from Pæstum. Some sbirri had apprehended a poor boy, and were endeavouring to make him swear against his mother whom they suspected of coining. They first made him drunk, and then prefaced their questions by promising, that if he proved her guilty, he should ride home with them in a calash, and have macaroni for his supper. Thus tempted and bewildered, the poor child said just as they pleased, and the innocent mother was hurried to prison, where, having no money to prove her innocence or buy her food, she will probably starve. Sir William Hamilton relates a curious fact, also, of Neapolitan justice. Some Englishmen, at Vietri, had been compelled to pay an enormous bill by a rascal who presented his stiletto to their breasts, threatening to stab them if they refused. Sir W. seldom does much for his countrymen, but this being so flagrant an instance of violence, he exerted himself to bring the offender to punishment. He complained to the king. Mandate after mandate was issued to no purpose for a long time, till the villain having no longer

wherewithal to pay for his liberty, was apprehended and tried. The judge asked Sir W. what they should do with him. *Nothing!* said he, *let him go about his business!* The king hearing this was astonished, and asked Sir W. why he made so much fuss for nothing. If, said Sir W., he had been taken earlier, according to your promise that he should, I would have had him punished. At present he has been punished sufficiently, having bribed your lawyers, till he is ruined. *Why,* said the king, *how much do you think he has paid?*—*As much as he was worth,* replied Sir W. *Ay,* said his majesty, *and a great deal more!!!*

“ June 26, 1793.—In the evening we took our boat for Amalfi to see, not only what is supposed to be the finest coast in Europe, but also a very fine fête at that town in honour of their patron St. Andrew, with music, fire-works, pageantry, &c. The view of this coast is sublime to a degree; the lofty mountains, rising out of the bosom of a vast expanse of waters, now covered with verdure, now breaking in enormous columns of the boldest perpendicular rock, whose tints are of a thousand varieties. Half way down the sides of this romantic coast, I discerned villages scattered thicker and thicker as the eye descended, till near the bottom the surface is covered with white houses and orange groves. On the boldest and most towering points, convents, monasteries, and churches

are placed, and in the deep dales that split the mountainous ridges, are jammed the four principal towns of the coast. The shore is craggy and bold, turned into many grotesque forms, with dark caverns, paths, and buildings, hanging in a tremendous manner over the brow, while beneath lies the wide surface of the sea, enlivened by crowds of light skiffs that scud across its surface. Near Majuri is a large cavern full of stalactites, which, being broken from the roof, are tossed about by the waves till they are smoothed and rounded. They are of a milky whiteness and well polished, and resemble the concretions called *Confetti di Tivoli*. We passed before Cittori, Majuri, and Minuri, a smaller town dealing also in macaroni, formerly the dock yard of Amalfi; then doubling a promontory we lay on our oars to contemplate the town of Atrani, which is squeezed between two cliffs, joined together by buildings. A road winds up this valley to Ravello and Scala, two episcopal cities that hang in a straggling manner, high over the town of Atrani on the mountain tops. Turning round another rock or promontory, the beautiful town of Amalfi opened upon us, in a situation similar to that of Vietri, but upon a larger scale.

“Amalfi is but a shadow of what it once was, when it extended over the stupendous rocks that hang on each side still crowned with battlemented walls

and ruined towers. The cathedral is in the least agreeable of those styles of architecture that were invented or adopted, when Grecian rules and proportions were forgotten. There is a great mixture of ancient pillars and columns of red Egyptian granite, with a tawdry ugly olio of Gothic and Saracenic arches, which have not even the lightness usually peculiar to that style of building. Among some rocks at a part of the coast called Capo d'Ureà, between Atrani and Cittori, is a cavern where the sea rushes in with a noise like the roaring of fifty distant cannons; no mortal dares approach its yawning mouth; a boat would be sucked in and instantly dashed to pieces. Cittori looks extremely beautiful. It has been three times washed into the sea by the torrents of melted snow and rain water from the mountains above. The terrific grandeur of these cliffs perhaps surpasses the scenery at Lucerne. The variety of colours, purple, red, blue, and yellow, form so remarkable a spectacle, that were it represented in a picture, no one would believe it to be correct. On a spot, where one supposes no living being could approach but the falcons of the air, is stuck a convent, which formerly contained thirty nuns."

"July 1, 1793.—In passing Vesuvius I plainly saw the whole outline of Somma as it must have remained when first the old cone fell in. This accounts for an observation of the younger Pliny,

who was at Misenum when the great eruption of 79 began. He says, at first they were at a loss to know which mountain the smoke proceeded from. I consider this as a very curious fact, and a very singular proof of the non-existence of the present cone of Vesuvius at that period ; because whoever looks at the amazing size of the mountain in its present state, and the conspicuous object it forms from Misenum, will be convinced of the folly of such an observation, supposing the smoke to have proceeded from its present crater, which is visible in a very great degree to all that part of the country in which Pliny at that time was. I am of opinion, that the eruption began in the centre of the present circle of Somma, as it stood when the old cone had fallen in, and the mountain had been dormant for ages, as all writers describe it to have been so before the great eruption. Whoever has witnessed the astonishing increase of the cone of Vesuvius since the year 1784, when it was as much below Mount Somma as it is now above it, will not wonder at being told the whole of the present cone has been formed since that period. Indeed, it appears to increase in a proportion so inadequate to the circumference of its base, that I think it highly probable it will fall in a second time in the course of three or four years, supposing the volcano to continue upon an average as active as it has been for the last two years. I

think Sir W. Hamilton mistakes very much when he calls Astruri, the lake d'Agrano, la Solfaterra, &c. &c. the craters of extinct volcanos; they are rather the shells or bases of the cones of volcanos whose craters have fallen in, like the situation of Vesuvius before the birth of the present cone, which situation they exactly resemble. I should think the falling in of a cone, generally, is effectual in causing a temporary extinction of its volcano, and the subterranean fire being partially smothered, is apparently dormant for a length of time, and then breaks out again with redoubled violence: as was the case of Monte Nuovo, thrown up in twenty-four hours, some ages after the extinction of the Solfaterra; and of Vesuvius, in the great eruption of 79, which broke forth after having been inactive for a period almost beyond record, and in one half hour buried whole cities with their inhabitants, besides the town of Stabia, and innumerable villages, driving back the sea, drying up rivers, and changing the whole face of the country."

" July 17, 1793.—I am much refreshed by sitting in the cool air of the balcony to my breakfast room; and amused with the enchanting prospect I have now before my eyes. All the bay of Naples, covered with light skiffs and pleasure boats; Vesuvius and Somma receiving the gilded rays of the setting sun, which tinges all the

coast of Sorrento and the island of Caprea, with a pale violet, inexpressibly soft and beautiful ; Portici glittering in white splendour over the fatal lavas that buried Herculaneum seven times beneath their destructive floods ; St Jorio hanging on the venerable sides of the fertile Somma, amid vineyards and groves of citron ; the throng of shipping in the mole, whose masts rise like a forest ; the crowded Chiaia, the parade of carriages, like one vast procession ; the busy Lazzaroni of St. Lucia, and the idle herd of soldiers in the opposite barracks ; the rich melody of the evening band, whose deep swelling notes seem wafted with the cool breezes from the sea ; the currents of liquid lava that course each other down the shaggy cheeks of Vesuvius, and, as the sun sinks lower, assume a brighter hue which, while I write, increases to vivid fire : all these form such a spectacle—so interesting a prospect, and so enlivening a scene, that it baffles all description, unless one's pen possessed the power of pouring forth ‘ thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.’ ”

“ July 24, 1793.—While we were at tea in the Albergo Reale, such a scene presented itself as every one agreed was beyond any thing of that kind they had ever seen before. It was caused by the moon, which suddenly rose behind the convent upon Vesuvius ; at first a small bright line, silvering all the clouds, and then a full orb

that threw a blaze of light across the sea, through which the vessels passed and repassed in a most beautiful manner. At the same time, the lava, of a different hue, spread its warm tint upon all the objects near it, and threw a red line across the bay, directly parallel to the reflection of the moon's rays. It was one of those scenes which one dwells upon with regret, because one feels the impossibility of retaining the impression it affords. It remains in the memory, but then all its outlines and its colours are so faintly touched, that the beauty of the spectacle fades away with the landscape; which when covered by the clouds of the night and veiled in darkness, can never be revived by the pencil, or the pen, or by any recourse to the traces it has left upon the mind."

"July 25, 1793.—My spirits very low all this day; a species of malady I have not felt a long while. In the evening Lord Berwick went to Naples. I chose to remain at home, and enjoy the solitude and serenity of the place. I had the ass saddled, and rode through beautiful vineyards, and groves of figs, towards the fosse grande upon the mountain. At my return I drew some sketches of the pomegranate. The view from my window by moonlight is beautiful beyond description. Not a cloud, but what proceeded from the smoke of Vesuvius, which threw a line across the mountain, as far as the eye could reach, forming a grand

arch over the moon, while the lava heightened the scene by its fiery lustre. Certainly there never was an object which added so much to the beauty of a landscape as Vesuvius. The infinite variety in its tints—the different forms it assumes in different points of view—the endless changes that take place from the crater, all help to make one of the grandest spectacles in the world, still more interesting. As I rode up it this evening, the whole cone of Vesuvius was tinged with the most lively purple, while Somma presented the brightest green, intermingled here and there with shades of a darker hue. Such a Tyrian splendour covered the cone, that I am sure no person would believe it to be natural, could it be faithfully represented upon canvas.”

Dr. Clarke wrote as follows to his mother and sister, from St. Jorio, near Naples, his letter bearing date July 25.

“My dear mother and sister,—Your letter to Lord Berwick has put us both into a sad consternation for either all our letters to England for some time have been intercepted here, or lost in their passage. I have written letter after letter to you, and could get no answer. The same has been the case with Mr. Tufton; and also I enclosed to Mr. D. all my Latin letters to the fellows of Jesus

College, the fate of which I have never been able to learn. The last I sent to you was written upon my birth-day, June 5, I think it was a very long one, upon a folio sheet. Not having heard from you so long I began to be seriously alarmed. At last your letter arrived to Lord B., with a black seal; I knew the seal, and snatched it out of his hand in an agony; for what could I suppose, but that my sister was dead, and that he was to break it to me? Let me beg of you never to serve me so again. You have no idea how it frightened him as well as me. As for my letters, if you have not now received them, the court here has destroyed them, for we well know that all letters are opened before they leave the kingdom; and if, by chance, I hit upon any political subject, I suppose they made it a pretext for suppressing my letters. I shall venture this once more, and if I have not an answer in six weeks, which is the regular time, if you write by return of post, I will get Sir W. Hamilton to state the whole affair to the king, who is very good to the English, and I know will pay attention to it. I wrote to you from Rome during the holy week, but I have never received any answer. We have now taken a villa in the country, among the vineyards and the orange groves at the foot of Vesuvius. This is a great pleasure to me. As I lie in my bed I hear the mountain groan and belch; and last Wednesday morning we had an

earthquake which lasted five minutes, but I was so fast asleep I never perceived it. They told us so much of the great heats we should endure, that I expected to be melted. 'Tis all a farce! thin clothing and sea bathing keep me cool; and as yet I have never known the thermometer higher than 86, and on that very day I danced the fandango with Lady P——. I have hardly strength to tell you of it. We are in daily expectation of the French fleet."

Although the account of the miracle of St. Januarius has been given by every traveller in Italy, yet the following description by Dr. Clarke in his journal, of the scene witnessed by himself, will not be deemed uninteresting.

"August 11th, 1793.—And now I am on the subject of processions, I shall describe the famous miracle of the liquefaction of St. Januarius's blood which I was an eye-witness of, and saw to the greatest possible advantage.

"Previous to the anniversary of this celebrated miracle, I was invited by the Duke di Sangro to a ball given upon that occasion at his own house. The sedia in which the miracle was performed was exactly opposite his balconies. I arrived there about half after five. The princess of Sweden, with all her suite, the Neapolitan nobility, and all the English, were already there, I found the

streets thronged with carriages, and such an innumerable concourse of people, that I was obliged to descend from mine some time before I got to the house. The balconies were already filled, and as I had a great curiosity to be a nearer spectator I descended among the throng, meaning to enter the sedia. Several that I met assured me of the danger attending it, as they are very apt to suppose that the presence of heretics impedes the miracle, and there have been instances where strangers have been much insulted, and very roughly handled, when the miracle did not take place immediately. Curiosity, however, surmounted every consideration with me, and by dint of hard pushing, I made way to the entrance of the sedia. The centinels repelled me rather rudely, and ordered me to withdraw. I told them I was an English gentleman, a great believer in miracles, and begged for the sake of St. Januarius, they would not deprive me of the satisfaction of beholding one so remarkable. A small bribe urged more in my behalf than all my faith; and I was directed to mingle with a procession of Carthusian friars, and pass in. I did so, and succeeded, notwithstanding the ridiculous contrast that was offered by permitting an officer in the English uniform to walk in by the side of a barefooted monk with his cowl and rosary.

“The sedia was illuminated both within and without, by an abundant display of lamps and

tapers. The inside was hung with the richest tapestry, profusely ornamented with lace. The grand altar glittered with ten thousand lights, covered with imagery, and laden with riches of every denomination. Jewels, gold, and silver, were lavished, without taste, but in the greatest profusion. Under the cross, on the right hand, was placed the bronze bust which is supposed to contain the head of the Saint. Opposite to this altar were two extensive orchestras, filled with upwards of two hundred performers, both vocal and instrumental. In the space between, a file of soldiers formed a passage for the grand procession to pass through, and the rest was filled by a miscellaneous assemblage of old women, girls, priests, abbés, &c. A shout from the populace without announced the approach of the sacred phials. The music began. First came a procession from all the convents in Naples, dressed in the different habits of their order, and bearing standards before the image of their patron saint. Each of these, as they passed, rested their saint for a few seconds, before the head of St. Januarius. This continued for some time, and after these appeared the images of saints; of massive silver, richly burnished, and as large as life; each borne on the shoulders of four men, and each in its turn paying its devoirs to the head of the Saint. Last of all, with a slow and solemn pace, covered with a canopy, appeared

the phials containing his blood. These were incased in a circular hoop, with two faces of glass, which being transparent, shewed the phials to the greatest perfection. I perceived they were about half full of a dark purple liquor. A dead silence ensued as they approached the sacred head; the music ceased; the audience fell on their knees in an awful and anxious expectation. It arrived, and rested opposite the head; but remained congealed. The Bishop then took down the small case containing the phials, and turning them round several times to shew that the blood still remained in a congealed state, placed them on the altar, beneath the cross. Five minutes ensued, the people still quietly waiting for the event. The bishop then pronounced the words 'Ora pro nobis!' and all the people repeated them after him. For five minutes afterward they continued to repeat the words 'Ora pro nobis!' A quarter of an hour passed, and I observed all the musicians looked alarmed, and betook themselves to prayers. Loud murmurs began; the clamours of the old women and the populace without grew very tumultuous. They beseeched God Almighty, our Saviour, and the Virgin, to intercede with St. Januarius in their behalf. I began to feel very uneasy, and did not dare to look up, lest some fanatic, in a fit of zeal, should think proper to rid them of a heretic. An Abbé stood near me, with his watch

in his hand, interrupted every minute with my inquiries as to the time that had elapsed ; twenty minutes, twenty-five minutes, thirty minutes passed, and the miracle was not made. If anxiety would have passed for a mark of faith, no bigot at that time evinced more sincerity than I did. The cries of the old women redoubled. The girls screamed. The men squalled. I trembled. ‘St. Januarius make the miracle!’ was heard from all quarters. At last, the consternation became general. The abuse they poured forth against their Saint was of the lowest kind. Among other things, I heard loud exclamations of—‘Oh, you yellow-faced dog!—you dirty scoundrel!—you ungrateful rascal!—Is this the way you repay us for all our services? we that are your faithful votaries. Are you not ashamed of yourself, you yellow-faced hangman?’ The old women screamed most bitterly, and, at last, giving a horrible shriek, they descended from some benches, and rushed through the soldiers, making their way in spite of every obstacle towards the Bishop, when to my inexpressible satisfaction, the miracle was proclaimed; the music again struck up, and all the people shouted for joy. Nothing now was heard but—*Viva! Viva! San Genarrio—live for ever blessed best of Saints, the patron and protector of us all!* The Bishop, elevated above the crowd, now held up the phials to the people, turning them round

and round, to shew the motion of the blood. I drew near, and as he held them to every body, I had a perfect view of the liquefaction. The matter within the phials, as it began to dissolve, at first appeared ropy like pitch or treacle, but soon after assumed an appearance perfectly liquid. The people were permitted to approach and kiss them; and those who were afflicted by diseases had the parts affected touched by them, which they suppose to be a certain cure. In the evening the streets were illuminated. The night past in feasting and rejoicing. I returned to the Duke di Sangro's, where every body seemed to have caught the general glee. The Princess of Sweden on that night honoured me with her hand, and we danced the whole evening.

“The superstition of the Neapolitans, with regard to St. Januarius, is astonishing in an age so enlightened as the present. They suppose that the Deity has nothing at all to do with regard to Naples; that it is the peculiar province of that Saint to patronize, superintend, and protect the Neapolitans and that God has promised not to interfere with his government. During the great eruption of 1767, the enraged populace tore down the house of the cardinal Archbishop because he refused to oppose the relics of St. Januarius to the fury of the mountain. They were afterward carried in procession towards the Ponte Maddelona,

and they tell you that at the moment they arrived there, the eruption ceased.

“In commemoration of this instance of the indulgence of St. Januarius, they erected a marble statue of him upon the bridge, in which he is represented, with one hand opposed to Vesuvius, and the other holding the phials of his blood.”

“August 22, 1793.—There was to-day, a most singular appearance in the mountain: on opening the shutters to view it, I perceived the crater to be in great agitation; puff after puff, impelling each other with the greatest violence. I could perceive thousands of stones and scorix thrown into the air, and falling in all directions. The clouds from the crater were as white as the purest snow; on a sudden, as I was looking at these, a column of smoke rushed impetuously out of another mouth behind the crater, as black as the deepest ink, and rising in curling volumes to a vast magnitude, formed a pillar perfectly unconnected with the smoke from the crater, and presented a striking contrast by opposing its jet black to the snowy whiteness of the other. These appearances continued at intervals the whole day. It had been taken notice of at Naples, as some friends who called this evening, informed me. Sometimes the two columns of different colours rose together, as if emulating each other, and striving who should rise the highest, and display the greatest

magnitude, but never mixing or interfering with each other. The mouth of the black smoke I know very well, as I once descended into it for some sulphur and vitriolic acid during a visit to the crater. It lies behind the great crater, and a little below it. The lava during these phenomena appeared rather diminished.

“These appearances continued during the whole day, and at night such a scene presented itself as it is impossible to give the least idea of. H—— came to sit with me, and hearing him exclaim as he entered, I ran to the window, and saw the most beautiful gleam of light break over the side of Vesuvius, under the long arch of white smoke; in a few minutes rose the full moon, which contrasting its silver light with the red fire of the crater and the lava, became a spectacle which is not to be described. Some friends who had left me now returned, and we placed ourselves round the balcony to feast our eyes with a picture so singular and so beautiful. Many people thought they felt an earthquake during the whole night. I am almost sure I did about ten o’clock, which continued now and then till I fell asleep. The first symptoms of it were a shaking at my door, which deceiving me, I cried out *Come in!* as I thought somebody was there. Afterward it shook with so much violence that it seemed to affect the whole house in a slight degree. However, I should never have called

these things to my mind, if others had not said they also were disturbed by the same noises, and that they supposed it to be an earthquake. Upon questioning the two laquais de louage, they both remembered to have been awakened by a great noise at the window, in the ante-room, as they were waiting for Lord Berwick; so much that they thought a thief was breaking in; and this noise corresponded with the time of the greatest shock I heard, which was about eleven o'clock. A friend told me since, he was kept awake by these repeated noises the whole night."

" August 30th, 1793.—Returning home we had a sight that put all such nonsense out of my head. (*He had been describing some artificial fire-works which he had just seen.*) The lava which was last night so great, this evening suddenly stopped; hardly a trace of it was visible. But the crater displayed such girandoles of fire, such beautiful columns of bright flame, as I think I never saw before. Millions of red-hot stones were shot into the air, full half the height of the cone itself, and then bending, fell all round in a fine arch. As soon as I got home, I fixed the telescope. Sometimes in the middle of the clear flame, another and another still more bright and glorious displayed itself, breaking on the eye like the full sun; so that the interior was always the most luminous. It is only now that I lament being confined from pass-

ing the night on the mountain. The interior and bright attendants upon the principal column, seemed to be lava in perfect fusion, which boiled and bubbled up above the crater's edge; and, sometimes falling over it, I could perceive splash upon the cone, and take its course gently down the side of the mountain. Sometimes, and more usually, it fell again into the crater. I write this with the burning mountain now before my eyes. All the top of the cone is covered with red-hot stones and lava. The flame at the crater continues without intervals of darkness as usual. It is always in flame, or rather the clouds of smoke tinged with the reflection of the boiling matter within, are like burnished gold, and as bright as fire.

“The atmosphere being clear, and free from other clouds but those of the crater, rendered this astonishing spectacle still more sublime. Oh! that I could give to this paper the power of recalling to my recollection the vivid splendour of such a scene as I have now before my eyes. But the impression remains not. The extreme brilliancy of it operates upon one sense only. The impression is conveyed to the mind, but the effect is weakened every time it is recalled by the memory; and thus it is, that we think every succeeding eruption still more beautiful than the one which preceded it.”

“ Sept. 5, 1793.—Vesuvius continues to throw most superbly; the lava flows again; at sun-set he shewed that Tyrian hue, which he assumes sometimes, and which has a glow beyond description. I find I begin to speak Italian, so as to make myself easily understood, and to comprehend the bawling in the streets. I had undressed myself, and was prepared to get into bed, when a violent shock from the mountain agitated the door of my room, so as to startle me not a little. I went into my sitting-room, and upon opening the window towards the mountain, I perceived all the top of the cone covered with red-hot matter. At the same time such a roaring was heard, as made me expect something more than common. In an instant, a column of lucid fire shot up into the air, and after ascending above half the height of the cone itself, fell in a glorious parabolic girandole, and covered near half the cone with fire. This was followed, after an interval of about thirty seconds, by a shock which agitated the doors and windows, and indeed the whole house, in a most violent manner; immediately after this shock, the sound of the explosion reached us louder than the greatest cannon, or the most terrible thunder, attended with a noise like the trampling of horses' feet, which of course was nothing more than the noise occasioned by the falling of so many enormous stones among the hard lava. The shock of

this explosion was so violent, that it disturbed many things I had left on my table, such as brushes for painting, cups for mixing colours, &c. I dressed myself again, and remained in the balcony above an hour, during which time I had the pleasure of beholding Vesuvius in his terrific grandeur, and more awfully sublime than I had ever seen him before. While I was thus amused, Mr. R. passed under the window—What do you think of this scene? said I. ‘Why, I think you will not go to bed to-night, if it continues.’—Have you ever seen it finer? ‘I never have; and the consul, Sir James Douglas, has just been observing to me that he never saw the mountain so agitated since the great eruption of 1779.’”

“September 26th, 1793.—Went to Naples. Called on C. the antiquary; gave my black fluted vase to be restored. In washing a small glass vessel, which had been found with the vases in the neighbourhood of Taranto, as soon as the water was poured in, a strong offensive vapour exhaled, which was plainly felt by all of us. C. told me it is an odour peculiar to most of these ancient vessels. I did not get rid of the effects of it for some time.

“The manner in which the amazing force of putrefaction is exemplified upon the Greek vase is wonderful. It is found to surpass ten times the strength of the purest vitriolic acids. Aquafortis

is as water, when compared to the acid that is generated by putrefaction. For we observe those parts of the vases that have lain in contact with it, that is, that touched the bodies in the respective sepulchres, have been most amazingly corroded; whereas the other parts are entire. Now, when we know that the varnish upon these vases is found to resist every acid we can apply to them; and that, being washed with the aquafortis, they only appear more perfect and beautiful from the operation, we cannot but admire the astonishing power of that acid, which was formed by the putrefaction of the body, and which was capable of corroding the hardest varnish of the most beautiful vases, during the short time that could intervene between the interment of the body and its subsequent state of dust, in such a manner, as in some instances which I have seen, to eat through not only the exterior coating of the vase, but through the clay itself.

“ The difficulty of being imposed upon in the article of vases, must necessarily occasion no small degree of satisfaction to the buyers of them. The almost impossibility of copying, with any degree of accuracy, those beautiful designs; the clumsy proportions and heavy materials of modern workmanship; the want of brilliancy in the varnish; and, above all, the certain impossibility of adding that hoary and venerable tartar, which is acquired

only in a long series of revolving ages, which no art can imitate, nor any ingenuity compose; these circumstances alone allow every facility to the amateur, in determining the validity of his purchase. But, setting all these aside, and supposing that people less skilled in discerning the real traces of time and the hand of ancient artists, wish to be possessed of these valuable relics without having a knowledge of the fine arts—without being able to discern beauty from deformity in the design—the want of proportion in the workmanship, brilliancy in the varnish, or the real nature of the tartar, which accrues to the surface; one simple inevitable test, easy in the execution and indisputable in effect, will at all times determine the truth, and distinguish the original from the imitation. Let a sponge be dipped in the vitriolic acid, and with this let the whole surface of the vase be washed. If it be really the genuine work of antiquity, it will resist the attack of the acid, and shine more brilliant and more beautiful from the operation. But if it is a modern production, not all the ingenuity of the fabricator, nor the powers of his fire, can defend it from detection. The sponge will wipe off both the design and the varnish, and, disrobing it of its borrowed plumage, betray at once the hand and the workmanship of a modern mason. So simple and so easy is the operation, that the power of detecting truth from

falsehold is, by this means, alike open to all, and with such instructions, it would appear to me a matter of surprise if the discernment of a child should fail.

“ But at the same time it should be mentioned that, when a person is possessed of a vase, apparently valuable, care should be taken in the operation. The possessor should first see if any white ornaments are to be found about it, as the strength of the vitriolic acid will sometimes materially injure these. In this case he will wash those parts which are the least liable to be injured, as the trial of one portion is equally a test for the whole; supposing the vase to be sound, and to wear no mark of having been restored. Not that a vase is always to be considered as without value, or a genuine vase at all less valuable, for having been restored. Many of the finest were found broken into several pieces; perhaps by earthquakes, or perhaps originally so placed there. In the king's collection is one that has been completely restored, which was found in above one hundred pieces. And here again some caution is necessary. A skilful artist will so restore the scattered fragments of a broken vase, that they shall appear as perfect and as beautiful as if they had never been disjointed. However, this is a deception easily discovered. If the marks of restoration are not visible, by striking the vase with your finger, it

will, if it is perfect, vibrate like a bell, or a vessel of glass. If it has been restored, it will sound like a cracked vessel, and thus the cheat is discovered. But the former test is here as valid and inevitable as before. The same sponge will remove all the operation of the restorer, and expose those parts which are really the antique. As in the curious instance which occurred to Sir W. Hamilton, who, entertaining doubts with regard to the validity of certain drapery on a Silenus, which was represented in a Bacchanalian subject upon a vase he had purchased at Naples, exposed it to the test of the sponge, and the whole of the drapery disappeared. His words are these:—

“ ‘ A vase in my first collection, in the British Museum, representing a Bacchanalian subject, was published by Passeri before it came into my possession, and whilst it made a part of the celebrated Mastrillo collection at Naples; the learned antiquarian has displayed in his dissertation on that vase, much of his erudition to explain the reason why a Silenus was represented there completely clothed, and not naked as in most monuments of antiquity. When that vase came into my possession, having purchased the whole collection, I soon perceived that the drapery on the Silenus had been added with a pen and ink, as was the case with the figures of many other vases in the same collection; the late possessor being very devout, and

having caused all the nudities to be covered. However, as soon as the vase was mine, a sponge washed off at once both the modern drapery, and Passeri's learned dissertation.*

“A circumstance that happened to me not long ago may serve to illustrate the facility of discovering the validity of vases.

“I went from Naples, with a party of English friends, to visit the antiquities of Cuma. In our way we passed through Puzzoli, and were detained there a short time to procure the noted old cicerone, Tobias. He soon made his appearance, with his red nightcap and bare feet, and brought with him a host of Lazzaroni, bearing baskets of broken lamps, bronzes, coins, and fragments of marble that had been found in the neighbourhood. Among them I discovered a fellow with a vase in his hand, of a form I had never seen before, but so covered with something they had stuck on in imitation of the ancient tartar that I could not discern the nature of the design upon it. They had also had the address to break off the handles, and stick them on again with wax, that I might suppose it had been found so dismantled, and that they had since repaired it. The vase was of such magnitude, and so light in proportion to its size, and the value they set upon it so insignificant, that I was hesitating

* Vide Sir W. Hamilton's collection of Engravings from ancient vases, &c. page 10.

whether or not it was possible for them to make such a vase at the price they asked. My reverie was, however, not of any long continuance, for it was suddenly interrupted by a person, who addressed me in English, but betrayed at the same time the accent of a nation not a little remarkable for the swarm of impostors that emigrate from it. Oh ho ! said I, Paddy, what are you there ? and at once saw through the whole of the imposition. He was dressed in the habit of the Lazzaroni, and as much sun-burnt as the tawniest among them. ‘Yes, your honour, I be here ; would your honour choose to bid for that vase ? its raly antic ; I saw it dug up myself near Monte Nuovo ; ’twas found, your honour, full of ashes and bones ; upon my shoul, your honour, there is some now in the vase.’

“ I own I indulged amazingly in this scene, and could not help humouring the deceit, till Paddy thought he had convinced me, *that vases were found in a soil recently formed by volcanoes, and that they contained the ashes of the dead ;* however, to his unspeakable mortification, I at length produced my sponge and my aquafortis, begging permission to wipe off a little of the external dust : when away went the tartar, and away went the figures, and away went the varnish, to the no small diversion of our party ; leaving only a poor, paltry, remnant of pale clay, which I returned to Paddy, for him

to commence upon with a new display of his taste and chicanery."

On the 30th of September, Lord Berwick communicated to Mr. Clarke the plan he had formed of a voyage to Egypt and the Holy Land, and offered to submit to him, if he approved of it, all the preparations for the journey. It will easily be imagined with what delight such a proposal was received by him, and with what earnestness and anxiety he set about contriving and collecting all the means and instruments, which might contribute either to secure the accomplishment of their object, or to render it instructive and agreeable. For several weeks after the communication was made to him, his whole time and thoughts seem to have been occupied in this project, almost to the exclusion of those speculations which had engaged him so much before; and to which even Vesuvius itself scarcely formed an exception. About the middle of October, there is an interruption in his journal of sixteen days, caused, as he expressly records, by the labour and anxiety in which he was incessantly involved: and when his pen is resumed, it is chiefly occupied with the details of the steps successively adopted for the furtherance of their voyage, occasionally interspersed with expressions of prophetic fear and misgiving, lest

the representations of some of their acquaintance at Naples should effect a change in Lord Berwick's intentions, and put an end to his hopes. But at that time, whatever opposition might have been contemplated or attempted, there was no appearance of its being likely to prevail. The preparations went on uninterruptedly, and the 1st of November was fixed for the commencement of their voyage. In the mean time, short as the interval was, he had so effectually exerted himself, with the aid of the full powers conferred upon him by Lord Berwick, that before the day arrived, every thing which depended upon himself, and had been confided to his care, was complete. He had collected all the books and maps which were either necessary or important to their views; had agreed with a competent artist to accompany them; and had actually engaged a vessel called the *Queen of Naples*, properly provisioned and equipped to convey them to Egypt, and afterward to await their future motions by sea.

On the 25th of Oct. he writes — “every thing goes on well for the tour to Egypt;” and expresses a hope that they will be under sail in a few days.

On the 27th, Lord Berwick was presented to the king in the gardens of the *Favorita*, on his intended voyage; and from that day to the middle of November, there is another blank in the journal, which is thus explained in it by himself.

“ November, 1793.—Here I am, in the midst of the wildest mountains of the Tirol, with snow all around me, sitting in the common room of a post-house, at midnight, waiting for my courier, who is behind with a carriage broken down. When I reflect on my wayward fate, I can but smile. This day week I left Naples for England, and have not once been in bed since two days before that time; we had every thing ready to a *pin's point* to go to Egypt; I had sent almost all my things on board, and expected to be under sail in twenty-four hours. Lord Berwick all at once recollected, that some living to which he is to present his brother, might fall vacant in his absence, and be given away from his family. He determined, therefore, to send an express to England, and when he had hired his courier, I offered to go too, that I might see no time was lost. Loaded with commissions from all the English at Naples, I set out on Sunday last. I reached Rome the next morning; parted with the cabriolet, and bought a carriage of Pio; this detained me all day; travelled all night, and in the morning of Wednesday arrived at Sienna; baited there an hour or two, and travelled all day and all night again, arriving at Florence in the evening; baited about two hours; saw Lord P. and the two H's at l'Aigle Noir, an excellent inn; arrived at Bologna about mid-day on Thursday, waited four hours to have something done to the carriage, tra-

velled all night, and arrived at Mantua on Friday morning ; travelled day and night, and reached Trent by daylight on Saturday ; travelled on, and in the day the spring broke, which detained us near four hours at Nieumarch ; set out in the dark, wind and rain incessant—all this in an open carriage ; arrived at Brixen by daybreak on Sunday ; drank a little tea ; off again, and just before we reached Mitterwald, the carriage broke down. I set out to lose no time, in order to get to Inspruck, and buy another by the time the broken one might be mended and brought on. My courier, Joseph, told me it was only two posts to Inspruck ; I rumbled on in a German waggon, with a surly swagger to this place ; when finding after two long posts that Inspruck is still four posts off, and the night has set in, I employ the time I have to wait for Joseph, by scribbling in my journal. In this wild and remote part of the Alps, in a room full of drunken noisy postillions, all bawling bad German, I feel myself just as much at home, and as comfortable, as I once used to do at the White Horse, in Fetter Lane, when I first went to College, where every thing seemed more strange to me than this droll scene does at this moment ; so much does a little wandering rub off that surprise one is accustomed to feel at new sights. My companions consist of a groupe of mountaineers, more eccentric than any Flemish painter ever drew ;

they have been very busy in making one of the girls of the house drunk, and are now vastly amused to see her make a fool of herself, and to hear the old woman, her mother, scold. They have all on those caps of green plush and fur, and some of the whitest cotton, which one sees every where in these parts of the Tirol.

“It may be well, in the mean time, to say how the days passed previous to my setting out on this expedition, since October 27.

“I was entirely engrossed by preparations for our eastern tour. I removed my bed to the Al-bergo Reale, and got every thing in readiness. The English, with Sir William and Lady Hamilton, were to have breakfasted on board with me the morning on which I heard the news of this delay, and was obliged to put them off.

“On Wednesday, November 3, I went in Lady T.’s carriage to the king’s chasse. We breakfasted with his majesty, who was very civil to us. The Prince of Kinski was there. Soon after ten o’clock the chasse began, and a more beastly, bloody, brutal work, I never saw. The horsemen were divided into four troops, each distinguished by a uniform of grey and gold, and the different troops by a different coloured feather in their cap, and each one bearing a lance. These, commanded by the king, took their station on the four sides of a spacious field or plain of meadow land, round which

were coppices and woods, containing wild boars, roebucks, foxes, hares, &c. The peasants, by shouting and firing guns, soon obliged a drove of these, consisting of a hog with a sow and three large pigs, to leave their shelter and enter the plain. Instantly, dogs half-famished were let loose upon them, and when the horsemen perceived the animals fastened upon some of them, they rode up and plunged a lance into their hides; twisting it round and tearing the bowels of these wretched animals. They then ordered one of their pedestrian attendants to transfix the animal to the ground with a spear, while they amused themselves by plunging stilettoes into his body, or cutting off the tail of the hog as a trophy. A more insipid or unmanly amusement I never saw. Yet the Princess of — used to attend these elegant slaughter works, and gloried in plunging her pointed lance in the gore of a poor hog.

“There were about sixteen hogs killed in all, which was reckoned wretched sport, as the number of swine usually massacred on this occasion generally amounts to fifty or one hundred. The only amusing part arose from the pursuit of the roebucks, foxes, &c., which generally afforded something like a chace. When these appear, the dogs are let loose upon them, but nobody rides after them; they are considered as affording so much inferior sport to the glorious pursuit of a pig.

When the king was sufficiently fatigued, he rode up to us about four o'clock, and ordered us home to dinner with him and his courtiers. Lord P. joked with him a little on his favourite amusement, when the king laughingly told us: 'I know,' said he, 'you English think this a very savage kind of sport, but to tell you the truth, you must know I am naturally *poco sanguinario*, and so it suits my disposition.' We had a very magnificent dinner, and after coffee, Sir W. H. desired me to be ready below with the horse Lord B. intended to present to his majesty, and he would bring him to see it. The king came, admired the mare of all things, joked with me about my whiskers, asked me several questions about my voyage, and wondered why I should be so eager to undertake a journey to Egypt. He then desired I would mount the mare, and I rode her round the ring where the races are held annually, at Carditelli, before his majesty and his whole court. They all were delighted with this present to their king, and we parted in the highest glee.

"Sir William H. made me acquainted with a plan of his to-day, while we were looking at the hunt, which the world is not yet acquainted with. He has been for sixteen years past engaged with a poor priest who lives at Resina, in keeping a journal of the daily revolutions observable on Vesuvius. These are to be represented by a series

of drawings, which already amount to several volumes folio. He says, he intends to publish them soon, and place the originals in the Royal Academy; that if any one hereafter, more young and more persevering than he is, chooses to carry it on upon a larger scale, they always may refer to them. Thus, I see a poor priest will be the author of this great work, as Talinski was of his book on Greek vases. Sir William does nothing towards the work except publishing it, and putting his name to it when it is finished. How easy it is for a man of fortune to be numbered with the literati! However, Sir William has this merit, certainly, and it is a very great one, that although he was not the matrix, in which the egg was generated, he was at least the sun that fostered and brought the embryo to light.

“Guutsberg near Augsburg, November 20.—Our carriage, which I bought of Pio, and in which he cheated me most prodigiously, broke down for the third time, about half a post from Augsburg; we patched it up to hold to this place. What time we have lost with this cursed carriage! at least a day in all, if not eighteen hours. I should have been now at Manheim. The cold I suffer in the night is very severe, and prevents me from enjoying the little sleep I should otherwise have in the carriage. Here I am now sitting in a little stinking room of the common post-house, where the girl

of the room thought it a great theft to pilfer a sheet of letter paper out of my portfolio. I caught her in the fact; she let it fall in her fright, I picked it up, and gave her a quire with it; I believe she thinks I am mad, she stared so. A Jew teases me to give him eight ducats for a gold watch, and it looks very well; it is amazing how they could make up such things for that money. He speaks only German. There are Jews of all countries, all over the world.

“ N.B. We got no farther than Brenor on Sunday night. Monday we reached Inspruck, and coming out of the town, I met Sir Gilbert Elliot, going to Toulon, stopping to change horses with his second carriage; a gentleman in it, I believe his secretary, told me he came home to England from the West Indies in the Duke. By enquiry, I find my brother George was among the number on board, and that he is now in England.

“ Tuesday.—Breakfasted at Füesen, and reached Augsburg just as it grew dark; the Three Kings, quite a palace of an inn, but very dear. A Major L’Isle there attempted to get some money of me, but did not succeed; *the gudgeon would not take his bait*. His directions about my route I accepted of and thanked him, but would take none of his hints about lending him money, although he threw out some very broad ones; such as letters not being arrived—wanted just six louis d’ors, &c.

&c. All would not do ; but I promised to deliver a letter from him. The Lord knows who he is ; if a gentleman, I ask his pardon sincerely.

“ London, Warren’s Hotel, Dec. 1, 1793.—From Guutzberg, I proceeded with all possible expedition to Ulm, where I dined and bought a pair of fur boots, and saw the funeral procession of an officer, with the sword and scabbard crossed upon his coffin, and all the soldiers with their arms reversed, drums muffled, &c. The next morning, November 21, I breakfasted at Constat, having travelled all night, and went on the whole day, through Etlingen, Bruchsal, &c., to Manheim, where I arrived on the morning of the 22d, having travelled all night on the 21st. I breakfasted and bought a pipe for Lord Berwick, which I left there against my return, and proceeded to Mayence ; the roads, all the way cut up by the armies, were so bad, that I did not arrive before night. I wished to go by water to Coblentz, but they will not permit boats to pass during the night-time, and the roads were so dangerous, that I stopped the whole night at the Hotel de Mayence, an inn like a palace ; in the morning I walked about and saw the ruins of the houses, churches, and palaces, that had suffered during the late siege. From the Dominican convent, I brought specimens of the effect of the fire ; there were the bread, nails, glass, mortar, and stone, all mixed as if they had been in fusion to-

gether. The master of the inn gave me also some of the money of the siege, which the French had struck from the bells of the convents and churches. Between Mayence and Coblentz, I was overturned in the night; Joseph was under me, but neither of us was hurt. I reached Coblentz early in the morning, and immediately hired a boat for Cologne. An emigrant offered a horse for sale, which he had rode from the Prince de Condé's camp; horses sell for mere nothing, owing to the quantity the emigrants dispose of from necessity. Passed down the Rhine to Cologne; arrived late and stayed the night, and part of the next day, for want of horses. Bought a piece of Monsieur Hardy's wax work, and some Cologne water. Overturned again between Cologne and Aix-la-Chapelle—fell down a bank—not hurt. At Aix the emigrants begging in the streets. Came from Aix through Juliers to Liege, and from thence to St. Tron where I slept, it rained so hard. Came on the next day to Bruxelles; saw Lord and Lady C. and Miss F. Went with them to the theatre; saw Mrs. L. and her lovely daughters: went home and drank tea with them. Left Bruxelles at midnight and came on to Ostend, through Ghent, Bruges, &c.; Ostend garrisoned by the English. Passed the night there at Morrison's hotel. Early in the morning went on board a packet for England. Left Ostend with a fair wind for England.

“ We had been out of the harbour about three hours, when I perceived Captain Hammond very busy with his glass, looking out to sea, and talking to his mate with an appearance of great anxiety. I could overhear him say, ‘ *She’s a rogue, Tom, we had better sheer off!*’ Presently we learned that a French privateer from Dunkirk was bearing down upon our broadside, with all the sail she could make. The captain advised to put about for Ostend, and we readily agreed; but finding that she still gained upon us in every tack, he proposed to make for the nearest port of the emperor’s coast; and run the ship aground. Even this we soon found we could not attain. Our papers and dispatches were all delivered up, with those of the king’s messengers who were on board; and the mail and they were fastened to four 50lb. weights, ready to be thrown overboard, in case they should come along side. Finding it impossible to escape, the captain proposed to put about, fire a lee gun, and run right at her. Every man had his musket and ammunition given him, all the guns were set, and we were quite ready for action. Some emigrants on board were terribly frightened, and Joseph, my courier, with difficulty prevented one of them from shooting himself. One of the king’s messengers also took out his pistols, and declared he would die by his own hands sooner than be conducted to their dungeons a prisoner. For my

part, I continued very cool, and pulling off my cloak, placed myself upon the stern with my musket ready to do the best I could for the defence of my life and liberty. Joseph did the same, and sat by me. We fired our lee gun at her forecastle; whether it did any mischief, or whether she was without guns, or whether she mistook a packet that now appeared in our stern for a king's cutter, I don't know, but within four minutes after our fire she put about and made off, and thus ended a very unpleasant affair. I was landed at Dover, on the morning of November 30."

After spending two or three days in London, to execute the commissions with which he was intrusted, he proceeded for Shropshire, and arranged the principal business which had brought him to England. He then immediately set off on his return to London; and, travelling without rest, arrived at the hotel again, between eleven and twelve o'clock at night. "As soon as I arrived," he says, "fatigued and half worn out with all the exertion and care I had used on Lord Berwick's account, having caught a cold by the night air, and wishing for one night of peaceable repose, I hurried to my rooms, and found a letter from ——."

In this place several pages of his journal are torn out; but from other documents it appears,

that the letter in question was from Lord Berwick at Naples, and that the information contained in it, was nothing less than the sudden postponement, or in other words the abandonment, of that voyage, on which he had now so long and so fondly reckoned ; and for the sole purpose of facilitating which, his rapid journey to England had been made.

It would require a very intimate knowledge of the sanguine character of Mr. Clarke, and of his passionate desire for seeing Egypt and Greece, to appreciate adequately the effect of this communication on his mind ; but it may suffice to say, that the disappointment was felt by him more bitterly than any which he had ever before experienced in his life ; that for many years it was ever breaking out in his letters and conversation, and that it could never be said to be entirely overcome till under other auspices, and at a maturer age, he had been permitted to drink freely of that cup which was at this time unexpectedly dashed from his lips. It was not only the failure of a favourite project which he had to regret, though that was grievous enough, but there was a strong impression upon his mind, that the change had been brought about unhandsomely or maliciously, by some persons at Naples, who, from views of their own, had opposed the expedition from the beginning ; and who finding other means ineffectual, had

taken advantage of his absence to poison the mind of his friend against himself. At all events, it was evident that a considerable burden of labour and anxiety had been thrown upon him, without due consideration ; and, as matters turned out, without any object or advantage whatsoever. But, whatever ground there might have been either for his complaint or suspicion, it is honourable to him to state, that every allusion to the names of these persons, and indeed every strong expression of his disappointment, was afterward carefully erased from his journal with his own hand ; and that the only record which now stands in its pages, relative to this part of his engagement, is a handsome acknowledgment of Lord Berwick's liberality to him when their connexion was dissolved.

For the next three weeks, Mr. Clarke remained in London, preparing leisurely for his return to Naples, and gravely engaged in an occupation, termed by himself the least enviable in the world, and it may be added, from the way in which it is often set about, the least profitable too ; namely, that of dissipating his cares. He complains that his mind was uneasy, his spirits depressed, and that he was altogether unfit to do any thing as he ought to do ; and having found some of his old friends in town, he endeavoured to drown the sense of his disappointment in their society.

During the latter part of this short residence in

England, and about the end of December, at the pressing instance of his old friend the Bishop of Gloucester, he paid a visit to Jesus College, Cambridge; induced chiefly by the propriety suggested to him of presenting himself to the master and fellows, and of keeping alive his interest, with a view to a future vacancy in the fellowships; but not without a hope of meeting in those well-known scenes some of the companions of his earlier years. But the visit, which seems to have been paid with some reluctance, was productive of little else but disappointment and regret: for whatever remote advantage he might hope to derive from it, with regard to his prospect of a fellowship, he was much more alive to the utter failure of his immediate expectations with respect to the society: the time which had elapsed since he had quitted Jesus College as a residence, was now about four years; a period quite sufficient to have removed all the persons about whom he was interested, but not enough to deaden the strength of his own feelings, or to lead him to calculate on such a change: and his, it will be remembered, was a character much more likely to feel keenly the disappointment, than to reason coldly upon its cause. Under these circumstances of his visit, the reader will be more amused than surprised at the following extract from a letter to a college friend; which, however highly coloured by his own enthusiastic spirit, and

distinguished by circumstances peculiar to himself, cannot fail of presenting to the mind of every one who has been placed in similar circumstances, a resemblance more or less striking of something he himself has felt.

“HOOF INN, CAMBRIDGE, Jan. 2, 1794.

“*Brutus, thou sleep'st! awake!*—What has caused such an alteration; that I, who am running half the world over, distracted with a million of uninteresting occupations, can find time to write to an old friend, while he, dozing in retirement, neglects to kill one hour of solitude by paying me the tribute of a short reply? I have epistolized thee in half the countries of the globe—dost thou live, and shall I never hear from thee?

“You are surprised to find me here. So am I. I can't tell a rigmarole tale of my adventures. I *was* going to Egypt three weeks ago; I *am* now going to Naples, and there's the difference. Perhaps I shall be here again in the spring. Our tour to the East is postponed, and if it is quite given up I shall take my leave of his Lordship, and withdraw to my native land again. I came to England on the wings of the wind. I shall return to Italy more deliberately. My business here was to arrange matters for the better progress of our Levantine scheme. Lord Berwick has written to say he has postponed it for a time, I fear for ever;

and if so, I return to England again. But how came I at Cambridge? Why, the Bishop of Gloucester sent me here; for what purpose I can hardly say; but I believe to mortify me, by shewing me the changes that have taken place since my absence. You have been here, they say, and have beheld a divided people; a College gone to the dogs; old friends with new faces; and a host of strange quizzes all at loggerheads together. Why did I come here? Instead of meeting my old companions; instead of being welcomed by those I left behind, what is here? People I never wish to see, and who do not wish to see me. I have been here forty-eight hours, and twelve more shall find me many a mile off.

“ It was near dark when I arrived. Not a light in any of the rooms. Not one cheerful sound—not one friendly welcome. Some pestilence, I thought must have destroyed them all. I walked in the cloisters—nothing to be heard but the sound of my own footsteps. I strolled into the ante-chapel—a simple monument of white marble caught my eyes, which reflected the scattered rays of the sexton’s candle. It was to the memory of our poor friend William Beadon. At last the horrid clang of a dismal bell called a few straggling sinners from their cells to chapel. I addressed a yawning freshman, and enquired after a few of those I hoped might still exist among the living.

‘O. jun^r. sir! is gone to dine with Dr. T.’ ‘O. jun^r.!!!’ said I, giving a spring that alarmed him ‘is it possible that he can be in the University? Who the devil is Dr. T.?’ An odd place, thought I, for him to dine at; but away I ran full of the idea of seeing you; and just as I cleared the college gates, a tall figure in black came towards me. I could have sworn it was you; so, seizing the poor fellow by both his arms, I pinned him with his back against the wall, when, by the dim light of an opposite lamp, who should stare me full in the face, but that pale miscreant G. the attorney! I was ready to kick him for disappointment. At last I got to Dr. T.’s. ‘Is Mr. O. jun^r. here?’ ‘Yes.’ I hid behind the door—‘tell him to come out.’ Out he came, but not the O. jun^r. I expected to see, but a different person, whom I had never before seen.”

Mr. Clarke returned to London on the 3d of January, 1794; and the preparations for his return being completed, he set off for the Continent on the 20th of the same month, having first paid a short visit to his mother and sister at Uckfield, and to his friends in that neighbourhood. For the account of this journey, the reader will be again referred to his journal and the letters.

“January 20th, 1794.—Left London. Arrived at Dartford at seven, the roads being very heavy.

I had in company Mr. M. a young man of nineteen, brother to the person whose carriage I am to convey to Naples. Going out of Dartford, very little before we came to the turnpike, we were stopped by five footpads, all armed. At first I attempted to fire, but finding such a number against us, I thought it prudent to desist, having only one small pocket pistol loaded, which might miss, and then I had ten or twelve horse pistols against me, every villain carrying his brace. Two of them seized our two postillions, threatening to murder them, if they looked back. The others attacked us in the carriage, and with cocked pistols to our breasts, making use of dreadful imprecations by way of bravado, demanded our money, our watches, and pocket books. From poor Sani, my courier, they took his favourite and excellent old watch; from Mr. M. his watch, pocket book, and twenty guineas in cash. I gave them only six or seven guineas, out of some money I had in my waistcoat pocket, and threw my watch, and my pocket book, in which was near 100*l.* in notes, under my feet. The villains searched and examined the bottom of the carriage; and one in particular, who had forced himself in, did, I believe, put his hand upon them, but through his agitation did not perceive them. When they had finished, they made off, and as they left us, said to somebody, '*Go on, John!*' which made me think our postil-

lions were in the secret. However, their names were Frank and Thomas, but it was as likely that they said *Tom* as *John*, the confusion preventing me from hearing distinctly. I have since wished I had fired, but what could one pistol do against so many? Sani had the other pocket pistol loaded behind him, in the holster, which he could not use, as when the door was opened, he was obliged to conceal it from the footpads with his back. When the villain got into the carriage, I could easily have dispatched him with the one I had, but it is most likely the other four would have dispatched me. We slept that night at Sittingbourne."

Extracts from two letters to his mother and sister.

"OSTEND, January 24, 1794.

"My dear mother and sister.—We arrived yesterday morning. We have now just finished our breakfast, and to give you an idea of the immediate difference between my beloved country and the Continent, I'll tell you what our conversation was over our tea—'Well, Mackinnon, good morning! thank God, I had a decent bed, and slept well.' 'Had you? by the Laird,' replied my little Scotchman, a native of the northernmost point of the Western Hebrides, 'I wish I cud say as much, for mine ain self!' Why, what was the matter? was the bed damp?'—'Nay, the bid was wall enoof, for

that matter, but I found three lairge leece upon the pellow. ‘For Heaven’s sake don’t tell me of it till after breakfast!’ ‘*Oy, but ’tis true enoof, for I pecked ’em oof with my ain honds, and there they are noo in the ——!!*’ This was too much; I rose from the table to take a walk, having had more breakfast than I desired; and felt quite convinced, *that if such craters as leece were to be found, a Scotchman wud disarm them mooch sunner than oni other parson!*

“Our waiter is a black; one of your true Mungos, look at him!—(*Here is a sketch of the man’s face.*)—a most tropical nigerity of expression! He talks to me of the wars, and at this moment if you attend to him, he is relating to me the siege of Valenciennes. He professes himself to be a friend of the Duke of York’s; has, with his own hands, set fire to above five hundred villages, and so forth—*Vivent les gens de soleil.*”

“To-night I shall go to sleep, for an hour, over a French opera; performed by some descendants, I believe, of the Uckfield strollers: they are much such a crew. To-morrow I go to Ghent; the day after to Brussels. Then to Liege, Tirlemont, Aix-la-Chapelle, Cologne, and so on up the Rhine.”

“COLOGNE, February 1, 1794.

“My dear mother and sister.—Come, take a chair on each side of this little green table, and

enjoy the beautiful scenery I have now before me. 'Tis only to rouse your fancy. See what a lovely sight! Not a cloud in the sky. The Rhine full before us, rich with accumulated waters from the melting snows, rolls his vast tide along! See what innumerable vessels are floating upon his surface! Look how commerce spreads her canvass to the winds! What a throng upon the quay! How busy they look, not one idle being among a thousand! See what the ingenuity of man is capable of performing, who, finding the rapidity of the tide too great to admit a bridge of arches, has converted even its violence to utility, in forming a flying bridge of boats, which owe all their convenience to the force of the stream!

“ We will shut the windows and draw round the stove; the air is keen. I have hired a large boat, and am to be carried up the river. We embark to-morrow. It is to be drawn by horses. I shall by this means avoid roads almost impassable, and perhaps another overturn. I mean to go in this manner, as far as Mayence, and if I can to Mannheim; but the French are encamped so much on both sides, that I fear I must give them the slip by going to Francfort.”

Extracts from his journal.

“ February 2, 1794.—Having got all our baggage on board over-night, we rose at six this morning, to proceed in a covered boat up the Rhine. The weather the most delightful that can be conceived. We had a stove on board, so that we breakfasted, dined, and drank tea, in great comfort, amusing ourselves with the English papers. There is nothing worth seeing on the banks of the Rhine from Cologne, until you get to Bonn. The river itself is broad and fine, but the country is bleak and melancholy, very flat, and without any other ornament than a few stunted willows, such as you see by the side of water in all low countries. The view improves very fast as soon as you leave Bonn.

“ February 3.—Rose at five o'clock; breakfasted very comfortably in our boat. The views on each side growing very fine. In particular we passed under the noble ruins of a castle they called Anvert, on the left hand. Soon after, another almost as picturesque, though not so striking and so lofty, appeared on the right. A little island soon after made its appearance, and the retrospect of these three objects combined formed the finest scene imaginable. The clear silver light of the morning, contrasted with the bold outlines of the ruins, and the indistinct masses of rocks, covered

with trees and vineyards, from the water's brink to the mountain's brow, were excessively beautiful. To these were added the smooth surface of the water below, the white cottages of the villages upon its edge, with their spires peeping one above another, and the little island spread in the front of the whole with its trees and churches. Slept at Andernach.

“ February 4.—Rose at six ; breakfasted in the boat. The Rhine has no particular beauties from Andernach, until you come to Coblenz. Then the castle, which has been so often compared to Gibraltar, makes its appearance, and nothing can be more grand, just at the conflux of the Rhine and the Moselle. From the top of the castle you may distinctly perceive the different colours of the two rivers, which seem as if jealous of each other and refuse to unite.

“ February 5.—We continued to proceed up the Rhine, in the most delightful manner imaginable. Nothing was wanting, but more interesting society, to render it the most agreeable voyage of my life. Never was weather more favourable, or scenery more sublime. All the way from Coblenz, we had the greatest variety of objects, and these combined and thrown into such views, as made them quite enchanting. No part of the Rhine is ever equal to the views between Coblenz and Mayence. The mountain scenery continues

from Coblenz until you come to Bingen, and then the mountains gradually disappear, and present in their place, a flat open country, in which the Rhine flows broad and important enough, but never accompanied with the imposing and majestic scenery below Bingen. We had a small stove in the boat, upon which we dressed our dinners, heated our kettle, and toasted our rolls. Indeed, accustomed as one is to expect little *désagrémens* upon water excursions, I had never reason to be more satisfied. A warm, covered boat, with a clean room, and a good fire, hot rolls, chocolate, tea, rum, milk, and eggs, beef steaks, old hock, and the English newspapers, were a collection of luxuries, that one would hardly expect in going up the Rhine, where the magnificence of the scenery is alone a gratification sufficiently satisfactory for the little trouble the voyage requires.

“ We slept the first night after leaving Coblenz at a fortified town, situated among the most romantic and striking objects of all the views upon the Rhine. An old German soldier came to take our names, country, and intentions, to the commandant; he had served in America, and gratified our patriotism, by addressing us in English.

“ Feb. 6.—Continued our passage up the Rhine, winding through vineyards and among vast rocks of slate. These mountains which form the banks of the Rhine, and through which the river flows,

as if they had agreed to divide and form a bed for its waves, are cultivated in the most extraordinary manner, from their very tops to the water's edge. The whole country, bordering on the river, is covered with grapes. Wherever the rugged and fantastic form of the rocks permits the approach of a human footstep, they have planted grapes, and indeed in some places the neatest little vineyards appear where it seems impossible for any one to tread, or for any cultivation to take place.

“ The changes that constantly take place in the scenery as you proceed, are like the variations in a theatre. New objects rapidly succeed each other. You scarcely lose sight of a village or a fortress, ere some old ruin, town, or castle makes its immediate appearance; and so quick is this alteration in the scenery around you, that not being able to enjoy sufficiently any one object, you pass by them all with regret. It seems as if one was passing from one lake into another, since at every turn, the water appears completely land-locked. Slept at a village beyond Bingen.

“ February 7, 1794.—The approach to Mayence is very grand. That noble bridge of boats cuts a fine appearance across so broad a river. We arrived about three o'clock. Discharged our boat. The Hotel de Mayence is a very large inn, and a very good one. The accommodations are clean,

and their famous wine of Johannisburg is alone worth coming for. This is from vineyards more famous than those of Hocheim. I found it uncommonly strong, and full twice as intoxicating as Rhenish in general, which is the smallest recommendation it has.

“ February 8, 1794.—I walked this morning in the square, which at present is perfectly the place d’armes—officers, soldiers, French prisoners, cannons, baggage-waggons, powder-carts,—all war. If the French should again visit Mayence, I believe they will meet with a warmer reception than they had before. One thousand men are reviewed on parade every morning at ten o’clock. The effects of the late siege are becoming every day less visible. A stranger would not discern that Mayence had ever suffered from a bombardment. Among the soldiers I observed several with gold and silver medals round their necks, the badges of honour for valour and exploits. They were chiefly of the regiment of Prince Henry of Prussia, uncle of the present king, and brother of Frederic the Great.

“ It remains I should say a few words of the people *du bas Rhin*. For my own part, I like them better than any of their neighbours. They are a hardy, industrious, clean, open-hearted, rude, but honest race of men. They are neither Flemish, Dutch, nor German. If I were to give my opinion exactly, they are a compound of all three. They

have the cleanliness of the Dutch, and use as much tobacco. They have the hardy, rude outside of the Germans, with the dress, features, and manners of the Flemish. From being constantly accustomed to hard labour upon the water, they become sturdy and industrious. They unite very much in family interests, and you seldom see a party of labourers, or a set of boatmen, but two out of five will be brothers; and often one sees father, sons, and daughters, all at work at the same bench of oars, as was the case with me when I went down the Rhine in November. The women are, without exception, strong and ugly. I never saw a pretty face among them. They pay great attention to the duties enjoined by their religion. They are fond of national songs, and generally delight in hearing mendicant performers on a small harp, which they accompany with their voice. I listened with great attention to several of their songs. They were very characteristic of the people, and generally consisted of the delights of drinking good wine, in a *warm simmer*, as they call their little rooms, when heated almost to suffocation by a stove. Low ribaldry finds a large share in their songs. Indeed, when one considers the similarity of language, and of many customs still prevalent in these countries one can but be struck with the great analogy there is between the present Germans and the English in their days

of yore. The use of wooden shoes is common both to men and women.

“ February 9.—We receive intelligence that a very powerful army of the French are advancing rapidly towards Manheim and Worms. This impedes my progress that way; however, as the accounts are very vague, I shall go to Francfort, and decide upon my route, after I have consulted with the bankers there.

“ It is impossible to help remarking the want of eyebrows among the Germans. They have either none at all, or they are so light, that the face loses the chief feature of expression; and thence it is, that Germans have universally, or at least with few exceptions, a stupid vacant physiognomy.”

Extract of a letter.

“ IN OUR CARRIAGE, GOING UP THE RHINE,

Feb. 3, 1794.

“ My dear mother and sister.—My pen runs as fast as the river, whose current we oppose. I shall tire you with my letters. We are enjoying the most delightful voyage you can conceive. Our carriage is in the boat, from its windows I see the banks of this delightful river. The morning is just dawning, and I dedicate half an hour before

breakfast to you. I shall finish this at Manheim or Francfort. By all the intelligence we can gain, the French will not interfere with us. Oh, I cannot write. Look what a scene !

(Here he gives a sketch with his pen of the scene.)

“ There Ann, is a little for your eyes, and a great deal for your imagination. The genius of poetry must help you to conceive from such a paltry outline something more adequate to the grandeur of the original. Greasy paper, bad ink, a bad pen, a rolling boat, and a bad painter, are but sorry materials to do justice to such scenery as the Rhine presents at every turn. The little island in front, is in the middle of the river. The lofty ruins on the brow of a mountain to the right, are the remains of Anvert castle. Those on the left are of more remote antiquity, and their name is forgotten. Oh, could you see how the clear silver light of the morning contrasts itself with the bold outlines of its broken walls, you would be in raptures ; and, perhaps, have as good an appetite as I have ; so, if you will excuse me, I will go to breakfast.

“ Manheim, Feb. 12, 1794.—I have had great difficulty in penetrating to this place. The French have, for a long time, been established all along the western banks of the Rhine, between Mayence and Manheim, at Worms, Oppenheim, &c. By

keeping on the other side the river I escaped, and got within this town."

Extracts from his journal.

"February 10, 1794.—As soon as you arrive at a German inn, you are left in the middle of the yard by the postillion to find your way in as you can. The best houses have never any carpets to the floor, which is covered with sand. The furniture is old: the chairs unsteady, straight in the back, like those in England two hundred years ago: they defy all hopes of rest after fatigue. When you are shewn into your bed-room, which is the only room you have both for eating and sleeping, you must first open the window to expel the fusty smell that has been acquired from long want of fresh air. A full hour is required to heat the stove, which, if you are not used to it, will cause a violent headache. Your bed will be short and narrow, stuck against a cold white-washed wall, with the plaster falling about your eyes. The sheets never cover your feet, for if they are long enough for that purpose, the German mode is to leave the feet uncovered, and as soon as you get into bed, you will find your feet exposed to the air. In winter, a thick covering, or cushion of eider down is laid upon you. This first heats you, and then falling off in the night, makes you catch cold to a cer-

tainty. In their diet, the Germans are very fond of sour vegetables, which are very wholesome, and always pleasant to those who are accustomed to use them. They also use a great deal of sour sauce."

" Feb. 12.—Left Darmstadt. The roads worse and worse: obliged to have six horses to the last stage to Manheim. Patroles passing every where among the villages. Arrive at Manheim.

" February 13.—Went to the observatory to see if the French troops were visible in the villages; saw some cavalry, but could not possibly say if they were the French advanced guard, or the German patrole. The keeper of the observatory told me they were certainly French. Bought a pipe and some tobacco: began to smoke. Saw the parade. The Austrian hussars, and those called Seaton's hussars, Prussians, are the bravest troops in the world. Sixteen of these drove three hundred French out of Deux Ponts.

" February 14.—Alarmed by a cannonade. Looked out of the window and saw the soldiers all running to arms, and the people in confusion. The waiter came in and said, ' Gentlemen! the French are at our gates!' They said bombs had fallen upon the town in the night. Went to the observatory, the French were in the same village I saw them in before; but the weather so hazy could see nothing. The Germans made a sortie

to attack them. All the artillery was in motion. Left Manheim ; came to Bruchsal ; slept there."

The following passage on the diversity of national customs, &c., occurs in this part of his journal :

" That extraordinary diversity of character is not confined to states alone ; among the Italians, it subsists often in the same town, where a river, or a bridge, or a difference of parish, occasions the most implacable animosity between the parties, and often a distinction in manners and dialect, as well as features. At Rome, the Transtiberini, or those who inhabit that part of the city behind St. Peter's, will not suffer their children to intermarry with the *popolani*, as they call all those in the vicinity of the Porta del Popolo. They consider themselves as of a superior race, and the only descendants of the ancient Romans. They are hardier, more industrious, and possessed of a greater degree of strength. They pretend that one of the Transtiberini is at any time able to combat with at least three of the other inhabitants of the city. Nay, to such excess do they carry their pride and animosity, that they will sometimes fight as soon as they meet, and especially when inflamed by the potent fumes of their *orvieto*. At Florence, the different parishes form distinct and separate bodies of men ; that of San Lorenzo, being the largest, considers itself of the greatest

consequence, and every individual of it piques himself upon his local importance. When the Grand Duke abolished the galleys, and adopted in their stead that edifice at Pisa, called *Il Bagno*, for the reception of the slaves, the parish of San Nicolas happened to be the first that furnished a convict to inhabit it, upon which account the rest of the parishes have always considered the people of San Nicolas as the most contemptible of all the Florentines. They do not like to associate with them, nor on any account will they permit their children to form connexion among them. If such an affair should happen, the person, whoever he is, that weds a girl of San Nicolas, is upbraided with his violation of the ancient animosity, and the old story of *Il Bagno* is immediately revived.

“ At Naples, these local distinctions are still more remarkable. What can be more striking than the wonderful difference between the Lazzaroni and the rest of the Neapolitans? Yet even this is not all; even these Lazzaroni are again divided, and the inhabitants of St. Lucia differ as widely from the Lazzaroni of the Mole Piccola, and il Ponte dellá Madalena, as they in their turn differ from each other. Add to all this, the extraordinary difference throughout all the districts and petty divisions of the kingdom of the two Sicilies. The inhabitants bordering on the metropolis have all their different distinctions, and are marked by

separate modes of dress. How various are these costumes. The people of the Campagna Felice have their particular habit; the people of Capri, Ischia, Procida, have theirs; the inhabitants of Pozzuoli, Sorrento, &c. have theirs. And, what is of all things the most singular, the women of Posilippo, a small part of the town of Naples, are distinguished by a head-dress, and a habit perfectly distinct from the rest of their fellow-citizens. Thus it is that the variety in the costume of these parts is so extended, that the painters of Naples sell to strangers a collection of different modes of dress, each peculiar to some particular district of the Neapolitan dominions.

“How singular is the ceremony of marriage in the province of Isernia! There, when a young man wishes to pay his addresses to the woman he loves, he must first obtain permission by the following curious mode, which is called *la Cipponata*. He makes up a bough with all the ornaments of flowers, ribands, &c. which they call *Il Cipponi*; and the larger this bough is, the stronger the proof of his attachment. In the night he places it at her father's door, and retiring to some convenient distance, with his musket in his hand, and his poniard in his bosom, watches it till the morning dawns, and woe betide the presumptuous mortal that shall dare to meddle with or remove the pledge of his affection. In the morning the *Cipponi* is dis-

covered. The father comes to the door, and with a loud voice demands, ‘ Chi ha cipponato la figlia mia ?’ The lover then elopes from his hiding place; declares his passion, and begs permission to pay his addresses in form; saying in answer, ‘ Lagio i, ciponato io!’ If the parents approve of the match, he is immediately admitted; if not, the father says, ‘ Agi pazienza, figlio mio! O sangue mio colo tuo, non si confai!’ [N. B. This is written as it is pronounced, with the Patois.] and without farther ceremony the lover retires, patiently bearing his disappointment, nor ever again exerting his influence to produce an alteration in the sentiments of the relations. Should he succeed, and be admitted to an interview, the day is soon fixed for the nuptials. On that morning the bridegroom first repairs to the church, and may be seen for some hours before his bride arrives, walking impatiently beneath the arcades, and looking every moment to see if his beloved is upon the march. At last she appears. He flies to meet her, and thus addresses her: ‘ Ben venuta, madama! ben torata!’ She replies, ‘ Torata sono et torata mi poi chiamare!’

“Instead of considering the people of Italy as the inhabitants of one country, all actuated by a similarity of modes and caprice, and possessing the same manners, dialect, and laws, there is no portion of territory upon the whole face of the

globe, where in an equal extent is found so great a variety of laws, government, manners, dialect, features, dress, and customs. A few miles create in Italy as great a change as one finds in Europe, upon leaving one nation for another infinitely more remote. The borders of the Rhine and the Ganges do not present a wider contrast than those of the Arno and the Tiber; so striking is the distinction between a Florentine and a Roman. The same remarkable difference is found in all the other states of Italy; Genoa, Turin, Milan, Venice, Florence, Rome, and Naples, have all a people peculiar to themselves, and marked with various degrees of dissimilarity. Each of these are moreover infinitely subdivided; nor does a stranger, in the towns of Italy, pass from one street into another without perceiving some alteration in the people that inhabit them."

The narrative of his journey is thus continued:

"Came from Cierla, through Inspruck to Steirach. The situation of Inspruck is the most beautiful of any in the Tirol, and it is viewed to advantage from the mountains as you descend in coming from Italy. It brings strongly to one's recollection Dr. Johnson's beautiful description of the vale of Abyssinia. High mountains rise from it on all sides perpendicular, and the wolf, as he ranges their hoary tops, looks down without dis-

may upon the crowded streets of the town. The river Inn meanders through it, and a long extent of valley makes the scene enchanting. There are good inns, and very clean, all through the Tirol.

“February 22, 1794.—Came from Steinach to Brixen, through a fine romantic country. Saw there a cabinet of natural history, extensive, and full of trash. Breakfasted at Brennor, the highest part of the Tirol; after which we continually descend towards Italy, as usual, by a river, which takes its source there. It is called the Eisac, and falls into the Adige at Bolzano.

“Feb. 23.—Came from Brixen to Branzol. The carnival every where prohibited, on account of the French troubles, and the death of the late king of France. At Colmar, we breakfasted; I believe there is hardly any where a cleaner, or a better inn. The scenery very fine; narrow valleys along the torrent; bold rocks and precipices, over whose brinks are seen convents, hermitages, and monasteries. At Bolzano, the people were amusing themselves with firing bullets at a mark. Perceived our vicinity to Italy the moment we arrived at Branzol, by the horrid stench of our room, and the miserable, tattered furniture of our beds. To complete the disgust, an Englishman had pencilled the wall with a history of the bugs he had found in the very room we were in. We left Branzol very early, came through Naimarch, Salurn, and

Lavis, to Trent. They begin to speak Italian at Branzol, and one gradually loses German modes, dress, and language, till you come to Trent. The inn at Trent is good. From Trent I proceeded into Italy, by a new route to Venice. It is much shorter than the road by Verona, more curious, and better kept. Except one stage from Premulan to Bassano, it is excellent. We came from Trent to Pengine, Borgo di Valsugaro, and to Premulan, where we slept; the accommodations execrable. Left Premulan at two o'clock the next morning; came through Bassano, Castel-Franca, and Treviso, to Mestre, where we hired a boat for Venice. The road from Premulan to Bassano contains in a high degree all those sublime objects which are ever attendant on Alpine scenery. Part of it seemed like an epitome of the passage by the St. Gothard. Just before you arrive at Bassano, you leave the Alps entirely, and looking back may see them at one view in a line, as when you enter the Tirol, at Füesen, from Suabia. The country is quite flat afterward, and as you approach nearer to Venice is highly cultivated. At Bassano, we breakfasted, a mob assembled with as much eager curiosity to see our carriage, as when I passed the St. Gothard. Castel-Franca is a small town full of poor wretches lounging in the long Italian manteau. At Treviso I saw the first appearance of the grand carnival, a number of people walking

about in masks, and some only with large noses. I should have noticed the mode in which they celebrated the approach of spring at Premulan. Some men paraded up and down the village, beating a warming-pan and the top of a porridge-pot, singing, '*that the power of winter is gone, and we may soon go about half naked, without shoes and stockings, viva! viva!*' The road from Treviso to Mestre is full as fine as the broad high turnpike leading into London. The vines on each side are cultivated in festoons, and a variety of fantastic forms. The villas of Venetian noblesse with their gardens, parterres, covered walks, statues, &c., abound all the way.

"They were so awkward, and so long in embarking our carriage that we did not reach Venice before midnight. We came to Pedrillo's, an excellent inn, on the grand canal, near the Rialto. There never was a place I have been so desirous of seeing as Venice, and I find it in every respect answer my expectations. We had the good luck to arrive during the last days of the grand carnival, which are always the most magnificent. I do not know how dull Venice might grow during a long residence, but, I am sure, to a stranger, upon his first arrival, it presents one of the most singular spectacles of any city in Europe. Canals instead of streets, gondolas instead of carriages, form scenes so new, that they must be interesting. Add to

this, the infinity of invaluable pictures, by the first masters of the Venetian school, the superb edifices of those celebrated architects, Palladio, Sansavio, Scamozzi, &c. The public entertainments, the riches, the government, all are striking."

" February 27.—At Venice you have no occasion for a laquais de louage. The Gondoliers are accustomed to act that part, and they are well adapted for such an office. Went in our gondola to the Place di St. Marco: saw a collection of figures in wax, representing the most celebrated men of antiquity, Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, Scipio Africanus, &c. &c.; also the judgment of Solomon, taken from a picture of Raphael's at Rome. They were astonishingly well executed. I never saw any so good before. The King of Naples was so like the original, that it made one start. Of all other groupes, the best was the artist himself at work, with his wife, and his servant holding the candle. Saw a collection of wild beasts. We then went to the top of the tower, from whence you have a view of all this princely city, the sea, the opposite shores, &c. From the tower we went to hire a box near the Doge, to see the spectacles; they asked three sequins, I would not give it, but went to the palace, and hired one in the window of the council-chamber for one sequin. We then saw the palace, which is full of fine pictures. From the palace I went to walk in the grand place, where there

was a promenade, and all the world in masquerade. This seems very ridiculous to a stranger, as most of them take no pains to disguise themselves, except by wearing a nose; and you see them talking politics, transacting business, &c., with all the gravity in the world, considering their mask, or their paper nose, as nothing more than a fashionable appendage to their dress.

“About two o’clock, we went to take our places, and the spectacles began. The throng of people was beyond any thing I ever saw. I think it exceeding even the benediction at Rome. First of all came a procession of butchers, with oxen. These were placed opposite the Doge, and the trial was to see who could strike off the heads of these poor animals at one blow, with an enormous sabre. Some of them succeeded. The next thing was an exertion of strength, which they call ‘The force of Hercules.’ It consisted of a pyramid of men formed upon one another’s shoulders. The base was made of sixteen, which rose diminishing to one, and on his shoulders stood a little boy, who formed the point. There were two stages of these pyramids. After this came the most astonishing feat it is possible to conceive. A man ascended by a rope from the Place di St. Marco up to the top of the tower, and from thence down on the other side, with a nosegay in his hand, which he presented to the Doge. From thence he mounted

again to the tower, and then down again with astonishing velocity to the spot from which he originally started. They say there never was but one accident remembered in Venice from this feat, and that arose from the man's attempting to play tricks, when he fell down and was dashed to atoms. Since that time it is forbidden to attempt any thing more than the common mode of going up and down. However, this made me shudder; for the man chose to amuse the populace, by twisting round and round the rope, and once he stuck so that I expected to see him come down upon the heads of the people. There was, besides this, a representation of gladiators, which was neatly done, but had little effect. The pyramids were repeated six or seven times, and at last the whole closed with a grand display of fireworks, but they chose to let them off by daylight, so that all their beauty was entirely lost. After all this, I went to see some excellent rope dancing, where there was the best clown I ever saw: there was also very good tumbling, and a pantomime well conducted. I then came home to tea, and at ten o'clock we went in our gondola to the opera, at il Teatro San Benedetto. It was *Nina*; Madame Bruni, the first singer. The ballets were not extraordinary. In the middle of the second act, a shower of sonnets, with pigeons, turkeys, and fowls, were thrown through the ventilator into the

parterre. They were intended as a compliment to Madame Bruni, and the first male singer, Signor Viganoni. The audience were chiefly masked. It did not finish before four o'clock in the morning of February 28, 1794; at which hour I came home, and am employed

In noting, ere they fade away,
The little lines of yesterday.

Under the name of a republic, and boasting of its liberties, there is not in Europe a more despotic government than that of Venice.

“ We went all over the arsenal. They call it the finest in Europe. This is not true; once, perhaps, it was so, but those days are gone. The armoury is, I believe, longer than that in the Tower: it is in several rooms. There are arms for 80,000 men, all ready at a moment's notice. The ships are all built under cover. We saw the tawdry heavy vessels, in which the Doge goes to wed the Adriatic; all covered with gold, and as long as an eighty-gun ship. The model room was pretty enough. The whole of the arsenal is two Italian miles and a half round; two thousand five hundred men work in it daily. It seems poor and naked when compared to Portsmouth or Plymouth. From the arsenal we went to the church of San Giorgio Maggiore, and saw there some architecture

of the famous Palladio, of which Venice is full. He built the Rialto. They shewed us a noble picture by Paul Veronese; the marriage at Cana in Galilee. In it were portraits of all the most celebrated Venetian painters. Paul himself, Titian, Tintoretti, Bassano, &c. &c. Walked in the Place di St. Marco, and saw the church of that name; a Gothic edifice, of great antiquity, the inside of which is covered with Mosaic paintings. Intrigue is carried to such a pitch in Venice, that the gondolas are formed, and furnished with every convenience for that purpose. It is usual in Venice, to see a lady with her cecisbeo in one box, and in the other her husband with his mistress; and you will see the lady leaning over to compliment her husband's mistress, while he is bowing to the cecisbeo.

“ In the evening we went to the noblest and the neatest theatre I ever saw. The scenery was beyond any thing excellent; by Mauri; a celebrated artist. The last ballet was very fine. The women of Venice are, generally speaking, all handsome. They dress better, the men look cleaner, and every thing seems upon a better footing than either at Rome or Naples, where the women are all ugly, vulgar, and dirty; and the noblesse look like a party of strolling players.

“ The Rialto, of which so much has been said, is in my opinion very little deserving of its fame.

It was built by Palladio, is of unpolished marble, consists of one arch, and is loaded with houses, having three streets passing over it parallel to each other. The bridge of Pont y Pridd, in South Wales, is in every respect superior, which was built by a common mason of Glamorganshire.

“ There were eight theatres open while we were here. They were nevertheless all full every night. The oath of the Venetians is always a bloody one: *Sangue di Dio, sangue di Cristo, sangue di Madonna*, are the usual expressions. The oaths of Italy vary in every state. At Rome they are the most shocking of all. There you will see a postillion, or one of the lower class, when in a passion, fall down upon his knees, and blaspheme against heaven, the angels, the saints, and the virgin. A Russian gentleman was once in a post-chaise when a Roman postillion's hat blew off and fell in the river. The fellow coolly descended from his horses, and instead of trying to get it out, fell on his knees by the side of the river, saying, ‘ *Managio a tutti Cristo, a Virgine Maria! Oh anima mia, managio a tutti di paradiso et tre milia torno!*’ ‘ But, my friend,’ said the gentleman, ‘ what makes you conclude your imprecation with *tre milia torno?*’ The fellow replied, while every limb of him was convulsed with passion, ‘ *Perche sapete, eccellenza, che ogni santo, in questo bell' giorno, e andato a camminare, voglio prendere tutti!*’ At

Naples, the oaths are more moderate, at least to English ears. The worst they make use of, in their own opinion, is when they blaspheme St. Januarius. It is then that a Neapolitan despairs of ever obtaining absolution, as the priests, making use of every method that may serve to support the holy fraud, endeavour to impress the minds of their votaries, with the most perfect abhorrence of any violation of the honour of their patron.

“ During the carnival, it is usual for every person to enter the theatre masked. Soon after they generally take them off, and the men stick them in the corners of their hat.

“ Speaking of oaths—Four Neapolitan monks once engaged with a vetturino to conduct them to Naples, but made it an article of their contract, that he should not make use of an oath the whole way. Coming into a deep sandy road, he began to flog his mules and grunt and scold, but all to no use. ‘Eh vedete signor,’ said he to the monks, ‘vedete! il mulo non vuo’ andar. Se non volete restare cosi, lasciate mi fare una sola!’ ‘By no means,’ said the monks, ‘whip ’em!’ However, at last, finding they were likely to remain there all day, and being worried with his intreaties, they limited him to a single oath. ‘Grazia, padre mio! managio il primo di Novembre!’ The cunning rascal chose to damn the first of November, of all other days, because it was consecrated to all saints;

and by this means he thought in one comprehensive oath to be of as much service, as if he had been allowed to swear during the whole journey."

" March 1, 1794.—Went in our gondola to the little island of Murano, lying off Venice. Nothing could be more pleasing than the view opening to the sea, as we passed under the bridge at the end of the canal di Mendicanti, to go towards the island; the Alps rising to the right with their white tops, the sea covered with gondolas and little skiffs, while every object was softened by the silver mist peculiar to Italy. Our object was to see the glass manufactories, but, it being Saturday, very few were at work, and those who were employed were only making window glass. We then saw the three palaces of Pisani, Barbarigo, and Palazzo Farsetti. In the first was rich furniture, and a fine picture by Paul Veronese. In the second a number of Titian's works, who lived in this house four years, and died there. We saw the last picture he ever painted, which he did not live to finish, St. Sebastian; it hangs in the very room where he died. All the parlours are paved with schiola. We then saw the church of St. Giovanni e Paolo, famous for a picture of the martyrdom of St. Peter. Venice is famous for its gold workmanship, velvets, wax, glass, combs, &c.

" In the evening I went first to the theatre of St. Cassano. The ballet was fine, a Madame Bal-

lon danced with great spirit and much grace. From thence I went to St. Samueli. To describe what I saw there is impossible. The coup d'œil was beyond expression. I found a crowded audience of very genteel people, in a theatre of the most splendid description. The boxes and all the theatre were hung with light blue damask, ornamented with a rich border of silver fillagree. The fronts of the boxes were of white satin, upon which hung festoons of roses. The very curtain at the door of the parterre was of blue damask and silver. It was illuminated with tapers of Venetian wax, three feet long, in sconces of glass. All round hung chandeliers of the same. At the end of the opera the whole of the stage was discovered, ornamented similarly to the rest of the house. Over it was a painted plafond, which answered to that over the parterre; all round were columns hung with damask and silver. At the end of all were pier glasses from the top to the bottom, so that the whole theatre, with its numerous chandeliers, tapers, &c. being reflected, seemed of an infinite length. Before the pier glasses hung chandeliers, and from the columns were suspended tapers, as in the rest of the theatre. There was then a Festo di Ballo. Every dancer had a rich dress given him, and the meanest figure dancer wore satin and silver. As soon as I saw all this, I was at a loss to account for it. A

Venetian told me that it was all done at the expense of a Spanish grandee, who had a mind to surprise them, and that the whole was finished in one night. It cost him 20,000 sequins, about 10,000*l.* sterling. I believe, and every body seemed to think the same, that there never was so magnificent a theatrical spectacle ever seen in Europe. The boxes were full of characters; among others a man, as an infant, with a rattle made a great noise.

Notwithstanding the despotism of the Venetian noblesse, one perceives some traces of the beneficial effects of a free government visible among the people. They have not the liberty they boast of, because they are ruled with a rod of iron, but they are infinitely less servile, than the lower classes of the rest of Italy. Beauty is found in females of the lower order, a circumstance rarely met with in the other Italian states, where poverty seems attended with every evil, filth and ugliness being constantly at her side.

“Justice is administered in a very rigid way at Venice. They do not neglect to pursue her dictates, but then it is done in so mysterious and absolute a manner, that the injured party has seldom the satisfaction of knowing whether he is redressed or not. An English gentleman once lost a great part of his clothes and some valuable trinkets, at an inn at Venice. Every search was made after

them to no effect, and the gentleman gave them over as lost, saying aloud at the same time, ‘Ay, these are the blessed effects of your Venetian laws. If I had been in a country where there was a shadow of justice, I should, at least, have been assisted in my endeavours to recover them.’ In about an hour he was sent for, by the officers of the police, and carried to the tribunal. ‘You are the gentleman, Sir,’ said the chief magistrate, ‘that has lost some clothes?’ ‘Yes, I am.’ ‘And you have not been able to recover them?’ ‘No.’ ‘Upon which you thought proper to arraign the laws of our Republic, and accuse it of injustice. Beware how you offend a second time by propagating an erroneous opinion. Behold (said he, drawing aside a curtain behind which hung the dead bodies of three men), behold these are the persons who have robbed you. They have atoned for their crimes, and offer to you a lesson of our justice and severity. Get back to your inn, the things you have lost will be there before you. Settle your affairs, and leave Venice immediately; it might be dangerous for you to remain where justice acts so quickly and with so much vigour.’

“The laws and government of Venice, the customs of the people, the peculiarity of the town itself, its form and mode of construction, all contribute in some measure to the progress of intrigues. The gondolas are made use of as the usual mode

of assignation, and the state, to equip them better for that purpose, has ordained that they should be black, ornamented in the same manner, and having no difference either of ornament or colour, that may distinguish them from each other. The gondoliers are chosen men; all skilful in their office, and possessing talents aptly fitted for the purpose of intrigue; a strict adherence to secrecy; a knowledge of the windings and intricacies of the canals; an appearance of simplicity, and inattention to what passes before them. Active and intelligent in emergencies, and faithful to the highest degree in the discharge of their duty, no one is diffident in confiding to their care the secret offices of illicit amours. A number of these fellows are under the pay of government, and act as spies to the Republic. Yet they manage in such a manner as to satisfy all parties, and if employed by twenty people at the same time, would please all without betraying to one party the secrets of the other. They have an acquaintance with all the duennas and gouvernantes; are well read in the private histories of every family; will expedite an elopement, and provide rope ladders, false keys, and scale walls, with equal punctuality and alertness.

“ March 2.—We hired a boat at Venice to take us to Ancona. The weather was serene and beautiful, and as I left the town, I hesitated for a long

time in deciding which to prefer, the environs of Naples or Venice. We arrived in the evening at Chiozza, and passed the night in the most miserable hole I ever was in during all my excursions. From Chiozza, a small place, peopled only by sailors, we came the next day, after a delightful voyage.

“ March 3.—To Ravenna. Much cannot be said of the accommodations at Ravenna. It communicates with the sea by canals.

“ March 4.—Saw this morning the tomb of Dante. It stands in the public street, under a small rotunda, at a corner of the Franciscan convent. The tomb of Theodoric is also without the town, who once made Ravenna the seat of empire, under the Goths. Ravenna is famous for its mosaics, antique marbles, columns, and many remains of antiquity, both Greek and Roman. At present it is a poor Lazzaroni-looking place.

“ From Ravenna, we embarked for Ancona, but sea sickness and want of wind made us put in at Savio, a small place kept alive by salt manufactories, from boiling sea water, and by its fisheries.

“ March 5.—When we left Savio, such a crowd assembled to see us go off as was surprising. It was like what one sees in St. James's Street on a birth-day. While I was at breakfast, a tribe of monks, &c., came in; I was startled at first, and thought they came to apprehend us through some mistake or other, but was convinced of my error,

by the polite reply of their superior to my rude demand of what business they had with me: 'Niente, Signor, solamente per fare i complimenti, bon viaggio,' &c. After all, I believe they acted as spies to discover if we were French or not. We had to send five miles for horses, from Servio, and went through Rimini to Pesaro where we slept at an excellent inn, and I bought some pictures. We entered Rimini over a bridge built entirely of blocks of white marble, in the times of Augustus and Tiberius, and left it passing under a triumphal arch erected in honour of Augustus.

“ March 6.—Ill of a sore throat, caught by the sudden change in the climate. The weather sultry hot. Came from Pesaro to Ancona, all by the side of the Adriatic, through a beautiful country, the roads and the inns excellent. The Albergo Reale, at Ancona, superb and clean, two things that seldom go hand in hand in Italy or in Ireland. The view of the sea and port of Ancona from the windows is beautiful to a degree. The approach to Ancona may be ranked among the first sights; it is something like Naples. The people in this country look ruddy, strong, and wholesome. The women are pretty. The roads were full of pilgrims. One poor lame wretch, with his family, told me it was his fifth journey to the Santa Casa; he came from the Tirol, and had been three times across the Pyrenees to Saragossa and Madrid, and

twice to Rome. ‘And wherefore,’ said I, ‘do you inflict such a severe penance on yourself?’ ‘’Tis for my poor father, Sir,’ said he, ‘who is dead. He would be of the reformed church, and I hope to save his soul from being damned.’ His daughter with him was barefooted and very handsome.

“ March 7.—Came from Ancona to Loretto. From Camerano, the finest view I ever saw; among other objects, Loretto upon the top of a distant hill. I felt a momentary sensation of devotion. We saw Loretto all the way, during this last post—the road mountainous, you absolutely climb into Loretto. It is a poor wretched place, supported entirely by priestcraft and foreigners. The little shops full of rosaries and crucifixes. I bought some, and carried them to the Santa Casa to be blessed, where they were put into the bowl the holy family used to eat out of. I have just now been to see the glorious prospect from the tower of the cathedral with the setting sun, the mountains, the sea, &c.

“ In the medicinary belonging to the friars of the Santa Casa, there are three hundred and twenty porcelain vases, given to them by the illustrious family of Urbino. Raphael made the designs for them, and it is said, Luca Giordano copied from the vases. The treasury is a blaze of jewels, gold and silver being the meanest articles in it. I saw a single diamond there, weighing

seventy-two grains, and others of various dimensions; rubies, pearls, emeralds, &c. Nothing could be more curious than a specimen of natural history preserved there. It was a lump of emeralds, in their matrixes, all in their natural state. It was as large as a man's body, stuck full of emeralds like a plum cake: some were of the size of a hen's egg. Nobody can estimate its value, as no one can say what the internal part of so large a mass may contain, which from its external appearance, is evidently full. The holy house is too well known to be described. I chipped off some small pieces from the inside, and scraped away a little of the dust. I asked the lackey to do it, but he said if the sentinels observed him, he should be condemned to the galleys for life. He said the pilgrims were so eager to procure even a particle of its dust, that if they were permitted to take any, the holy house would soon make another voyage from Loretto, and be as much dispersed as the cross of our Saviour. However, taking advantage of the general devout enthusiasm of those within, who were all gaping at the Madonna, and the nonchalance of the sentinels without, I desired my party to draw round me, and thus concealed, I bore away some of its precious walls.

“ A report was circulated all over Loretto, of a wonderful Madonna that had been discovered five miles off, within these fifteen days, who was found

under ground, and worked miracles every hour, by dozens. The people of the house told me, that she got up in the night, and rang the bells of the church to call the people together, and had since given sight to the blind, speech to the dumb, made the lame walk, &c. ‘Una cosa spaventosa, Signor!’ said the master of the house, ‘all the world is there.’—It was quite out of my way, so I did not go; besides it might be dangerous, for I am certain it would be difficult to preserve the composure of one’s features at such holy impositions. The inns at Loretto bad and dear.

“ March 8.—Came through the finest country in the world, with the best roads, to Tobatino, a small town; tolerable accommodations at the post.”

A chasm here occurs in the journal. Mr. Clarke passed through Terni in his way to Rome; and, after a very short stay at the latter place, proceeded to Naples. There was naturally some awkwardness in his first meeting with Lord Berwick, after the change of plans and the disappointment which had taken place; and there is reason to believe that attempts had been made during his absence to supplant him in the good opinion of his friend and patron; but it is remembered to this day, by a gentleman then resident at Naples, how soon his admirable good humour,

ability, and propriety of conduct recommended him to every one, and enabled him to assume his wonted influence and distinction in the society of the place.

His residence at Naples, after his return, did not continue more than three weeks. He finally quitted that city with great regret, in company with Lord Berwick, on the 29th of March, and arrived at Rome on the 1st of April. Writing to the author of this memoir, about a week before his departure, he says :

“ I have just finished a melancholy excursion to all my wonted haunts, along the delightful shores of Baia, and through the Elysian Fields, by way of bidding them farewell. We are going to leave this place for ever, and to exchange its warm sunshine for the cold palaces and marshy catacombs of Rome. In four days we go to Rome. Adieu, dear beloved Naples—queen of the Sicilian sea—beauteous bright Parthenope. To-morrow, I go up Vesuvius with a large party for the last time, and shall pillage the crater of some of its contents. I have long been a cicerone to the English, in shewing the wonders of our volcano, and to-morrow I am to conduct Lord and Lady P. &c. &c. to the mouth of the mountain. I have models of vases enough to load a ship.”

The following are extracts from his journal, written during his stay at Rome :

“ April 16.—Saw the remains of the temple of Hercules, the villa of Mæcnas, the villa of Adrian, &c. Nothing can be more interesting than this excursion to Tivoli, and if it is extended a few miles farther to the villa of Horace, it is enchanting. The fine ruins of the villa of Mæcnas are suffering extremely from the barbarous hands of the Pope’s masons, whom we found busy in converting them to a cannon foundry, or, as they said, restoring them. By all appearance, it will soon be very difficult to trace out the original fabric, encumbered and lost as it will be, with these modern additions. There are still to be seen lofty chambers with painted stucco, and almost all the original form, the whole being situated delightfully upon an eminence commanding a view of Soracte, and all the plains as far as Rome, which was itself visible from the lofty terraces of the villa at eighteen miles’ distance.

“ Fortunately for us, we arrived in time to profit even by the depredations his holiness is making ; for in the progress of his foundry he has had occasion to excavate a square, which has laid open a beautiful court surrounded by pillars of the Doric order, without bases, and standing simply on a double plinth. These pillars were

semi-columns, and composed of brickwork. They are not of the most ancient Doric order, nor yet of the improved: and this is singular, as it was during the age of Augustus, that the improvement in the Doric was introduced. The most ancient order of the Doric was without neck or base, as we see at Pæstum. The modern improvement of Vitruvius was exactly the contrary.

“ Mæcenâs’s villa had directly before in the plain below, the beautiful temple of the Cough, or as it is called, *Il Tempio della Tussa*, the ruins of which still form one of the most picturesque objects about it. It is very like the beautiful ruins of the temple of Venus on the coast of Baia.

“ The villa of Adrian is perhaps one of the most powerful proofs that we have of magnificence of the ancient Romans. It is more like the ruins of a city, or of many cities, than of a villa. It contains four or five theatres, numerous temples, baths, mosaics, every sort of grandeur. In the vaulted plafond of one of the chambers, belonging to the baths, is the most exquisite specimen of ornamented stucco in relief, that has been left us, of the finest ages of Rome. Athenian Stewart, and many others, took all their ideas of elegant borders from this room.

“ In this vast enormous villa, Adrian endeavoured to comprise the riches and splendour of the whole world. He travelled over his empire,

and collected from all parts of it the magnificent things that were afterward combined in his villa. Not a country in the world but sent something to adorn it. Asia, Greece, Egypt, Macedonia, all afforded their contribution to it. There he erected temples to the deities of all nations, and celebrated the rites of all the religions of the earth. The priests of each were dressed in the habits peculiar to their country, and all the attendants wore their native costumes. Thus decorated and arranged, it represented an epitome of all his travels. At one part of it he might fancy himself in Egypt; at another in Greece, and it became the emporium of arts, displaying at one view the riches of his whole empire.

“The excavations that have been made here, have of course been more productive than any others. The artists say it seemed as if the earth would never cease to yield up riches. Almost all the finest mosaics, marbles, and statues, were found here. Among others, that beautiful Grecian pavement, described by Pliny, of the pigeons, which is now preserved in the Capitol.

“The execution of criminals in Rome is carried on with a vast deal of solemnity, and it is very rare indeed to see an instance of what is called in England, dying hard. The most hardened villain, broken by long confinement, and the natural superstition of the country, approaches death dis-

pirited and repentant. I remember, however, one instance to the contrary.

“A bricklayer was, by some means or other, cheated out of his property by a priest and a lawyer, the last of which was his relation. He made the usual application for justice, which was followed, as usual, with no redress. For some time he bore his misfortune with firmness, and without complaint; at length, however, the sense of his injuries bore so hard upon him, that he became desperate, and incensed almost to madness. In this state of mind he went one day into the church of St. Giacomo, in the Corso, when the priest was officiating, and shot him dead at the altar. He was apprehended, condemned, and led to execution; every means had been used to prevail on him to confess his fault, and receive absolution, but in vain. The fatal cord was fastened to his neck; the most celebrated friar in Rome had been selected to attend him: the last moment approached, when the friar once more begged he would make confession of his sin. ‘Upon one condition I will comply with your request,’ said the undaunted criminal, ‘let me but have a slap at the lawyer, and then I will confess both my sins at once.’ At this instant he was launched into eternity, when the friar approaching to the side of the scaffold, called out to the people, saying, *‘The soul of this man is gone instantly to hell, on no account*

let Ave Marias be said for him! The beatification of the poor bricklayer is on this account, at this hour, suspended in Rome.

“The mode of execution for parricide is excessively shocking. The criminal is seen kneeling on a scaffold, opposite his confessor, while ropes are passed over his legs and held by the sbirro beneath, who endeavours to engage his attention entirely by prayer, and watching the moment when he seems entirely occupied with devotion, and off his guard, he makes a sign to the executioner, who at one blow knocks him down; then jumping on his body, he, with a large knife, cuts off his head, his arms, and his legs, and hangs them on different parts of the scaffold.”

The travellers set out from Rome on their return to England, on the 30th of April. Some extracts from the journal, referring to this part of the tour, are subjoined.

“May 1, 1794.—Came from Civita Castellana, through Narni, where we saw the fine ruins of the bridge built by Augustus. Arrived at mid-day at Terni, and saw once more the finest cascade in the world. We went first through groves of orange and myrtle, along the side of the Nera to the bottom of the fall, and stood upon a point that commands the whole. The view from the bottom is

more picturesque, but less striking. We then crossed over a rude bridge of two poles, and ascended by a wild craggy little path over the rocks, up the side of the mountain, till we came to the square building at the top. Here you command the effect of this vast torrent, the foam of which is so violent that it throws a mist up above the top of the cascade, and spreads in a beautiful manner over all the objects around. The principal *chûte* is 800 feet; but the height of the cascade from the top to the bed of the river Nera beneath is 1364 feet. That of Niagara is only 150 feet. This is formed by a *chûte* of the Velino into the Nera, by a canal cut in the rock in the year of Rome 480. The scenery all about the cascade is of the grandest style, and more wild and picturesque than any other I know of. The views are every where great, varied, and extended; and that, so much in the boldest style of Claude, which you see from the highest point of the rock as you descend from the cascade towards Terni, over the village of Papignio, is by much the most sublime of any I know; far exceeding any idea I can form of those I have *not seen*, from the paintings of the first masters. It comprehends an amazing extent of territory, and yet the objects which compose it are so grand, the masses of light and shade fall so fortunately upon the different parts of it, that it has

none of the diminished, insignificant appearance of a bird's-eye view.

“The situation of Pistoia, in a fine valley, is delightful. All this road is pleasing. The views among the Apennines, at this season of the year, when a rich verdure covers them entirely, and the evening sun throws his broad masses of light and shade upon the prospect, are really enchanting. I have heard people remark that there is always a coldness in the appearance of these mountains when compared with those of the Alps. But this depends on the time of the year at which they are seen, and I think such observations fall chiefly from Englishmen who travel through them in the winter, when nothing is to be seen but the triste foliage of the olive, and the leafless stumps of those trees, which in summer support the vines in so many rich and various festoons. A drawing master would tell you, that the Apennines are always a demi-tint darker than the sky ; that the Alps are in the same proportion lighter, owing to the snow upon them.

“The Apennines recall to my mind those delightful vales in Argos, where the Grecian shepherds fed their flocks, and the heroes that afterward shone with so much lustre in the plains of Troy, bred a noble race of horses. They seem particularly calculated for peace and serenity.

“ May 11.—Made a long journey from St.

Marcello to Reggio. The first two posts from St. Marcello, we ascended the whole way to Bosco-lungo, which is upon the highest part of the Apennines; the snow was still lying upon the tops. From Bosco-lungo, to which place Lord Berwick and I walked, we ran down to Pieve Pelago, and continued along the tops of the Apennines for some time overlooking them all, as upon the waves of a troubled sea. The moment we left Penna di Mazzoni, we beheld the vast extended plain of Lombardy, the finest, the most fertile, of any in the world. It appears exactly like the ocean, and seems to rise from the eye like the sea. Indistinctly, at a distance, we saw the Alps skirting the utmost limits of the plain to the north, and may conceive the rapture of Hannibal and his soldiers, in the contemplation of such an enchanting garden. It may be compared to the delightful residence of our first parents, where the whole is so like a paradise, and the Po and the Tessin emulate the mazy windings of the Tigris and the Euphrates. It is laden with the choicest fruits, abounding in corn, oil, and wine; a land flowing with milk and honey. The Campagna Felice, that delightful and fertile spot, is but insignificant in comparison with the plain of Lombardy. But after all this, how melancholy are the reflections that arise in passing over it. The poor peasant of these rich domains, whose

cottage is surrounded with all the luxuriance of abundant harvest, whose little garden overflows with the purple vintage of the grape, and who sleeps each night amid the choicest productions of the earth, has not a morsel of bread to support his children from famine, nor one drop of the wine he gathers to moisten his parched lips. See him, poor unhappy man, without one ray of joy, through all the years of his servitude, to interrupt the continued tenor of despondency. See how he toils to bring his harvest to perfection, and see him among the foremost in conveying it away to the crowded granaries of his master. See him busy in clearing away every part of the produce his hand has cherished and brought to perfection, and then see him call together his poor miserable family, and sitting on the bare ground, distribute among them a few crude olives, a hard unwholesome diet, to alleviate the bitter pangs of hunger.

“ No pipe is heard there to gladden the valley, neither is the festive board once cheered by the enlivening accompaniment of the song or the dance. One severe, uninterrupted poverty continues throughout these fertile, luxuriant plains. So unerring are the shafts of despotism, so oppressive their weight, so blighting their influence. Oh, happy Britain! these are scenes that make us look to our country with delight. Throughout all Europe, in all the countries of the world, there is

not a people so protected by their laws, and so fortunate in their government as ours. They say living at home fills us with prejudice; they mistake, it is travelling makes John Bulls of us all. It is experience of the miseries abroad that makes us proud of the blessings at home.

“From Serra we ran down into the plain to St. Venanzie, and from thence, leaving Modena to the right, struck across, in a delightful evening, by the way of Sassolo, to Reggio, the dirtiest and most filthy hole I ever was in.

“May 16.—We came from Ivrea to Aosta, through a narrow pass among the mountains, the road always romantic, wild, and beautiful. On the road we met with some French prisoners, whom the Piedmontese were conducting to Turin. One of them was brother to the French general, and being on horseback, I mistook him for a Piedmontese, asked him the news, and where the French were. When I found him a Frenchman, I was not a little startled, thinking it might be the enemy's patrol. We arrived at Aosta without difficulty or interruption. Soon after, I applied to the Piedmontese general De Robilant, for permission to see the camp, which was granted with great politeness. I found him drinking coffee, surrounded by his aides-de-camp and officers, in the palace. He asked me several questions with

regard to England, and spoke highly of the 'vin de cidre,' as he called it.

"All the cabarets at Aousta were filled with soldiers. The room we slept in beggars all description. Bugs and vermin, innumerable. Besides, it was a public passage. We walked all over the camp, and were near being apprehended as spies; but producing our permission from the General, all was well. There were 10,000 men under arms. The mountains on all sides were planted thick with soldiers, at so great a height we could not discern their tents. A trumpet from the French was led to the General this evening on horseback, with his eyes covered.

"May 17.—Could not succeed at all in bargaining with the muleteers for the passage of St. Bernard. They asked fifty louis. Upon this we set off with one servant, and a portmanteau, to walk to St. Remy, ten miles higher up at the foot of St. Bernard. By the way we stopped at the cottage of a muleteer, and refreshed ourselves with his wine and bread, under the shade of a spreading vine that hung over his door. We prevailed upon him to take us to St. Remy.

"The view of the valley d'Aousta from above is very fine, and the city at the feet of these immense mountains looks highly pleasing. A narrow, craggy path, winding between the mountains, conducted

us to St. Remy. A few miles from Aousta we saw a small camp of the Piedmontese hanging upon the side of a mountain, in a little green meadow, with a frightful precipice in front, and inaccessible heights behind. It commanded entirely the little pass we were in, and seemed itself impregnable. Higher up were planted the advanced guards, and the piquet, who was just visible from the glittering of his musket in the sun."

From St. Remy Mr. Clarke wrote in the following terms to his mother and sister.

" ST. REMY, May 17th, 1794.

" My dear mother and sister.—St. Remy! you will say, where is St. Remy?—I believe all the maps you can find will not tell you. It is a *petit bourg*, built entirely of deal boards, and stands by the side of a foaming torrent, formed by the river Batteglia, as it falls from the high tops of St. Bernard. We are in the wildest part of the Alps, the snow lying at our door, and enjoying ourselves by the side of a rousing fire. The climate here is perpetual winter. Nothing can be more sublime than the scenery now before my eyes. Conceive me in a little wooden house, at a little wooden table, in a little wooden chair, looking through the crevices of a little wooden window, not bigger than a pigeon-hole, by the side of a wooden fire,

jammed in, as it were, among rocks, and woods, and waters, and yet elevated in the very regions of ether, high above all the countries and kingdoms of the earth:—

‘ Where ’midst the changeful scenery, ever new,
Fancy a thousand wondrous forms describes
More wildly great than pencil ever drew ;
Rocks, torrents, woods, and gulfs, and shapes of giant
size,
And glittering cliffs, on cliffs, and fiery ramparts rise !’

What a parcel of mites ye all are ! creeping about in the world below. Ye have no idea of the severe grandeur of the Alpine mountains, whose hoary tops drink the aerial solitude of the skies, and pour forth all the rivers of Europe. Here on one side rushes forth the Rhine. There the Danube, roaring, tumbles headlong, a torrent all foam and fury. See there the Tessin, and the Reusse, at first all noise and clamour, till, as they advance into the plains, they become wedded to the Po and the Rhine, and flow peaceably into the sea.

“ Yet do not suppose that all are *agrémens* among these regions. What a miserable picture of human nature in the wretched inhabitants ! Ugly, deformed, famished, filthy, and ragged ! Their throats laden with immense tumours, the horrid effects of drinking snow water. The French breaking in upon them from all quarters, and tear-

ing from them the little that nature has allowed them. Whole families separated, and ruined. The men all drained for the wars, the women toiling in the field, and the children alone at home, crying for their parents and for bread.

“ But I must talk of other things. I hope to be in England almost as soon as this letter. We shall be in Switzerland to-morrow. Perhaps at Lausanne, perhaps not. We mean to go from here to Vevay, and from thence to Basle, and so down the Rhine. We have lost a great deal of time since we left Leghorn, which hurries us very much. I was in hopes by this time to have been in Germany. However, sooner than not be home in time, we propose to travel night and day. It is these mountain journeys that delay us more than we expected. We have met with no danger from the French, they are encamped within twenty-five miles of us at the bottom of the *petit St. Bernard*: the mountain we are to cross is called the Grand St. Bernard, and lies at some distance from the other.

“ If you wish to see where I am, you must look in a large map for Milan and Turin, and then between these two, a little to the north, you will see a place called Aousta, that is at the bottom of the mountains, about fifteen miles below me, and I am at the bottom of the Grand St. Bernard, about ten miles above me; which mountain we pass

over to-morrow, and then descend into Switzerland, to Vevay and Lausanne. If I should go to Lausanne, I will endeavour to call on Severy.

“Yesterday I saw the different camps belonging to the King of Sardinia, which are stuck up and down on the mountains, in the most picturesque manner you can conceive. Instead of the shepherd’s pipe, one hears nothing now among these rural scenes, but the drum and the trumpet. All is war and anarchy. I think there is little doubt but all Italy will revolt before two more years are past. The French carry every thing before them; where they cannot conquer, they bribe, and that has more effect.”

At last, with some difficulty, they passed the Great St. Bernard, and descending into the valley, arrived at Geneva, on the 23d of May; thence by Lausanne and Berne, to Basle. Here they were compelled to leave the usual route on the banks of the Rhine, on account of its being commanded in many places by the French artillery, which rendered it dangerous even to travellers. They turned off therefore through Fribourg and Radstadt, which were then occupied by the troops of the Prince of Condé, to Manheim; thence, to Mayence, where they embarked upon the Rhine for Cologne. Passing through Cleves, Utrecht, and Leyden, they came to the Hague; embarked

at Hellevoetsluys, and landed at Harwich on the 8th of June, where the Journal ends.

Before this Italian journey is dismissed from the mind of the reader, the Editor is tempted to present an extract from the Letters on Travel, already alluded to, which were written by Mr. Clarke during this tour, and were manifestly begun with a view to publication, although now found in an imperfect state. They are addressed to the young Nobility of England, and are designed to excite them to a wider field of enterprise and research in their travels. It is remarkable that he should have directed their attention in such earnest terms to those very countries (Greece, Egypt, and other parts of the East), in which he himself afterward exerted, with such success, his own ardent spirit of research, and where so many others have since reaped a most abundant harvest of interesting discovery.

“ — It is usual,” he says, “ to dedicate a certain portion of your time to foreign travel. Fortunately, the systems of English education unite in embracing so excellent a mode of acquiring extensive knowledge. But, let me ask, have your continental expeditions been attended with that advantage, which it is natural to suppose would result from the lavish contribution, both of time

and treasure, which has been exacted to complete them? A painful witness of the contrary, it is with deep concern I call to mind, the shameful manner in which they are frequently accomplished. Roaming about the Continent, in almost proverbial apathy, becomes your characteristic. For what purpose do you travel? Is it to associate promiscuously with adventurers?—to be immured in gaming-houses?—to be seen all the morning at the billiard table; and all the evening intoxicated; or at the faro bank?—to become the object of contemptuous ridicule in every country you visit? Is it for this Albion pours forth her sons upon foreign ground; in the vain hope of obtaining ornaments to her senate, honours to her state, understandings enlarged, prejudices corrected, and taste refined?

“ — Italy, exhausted by a long and successful scrutiny, is unable to supply new gratification, either in art or antiquity. But in other countries, removed from common observation, new fields of enterprise open an extensive prospect of pleasing research; as the desolated shores of Greece; the peaceful islands of the *Ægean*; the interesting plains of Asia Minor; the lakes, the ruins, and volcanoes of Syria; and the long, hollow valley of Egypt.

“ These are the countries to which I would invite your attention. Among these scenes I would lead you to rescue from indiscriminate ruin,

the marvellous profusion of antiquities which lie scattered in promiscuous devastation, and yield a daily tribute to the wants or superstition of the inhabitants. The difficulties and dangers that have long been supposed to separate us from a connexion with them, I will set aside. The loss which the fine arts have suffered from the want of such an intercourse, I will endeavour to delineate; the advantages that would result from a more intimate acquaintance with the productions of ancient genius it is needless to portray. Instead of being harassed at Rome, by a perpetual cabal of antiquarians and artists, whose intrigues and discord pervade all the avenues of inquiry, and interrupt the progress of your studies, I will strive to withdraw you to those delightful scenes, where imposition has not yet dared to intrude; where, fearless of her snares, you may investigate the ruins of empires, whose inventive genius first produced, and then carried to perfection, those arts, which Rome in the zenith of her glory could only imitate.

“ I invite you to extend the sphere of your ideas, that reflection may cast off the yoke of prejudice, and break the bonds by which custom has enchained the flights of human reason; to walk among the sequestered pillars of Athens, or trace the mystic labours of Egypt upon the pyramids of Memphis; to mark the chisels of Praxiteles and

Phidias, among the mouldering fabrics of Greece, or drop a tear to literature over the august ruins of Alexandria : impressed with the noble fire of enthusiasm, to behold the lofty temples of Palmyra, or contemplate with awful veneration the colossal majesty of the Theban Memnon, among the sepulchres of Osymanduas ; to snatch from dissolution the precious relics of expiring taste, and to rescue the inestimable monuments of antiquity from the jaws of everlasting oblivion.

“ Inasmuch as Greece was the mistress of the fine arts, and Rome only her disciple ; inasmuch as Greece supplied the originals, and Rome the imitations ; and the imitation never approached to the perfection of the original ; the antiquities of Greece demand every investigation that the man of taste can appropriate to scenes of instruction and delight. The Romans themselves, when masters of the world, did not scruple to acknowledge the superiority of the Grecian artists. It is particularly remarkable, that whenever their authors chose to celebrate any exquisite production of art, it was the work of Grecians. Did architecture display peculiar traces of the sublime ? It bespoke the divine talents of Ictinus, Callicrates, or Mnesicles. Was any thing among them famous in sculpture ? It was attributed to Polycletus, Alcamenes, Myron, Phidias, Scopas, or Praxiteles. In painting ? to Polygnotus, Apollodorus, Zeuxis, Parrhasius,

Timanthes, Pamphilus, Euphranor, or Apelles. Works of genius were invariably attributed to those celebrated men, who had flourished in Attica, beneath the liberal patronage of an immortal Pericles, and were never allowed to be the production of artists who had worked at Rome, or had lived nearer to their own times than the age of Alexander."

CHAP. IV.

Mr. Clarke tutor in the Mostyn family—in the family of Lord Uxbridge—Tour to Scotland and the Western Isles with the Honourable B. Paget—Extracts from his Journal—Ailsa—Giant's Causeway—Islands of Mull—Coll—Iona—Staffa—Rum—Cana—St. Kilda—Highlands of Scotland—Cumberland Lakes—Close of the Tour.

THE engagement of Mr. Clarke with Lord Berwick having been brought to a close, soon after their arrival in England, in the summer of 1794, he again betook himself, with more than his wonted satisfaction, to the abode of his family at Uckfield. Even when the world was new to him, and its aspect more alluring and attractive, this quiet spot had ever been the object of his choice; but now, after a long and anxious residence in the busy scenes of life, the affection and sympathy he found at home were particularly delightful to him. Here, therefore, he remained several months, occupied indeed occasionally in the arrangement of his collection from Italy, but apparently unmindful of the time which was passing over him, and indisposed to speculate upon any change. But this state of things could not continue long. By the fruits of his last engagement, he had been enabled to pay

off his College debts, and farther to gratify his generous and affectionate heart, by the exercise of kindness towards those he loved, and who had fewer resources than himself. He had also become possessed of some valuable pictures, books, prints, and minerals,* which he had collected with no small labour and cost, and to which he attached no inconsiderable value: but beyond this, he had made no provision for his future support; and although he had been chosen, since his return from abroad, fellow elect at Jesus College, almost without opposition, yet this was a barren honour, productive of no emolument whatever, and not even necessarily leading to a fellowship. Something, therefore, was immediately to be done, and for want of a better occupation, he appears to have thought seriously of joining the Shropshire militia, in which he had been for some months a Lieutenant, in consequence of his connexion with Lord Berwick, and to which he had actually received a summons from the Colonel. But this scheme, which seemed to promise so little either of credit or of advantage, was fortunately prevented by an engagement much better suited to his talents, and more agreeable to his taste. At the recommendation of Dr. Bagot (Bishop of St. Asaph), he was

* Of the value of these some judgment may be formed, when it is stated, that the freight, and the duties charged at the Custom House, amounted to £258.

requested to undertake the care of Mr. Mostyn (now Sir Thomas Mostyn), at that time a youth of about seventeen years of age: and to render the offer more desirable, it was intimated to him, that travelling, both at home and abroad, formed a part of the plan which the father of the youth had in view for him. In the mean time it was settled that Mr. Clarke should reside with Sir Roger Mostyn's family, in Wales. For this purpose he left Uckfield, about the 26th of September, 1794, to repair to Mostyn; and in his way there, he paid a visit to his old friend the Bishop, at St. Asaph; at whose house he was received with the greatest kindness, and hospitably entertained for several days. Of the attentions shewn to him by this valuable friend, whose learning and accomplishments were not more remarkable, than the kindness of his heart and the high-bred urbanity of his manners, Mr. Clarke was deservedly proud. The interest the Bishop had taken in the welfare of his family, from the moment of his father's death, and the regard he had shewn in particular to himself, were alone sufficient to excite a warm sentiment of gratitude in the breast of a young man, who never received the simplest kindness, without burning to requite it: but here this feeling was greatly heightened by the pleasure he derived from the conversation and society of the Bishop, and the veneration he entertained for his character,

which stamped a double value upon every favour he bestowed upon him. Many notices of this sentiment are dispersed throughout his manuscripts, and there is great reason to regret the loss of a letter written to a friend upon the occasion of this visit, from St. Asaph, containing a most agreeable and spirited picture of the tasteful occupations, and the unaffected piety, by which the green old age of this venerable prelate was distinguished.

Of his manner of life and employments at Mostyn, there remains less information, than of the occurrences of any other equal portion of his history; but there is reason to believe, that he was perfectly satisfied with the kindness and the cheerfulness of his pupil's family, as well as with the society to which he was introduced; and there is evidence enough to shew, what was ever obvious to his friends, how impossible it was for him to live long in any place without discovering amongst its native resources, some means of contributing to his own improvement, and to the gratification of those around him. Before he had been a month in Wales, he employed himself in making a catalogue of the Mostyn library, a work of no inconsiderable labour and research, which it is believed is still in use at Mostyn. Several fugitive pieces composed by him, at this time, both in prose and verse, are still preserved by his friends; and some

curious observations upon Welsh manners and character, which occurred to him at Mostyn, will be introduced to the notice of the reader, in the extracts from a work, to which allusion has already been made, and which was published in the course of the next year.

It was here he became known to Mr. Pennant, with whom he afterward corresponded upon several subjects connected with the history and antiquities of the Principality, and upon other topics, in which they felt a common interest. His residence in Sir Roger Mostyn's family ceased in little more than a year; for some reason not explained in his letters, that part of the plan which related to travelling was never carried into effect; and on this account, probably, the engagement terminated sooner than was at first in the contemplation of either of the parties. At all events, he seems to have been perfectly at liberty in the summer of 1796; for in the course of the general election of that year, he was one of a large party assembled at Lord Berwick's seat in Shropshire, at that time a scene of prodigious interest and agitation, in consequence of the contest for the borough of Shrewsbury, between the Hills of Attingham, and the distinguished family of the same name, and of a kindred race, at Hawkstone. This contest, memorable not less for the profuse expenditure it occasioned, than for the feuds it created or revived

amongst some of the most respectable families of the county, was the means of exhibiting Mr. Clarke's talents in controversy,—a field, in which they had never been exercised before, and in which, happily for himself, they have scarcely ever appeared since. The occasion of it was this: a long and laboured pamphlet, called "*Hard Measure*," had just issued from the opposite party, written as was supposed by Sir Richard Hill himself, and containing many sharp and cutting reflections upon the Attingham family and cause, with some strong documents in support of them. To this it was necessary to reply without delay; and for the sake of greater dispatch, several literary friends of Lord Berwick, who were in the house, undertook to divide the task amongst them, each taking the part which he thought himself most competent to answer; but as it was afterward evident that this scattered fire would be much more effectual, if skilfully brought together, and directed by a single hand, Mr. Clarke was fixed upon for this purpose; and to him was confided the delicate and difficult operation of selecting, shaping, and combining, from the materials so prepared; with permission, of course, of which he availed himself largely, to add whatever arguments of his own he might think likely to increase the general effect. Accordingly, he set himself to work with his usual spirit, and having scarcely

slept while it was in hand, he produced in a marvellously short time, matter enough for a quarto pamphlet of a hundred closely printed pages, which having been carefully revised by the lawyers, was rapidly hurried through the press, and immediately published, under the happy title of "*Measure for Measure*." From a work of such a nature, it would be invidious to quote a single passage, even were it capable of giving pleasure to any one; but it may be proper to state, that the pamphlet answered completely the object it had in view: it produced a great sensation at the time, was a source of no inconsiderable triumph to the party whose cause it advocated, and, as it is believed, received no reply.

In the autumn of the same year, he accompanied Lord Berwick to Brighton, where he commenced the periodical work, already noticed, of which it is now time to give an account. This work consists of twenty-nine numbers, of which the first is dated Brighton, Sept. 6, 1796; the last, London, March 6, 1797. The whole were afterward collected and printed, in a single volume, some time in the latter year. The book is entitled "*Le Rêveur, or the Waking Visions of an Absent Man*;" and, with the exception of a single number, or at the most two, furnished by his valued friend the Rev. George Stracey, and two short poems, one of little value by Miss Seward, the other upon a stormy first of

May, of considerable merit, by Dr. Busby, afterward Dean of Rochester, it is entirely the production of his own pen. The principal materials upon which he depended, were the substance of the information he had gathered, and of the observations he had made in the different situations in which he had lived, whether at home or abroad, since the publication of his tour; but as these were of a nature soon to be exhausted, and as the contributions of his friends came in but slowly, we cannot wonder, that it was brought to a conclusion within the compass of a few months; more particularly when we consider, that before it had extended to that period, the author was engaged in an occupation which required the greatest part of his time, and all the attention he could command. The work is now no longer to be found in any shape. The separate numbers, which obtained no great circulation, have, it is thought, perished long ago, with few if any exceptions: and, as for the volume, it was stifled by a singular accident in its birth. His bookseller, it appears, who had hitherto been a loser by the numbers, had calculated upon a more satisfactory sale, when the whole should be finished and published together; and with this expectation he had printed a considerable edition, with corrections and additions by the author; but some cause of delay had intervened; and having one day gone into his ware-

house with Mr. Clarke, to shew him the work, he found, to his great dismay, the whole impression in a corner, so injured by the damp that not a single copy could be made up for sale. Very different, however, were the feelings of the author upon this unexpected sight. By this time his fears respecting the success of his work had begun to predominate over his hopes; and he afterward confessed to a friend, that he never was more delighted in his life, than when this accident so completely put an end to both. One copy he had previously received for himself, which has been since found amongst his papers, with the words '*Not published,*' written in the title page by himself. As the reader may be curious to know something of the contents of a work, which is now so scarce, and whose fate was so remarkable; two or three of the numbers will be reprinted as specimens of the whole.

Extracts from the Réveur, No. VI.

"Among the Welsh the most striking feature is their pride; which, without doubt, is a strong national characteristic. I write this with the greatest impartiality, and shall omit no precaution which may enable me to determine, with strict accuracy, the different facts I am about to advance. The influence of Welsh pride bespeaks

itself, in a forcible manner, upon the first objects that attract a stranger's attention ; upon the walls of their houses, and the windows of their apartments ; hardly a pannel of the one, or a pane of glass in the other, is free from the ostentatious parade of heraldic emblazonment. Coats of arms, in which all the family quarterings from the days of Cadwallader, have been registered and preserved without curtailment or diminution, glitter upon every wainscot, and obstruct the light of every casement. Above, below, on all sides, the ghastly features of their remote ancestry grin horribly upon canvass ; while, suspended aloft upon sturdy hooks, the enormous roll of pedigree at once flatters their vanity, and hides amidst its dusty folds a colony of superannuated spiders.

“ We are accustomed, when speaking of a Welshman, or a German, to combine an idea of genealogical pride with our conception of their characters. But as it does not always fall to the lot of Englishmen to see these singular examples of human folly, a description of a Welsh pedigree may, perhaps, be amusing to those among my readers who have not had an opportunity for this purpose.

“ The first I met with during my residence in that country, was as great a curiosity in its way, as any which I have since examined.

“ It was upon parchment, and divided into two

parts; as the whole together would not have been portable. These were formed into two immense rolls, lined at the back with silk. The first was fifty-three feet in length, the other forty-nine. It began with Adam and Eve, and continued through all the ages both before and after the deluge. As a vignette, or headpiece, our first parents were represented in the garden of Eden. The great progenitor of mankind was represented in a cumbent posture, very composedly leaning on his right elbow; while the Deity, in papal robes, was politely handing Eve out of his side. From their loins an uninterrupted series of generations descended; which were traced through all the patriarchs, prophets, and heroes of antiquity. Towards the middle of the first division it came to the birth of our Saviour; who was introduced with his portrait and family, as among the number of the ancestors. Absurd and incredible as what follows must appear, the line of descent was continued through the Messiah, and carried on, in direct contradiction to the Gospel, through all the second division, until it arrived at the birth of its present possessor.

“The pride of the Welsh is not merely genealogical; neither is it altogether the result of those feelings, which arise from a consciousness of being the only remaining stock of true Britons. It is in great measure founded upon the arbitrary spirit of

the feudal system. That pride, which formerly taught the lord to look down with contempt upon his vassal, still inclines every Welshman to consider himself as a being of a different nature from those whom Providence has placed below him. In fact, almost all Wales is a remnant of the feudal system. Its inhabitants consist of rich and poor, with little or no medium. It is the great man and his dependant, the lord and his vassal.

“The clergy, who in other states form a respectable, and I may add an independent part of society, are by no means of that description in Wales. They are chiefly selected from the lower orders; from the cottage of the husbandman, or the offspring of the peasant. I make use of the terms *husbandman* and *peasant*, because those who bear the denomination of farmer throughout the country, differ but little from an English day-labourer. They possess a few acres of ground, usually appropriated to potatoes and barley; with a cottage by no means superior, and frequently inferior, to the little tenement of an English *pauper*. Hence it is, that at the houses of their principal people, the clergy deem it no degradation to associate with the upper servants, to dine at their table, to drink ale in their kitchen, and now and then to be admitted, as a mark of peculiar condescension, to the presence of their master. Their female relations are not unfrequently ser-

vants in those families, acting in the capacity of ladies' maids, housekeepers, &c.

“I do not remember to have experienced a greater shock, than I once felt, at sitting down to table with a young clergyman who had been educated at the University, and whose sister acted as servant in the very family with which he was invited to dine. I well knew the master of that family possessed a benevolence of heart, with a degree of urbanity and affability of manners, rarely to be paralleled. It was to me a perfect paradox. More intimate acquaintance with the manners of a people, to which I was then a stranger, has since unravelled the mystery. It was not that a clergyman in Wales was exposed to a trial, which an English clergyman would have been unable to support; but that the Welsh clergy are a different set of men, and are selected from an order of society, inferior to that class from which the English usually derive their candidates for holy orders.

“Until within these few years the annual stipend of a Welsh curate did not frequently exceed the sum of ten pounds; for which he was often necessitated to fulfil the duty of three churches. In the Isle of Anglesea this case was very common. What consequences can be expected among the people, when a profession

which they ought to contemplate with reverence, becomes so shamefully degraded? When the sacred lessons of morality are to be taught by men, calculated only for the business of a cow-yard, or the labours of a plough? When the gaping multitude are to seek examples of piety and temperance in a pot companion who is ushered to the pulpit reeking from an ale-house? Can we wonder that persons of superior rank and education are cautious how they admit men of such a stamp to form any part of their society; and betray a proper reserve, a decent pride, when business or politeness renders their presence necessary?

“And perhaps we may here discover one source of that hauteur which appears among the principal families throughout the Principality. As we are accustomed to form our ideas of all mankind from that part of it with which we live, the Welsh naturally conceive all clergy to be like their own, and all orders of society upon the same footing as they are found in Wales.

“Notwithstanding the wretched appearance which the clergy make throughout the Principality, instead of teaching his offspring the arts of agriculture, a Welsh farmer educates his children to the church. He has been told, that *a parson is a gentleman all the world over*, and therefore, actuated by his national pride, he naturally determines to have as many *gentlemen* in his family as

there are males belonging to it. The county of Merioneth sends out annually such a concourse of candidates for holy orders, that the *parsons* of Dolgellau* are a proverb in the country. One of the chaplains to Drummond, a late Bishop of St. Asaph, observing the vast numbers that came to be ordained from that quarter, said, '*Sure, my Lord! we ought to style that part of your diocese the Levitical land.*'—'Oh no,' replied the Bishop, '*rather call it the hot-bed of the clergy!*'

"When I was a stranger in the country, it happened that a dispute arose between me and the master of a little ale-house in the wilds of Merionethshire. I had stopped there to refresh the horses of my post-chaise; and wished to proceed. He thought it his interest to detain me, and brought my postillion into the plot. The consequence was, a pretext that my horses were knocked up; and I was compelled to pass the night in his miserable hovel. In the morning another pair was added to the pair I had before; and it was insisted that I must use them, or remain where I was. In this dilemma, I inquired, as it was a village, for the clergyman of the place; and found him at bowls, with half a dozen *ragamuffins*, not a little heated by ale and exercise. I told my story, and was much surprised to find my reverend

* The capital of Merionethshire.

friend a staunch advocate for the publican. ‘The roads were bad—the country mountainous—the carriage heavy;’ and many other excuses, calculated to justify extortion, followed in a breath. Finding all remonstrance futile, I left the place with my post-chaise and four; not without apprehension that the number would be augmented to six, if any more horses could be procured. Arriving at Caernarvon, I related my adventure, and I found to my astonishment, that the clergyman to whom I had made application, was no less a personage than the publican’s own son.

“I have already stated that a Welsh farmer is nearly upon the same establishment as an English day-labourer. An apothecary is not of a higher order, nor better educated, than an English farrier. If severe illness, or approaching death, renders a physician necessary, he will have two potent obstacles to encounter. In the first place, he will not be able to obtain any drugs; but should he be so fortunate, they will be found utterly unfit for use. In the next place, when, by sending to all the old ladies in the neighbourhood, he has collected a few articles of the *materia medica*, his patient, unless narrowly observed, and compelled by a superior, will not swallow one of his prescriptions; such is their prejudice against all medicine.—Superstitious beyond measure, they fancy half their cures are effected by charms, invocations,

and witchcraft. Bark is rejected upon a supposition that it penetrates their bones; opium, upon a plea that poison never should be touched. The preference is given to quack medicines of every description; because their contents are a mystery, and all mysteries demand a degree of reverence from the ignorant.

‘Est enim ignotum omne pro magnifico habendum.’

“I have omitted to notice many singularities respecting these Cambro-Britons, because they have already been mentioned by other authors. The character and customs of the Welsh have been delivered to us, principally through the partial medium of their own writers, or casually collected by the uncertain observation of hasty travellers, who, in their progress through the country, appear to have investigated old castles and cataracts with greater avidity than the manners of the people.

“I have had an opportunity of seeing the state of ecclesiastical affairs in various parts of Europe; and as I wandered from one nation to another, observed and lamented the abuses of the church. I did not conceive it possible, to find a pulpit so shamefully prostituted, as it is in Italy; where the degree of degeneracy advances, in proportion as you approach nearer to the walls of the Vatican. Nor do I pretend to make any sort of comparison between a Welsh clergyman and an Italian priest.

Every exertion has been used, of late years, in the diocèses of North Wales, to restore the church to its proper degree of dignity and order. Exemplary men, amply calculated to effect so desirable a reform, have omitted no precaution which may tend to eradicate the abuses they discovered.

‘ Nil desperandum, Teucro duce, et auspice Teucro.’—HOR.

At the same time, I cannot refrain from deriving this satisfaction from the experience I have obtained; that the church is no where supported with such credit, nor conducted upon so respectable an establishment as in England. And I beg leave to conclude this paper by congratulating my readers on possessing a set of men, WHOSE TALENTS AND VIRTUES ADD DIGNITY TO THEIR PROFESSION, AND A KING, WHO SUPPORTS THE RELIGION OF HIS COUNTRY BY THE INFLUENCE OF EXAMPLE.”

Extracts from the Réveur, No. XXII.

“ The ceremony of the Papal Benediction is still distinguished by a degree of magnificence, which entitles it to rank among the grandest of human spectacles. It is of a nature calculated to interest every beholder; and, whatever form of religion may prevail, it cannot be contemplated by a feeling mind, without calling forth the liveliest emotions of piety and reverence.

“ I accompanied a party of my countrymen from Naples to Rome, for the purpose of being present at this festival.—Easter-day is appointed for its celebration. A prodigious concourse of pilgrims, from all parts, filled the different avenues to the metropolis. Arriving at the Place d’Espagne, we found the hotels usually frequented by English travellers, already occupied by a promiscuous assemblage of Poles, Danes, Swedes, Germans, French, Spaniards, and Portuguese. After some difficulty, we procured lodgings near the *Corso*, and waited with impatience for the following day.

“ Early in the morning, we received a card of invitation from the *Major Duomo* of his Holiness, purporting, that his apartments, adjoining the Vatican, would be open to receive English, and other foreigners of distinction; from the windows of which we might have the best view of the ceremony, or, if we pleased, ascend the roof of the Peristyle; which would place us within hearing of the benediction, and afford a *coup d’œil* of the whole.

“ We hastened to St. Peter’s. The concourse was amazing. From the castle of Angelo to the façade of the church, one might have walked on the roofs of the carriages; so closely were they jammed together. This amazing procession seemed to move slowly on like one undivided mass. The

foot passengers were exposed to great danger; there being no separate pavement, as in London, appropriated to their use.

“It was a pleasing sight for Englishmen, to behold their Prince the most conspicuous in the middle of this prodigious throng. His Royal Highness Augustus Frederic was elevated in his phaeton above them all; while the populace, among whom he is universally and deservedly beloved, rent the air with shouts of—‘*Viva! Viva! Il Principe d’Inghilterra!*’

“Arriving at the *Major Duomo’s*, we found a brilliant assemblage of foreigners, in magnificent dresses, mixed with a large party of our own countrymen; who were regaling themselves with chocolate, ices, lemonade, and a profusion of other refreshments. I made my escape as soon as possible through a window, to the roof of the colonnade; and climbing one of those enormous statues which ornament the Peristyle,* placed myself above it, like Anchises of old, upon the shoulders of Æneas.

“It is impossible to describe the scene which presented itself before me; and were it otherwise, imagination is incapable of conceiving so sublime a spectacle. The inhabitants of the whole earth seemed assembled in one vast multitude; while

* They are eighty-six in number, and were designed by Bernini.

the murmur of innumerable tongues, in different languages, ascended like the roaring of an ocean. Confusion could scarcely be greater in the plains of Shinah, when the descendants of Noah fled from the superstructure of their ignorance and folly.—As far as the eye could reach, the tops of all the houses in Rome were laden with spectators. A single square, in the spacious area below, was preserved free from the multitude, by the whole body of the Pope's military; who formed themselves into a quadrangle. Every other spot was occupied; and so closely were the people united, that their heads in motion resembled the waves of the sea. The variety of colours* blended together, and glittering in the sun, produced an effect of equal novelty and splendour. It surpassed all I had ever seen or imagined; nor do I believe any country upon the globe ever produced its parallel.

“ While I was occupied in the contemplation of this amazing spectacle, a loud flourish of trumpets, from two opposite sides of the area, announced the approach of cavalry. First entered the nobles, in habits of green and gold, mounted upon sumptuous chargers; who came prancing into the

* This appearance is unknown in England. A sameness usually prevails in the dresses of an English mob; whereas those of Italy display great diversity of hues. Scarlet, crimson, green, and white, generally predominate. The Italians are partial to the gaudiest colours, and adopt them in their dress.

centre of the military quadrangle. Other troops followed, and the whole corps saluting the balcony over the grand portals of St. Peter's, from which his Holiness was to appear, arranged themselves in order.

“ At this instant a bell tolled ; and throughout the whole of that vast multitude, such a silence prevailed, as one would have thought it impossible to produce without a miracle. Every tongue was still, and every eye directed towards the balcony. Suddenly the majestic and venerable figure of the Pope, standing erect upon a lofty and self-moving throne, appeared through clouds of incense burning around him. As he advanced, his form became more and more distinct. All behind was darkness and mystery. The most costly robes decorated his body ; a gorgeous tiara glittered on his brow ; while enormous plumes were seen waving on all sides of the throne. As he approached the light, with elevated front, and uplifted hands, he called aloud on the Almighty. Instantly the bare-headed multitude fell prostrate. Thousands and tens of thousands knelt before him. The military, with a crash, grounded their arms ; and every soldier was seen with his face to the earth. A voice, which penetrated the remotest corner of the area, then pronounced the benediction. Extending his arms, and waving them over the people, he implored a blessing

upon all the nations of the earth. Immediately the cannons roared—trumpets screamed—music played—all the bells in Rome sounded—the guns from St. Angelo poured forth their thunder; more distant artillery repeated the signal, and the intelligence became conveyed from fortress to fortress throughout the remotest provinces of the empire.*

“In my life I never witnessed a ceremony more awfully sublime. The figure of a virtuous and venerable man, publicly appealing to Divine Providence for a blessing upon the whole human race, is surely an object of the highest reverence.† Add to this, the spectacle afforded by assembled myriads silently and fervently assenting to the supplication; and I think few among mankind, whatever systems of religious persuasion may be acknowledged, would hesitate to join in the solemnity.”

* It is said, but I will not vouch for the truth of it, that the news is conveyed to Genoa and Naples in a quarter of an hour. Peasants in a neighbouring country fall on their knees and cross themselves, when these signals are given.

† Dr. Moore was so sensible of this opinion, that, after witnessing the ceremony here described, he observes—‘For my own part, if I had not, in my early youth, received impressions highly unfavourable to the chief actor in this magnificent interlude, I should have been in danger of paying him a degree of respect very inconsistent with the religion in which I was educated.’

The next occurrence to which the history of Mr. Clarke's life conducts us, is his connexion with the family of the late Lord Uxbridge; a connexion formed, it is uncertain under what auspices, or upon what terms, but eventually not less honourable to Mr. Clarke, than satisfactory to many members of that family, to whom, in the course of his engagement, he became intimately known. The first object of his care was the youngest son of the family, the Honourable Brownlow Paget; a boy of tender age, and of a constitution so very delicate, as to render it advisable that his education should be continued, as well as begun at home. In this view an engagement of some standing was contemplated by the family with Mr. Clarke; and rooms having been expressly prepared for their permanent residence together, at Beau Desert, the seat of Lord Uxbridge, in Staffordshire; he joined his pupil at that place, in the autumn of 1796.

The task which he had undertaken, that of instructing in the elements of knowledge, was entirely new to him; but he set about it with alacrity and spirit. Laying aside gradually all other objects and pursuits, and confining himself conscientiously and sedulously to the duties of his charge, he soon began to find himself at home in it. Every thing, indeed, that was connected with this engagement tended to encourage and to re-

ward his exertions. His pupil, who is represented by him to have been docile, intelligent, and affectionate, was delighted with his instructor, and improved rapidly under his care; the kindness of the family with which he had reason to be satisfied from the beginning, became more and more decided, and was testified in more pleasing forms, in proportion as his own qualities and endowments became better known; and Lady Uxbridge in particular, to whom the feebleness of her son's constitution rendered him an object of deeper interest, and who watched over the progress of his education, with as much anxiety as over that of his health, was delighted with the fruits of Mr. Clarke's instruction, and repaid his labour with every mark of confidence and respect. During her necessary absences from Beau Desert, she regularly kept up a correspondence with him; in which every step that was made by her son, and every hope which he inspired, were regularly communicated and discussed; and to prove the value she set upon his letters, it may be mentioned, that they were shewn to the Queen and Princesses, as compositions calculated to amuse and interest them, not more from the subject who was personally known to them all, than from the style and manner in which they were conceived. Nor did her judgment deceive her in this respect, for her Majesty was graciously pleased to direct, that the satisfac-

tion she had derived from the perusal of them, should be communicated to Mr. Clarke; an honour, of which he was very sensible.

In this state of peaceful occupation, things continued till the spring of 1797; when his pupil's health, which had hitherto been considered as only delicate, beginning now visibly to decline, opened a new source of anxiety for his charge, and added a new motive to his exertions. In a few weeks, his services as a tutor ceased to be of any use; but occasion enough remained for the exercise of his kindness as a friend; and painful as the situation was to all the parties concerned, it was calculated to bring forward the qualities of his heart, in a manner which could not fail to recommend him still more strongly to the anxious family around him. All that could be expected from the strongest sense of duty, combined with the warmest affection, was exhibited by him upon this occasion. By night, as well as by day, he was at the side of his pupil; administering the medicines himself, and taking advantage of the affection he had inspired, to reconcile him to the measures adopted for his cure. Of this a remarkable and characteristic proof has been furnished by a near relation of Lady Uxbridge, who was a witness of the scene. It appears, that in an advanced stage of the disorder, which had been declared by Dr. Darwin to be the hydrocephalus, the last and only hope of remedy

held out for him was from the rubbing of mercury into the head; but as this operation seemed to require more patient and discerning labour, and more influence with the suffering youth than could be expected from a servant, Mr. Clarke undertook it himself, and so devotedly did he apply himself to the task, and with so little regard to his own health or feelings, that before its utter hopelessness was discovered, he had brought a salivation upon himself. His exertions, however, of every kind, were in vain, or served at best to no other purpose, than to soothe the weariness of the sick-bed, or to soften the agonies of approaching death. The disorder terminated fatally before the spring was far advanced, and Mr. Clarke had to lament, thus early, the loss of an amiable and affectionate youth, to whom he was singularly attached.

His connexion with Lord Uxbridge, though interrupted, was not broken by this unhappy blow. The family were too regardful of his past services, and too sensible of his many excellent qualities and talents, not to desire to profit by them, so long as any occasion should remain amongst themselves; and, on the other hand, Mr. Clarke was too deeply impressed with the value of their friendship, not to acquiesce readily in any similar arrangement which could be proposed; and happily in a few weeks an opportunity offered itself for gratifying the wishes of both. The next youngest son of the family, the

Honourable Berkeley Paget (now one of the Lords of the Treasury), had finished his education at school, and had been admitted at Oxford: and, it having been thought advisable, that the summer before his residence in College should be spent in travel, Mr. Clarke was desired to undertake the tour of Scotland with him, and the plan was carried into execution without delay. This journey, which was begun in the summer, and concluded in the autumn of 1797, will furnish considerable extracts for the present work. His journal is very full and particular, and evidently drawn up with a view to the publication of it by himself. At several subsequent periods of his life, preparations were made by him for this purpose; and so late as the year 1820, an advertisement was drawn up, announcing it to the public, and a part of the manuscript was actually transcribed for the press. Beyond this, however, no farther step was ever taken towards the completion of the work, and in the pressure of other labours, which occupied him to the last moment of his life, abundant reason might be found for the delay; but, in truth, there was another obstacle, which requires some explanation, because whatever share it may have had either in delaying or preventing the publication of the journal by himself, it certainly led to a restriction, which must diminish the interest of the extracts, when selected by another. This obstacle was the

unsettled nature of his opinions respecting certain facts, connected with geology, accidentally a prominent feature in the tour. In the course of his Italian travels, his attention was frequently and specially directed to the two great theories, which at that time divided, and have since continued to divide, the judgment of philosophers, in every part of Europe. To this subject allusions are often made in his Italian journal, as well as in his letters after his return; and the interest thus excited in his mind, although afterward apparently suspended, was revived with much greater force, when the journey to Scotland was proposed to him. It was not that he attached an undue importance to any opinions he might form in that early stage of his knowledge; but he was eager to engage in the inquiries to which the controversy had given rise; and having had frequent occasion during his residence at Naples, to notice the observations of Scotch gentlemen, relative to the resemblance which they affirmed to exist between the minerals of the Western Islands and the productions of Vesuvius, he was willing to believe, that by a stricter scrutiny of this tract than it had hitherto received, he might be able to ascertain more correctly the nature and extent of this resemblance, with its proper bearing upon the controversy; and he was the more sanguine in this hope, because after the particular attention which he had

paid for nearly two years, to the operations of subterraneous fire, both in a state of activity in Vesuvius, and in the traces of its influence among scenes no longer subject to its immediate agency, he thought himself so far competent to recognise them in any other country, if they were to be found. This is the substance of his own account; and one natural consequence of this pre-occupation was, that his attention upon the journey was more alive to geological facts, than to any other; and that a larger portion of his time and labour was bestowed upon this question, than it would naturally have claimed, in a tour not undertaken expressly with a view to it. Had this, however, been the only objection, the reader might not have lost much; for whatever value might be attached to his inferences at that time, his researches are often curious and minute, and his reasoning always ingenious and amusing; but it unfortunately happened, that the leaning of his judgment in the course of his tour, seems to have been in a different direction from that which it afterward took, when in a maturer state of his own knowledge, the learned and accurate labours of Dr. Macculloch had been submitted to him. Hence the difficulty, which applied to himself, and hence the restriction enjoined upon his friends; in conformity to which they feel themselves compelled to withhold, not only those parts of his journal in which his argu-

ments are directly stated, but even all the more general remarks from which his mode of reasoning might be inferred. How much the observance of this restriction must detract from the spirit of a journal, undertaken in such a frame of mind, and how frequently the passages omitted must be those which bear the strongest mark of his own genius, need scarcely be observed; but in his personal narrative, and in the fruits of his general observation, enough of interest, it is hoped, will remain to justify the copious extracts, which will be made; respecting which, however, in justice to his memory it must be observed, that they are presented to the reader, precisely as they appear in the journal, and that they have received no alteration, either from his own, or any other hand, since they were hastily written on the tour. Some of this country has been examined since, both by foreigners and natives, whose accounts are before the public; but Mr. Clarke's views have a character of their own; and of the Island of St. Kilda in particular, which is so difficult of access, and so far removed from the ordinary track of human commerce, as to receive its letters only once a year; and so differently constituted from the rest of the kingdom, as to pay its rent in feathers; it is impossible to find a more amusing or interesting account than that which is given in this tour. It should be mentioned, that before he

set out, he had frequent communications with Mr. Pennant, upon the subject of his journey; who kindly pointed out to him such parts of the country in general, and such objects in particular, as had either escaped his own notice, or had not been within the compass of his plan; amongst the former may be reckoned that range of insular territory, extending from the point of Oreby in Lewis, to Barra Head, which had not been visited either by Mr. Pennant, or by Dr. Johnson. To this may be added, the peculiar advantages he derived from the influence of his pupil's family. He carried letters from their friends to the most distinguished persons in Edinburgh, which secured him a ready access to the best information upon every subject connected with his views; and a revenue cutter, placed at their disposal at the request of Lord Uxbridge, afforded him every facility in prosecuting his researches among the Islands.

Mr. Paget and Mr. Clarke left London on their tour, June 22d, 1797, visited the several objects of curiosity in Derbyshire, Yorkshire, &c. in their way to Scotland, and arrived at Edinburgh, June 30th. After spending about a week in that capital, they proceeded to Lanark, at which place the cotton-mill establishments then conducted by Mr. Dale, are described with great minuteness by Mr. Clarke in his journal; thence by the falls of the Clyde to Glasgow, Lochlomond, Inverary, and Greenock.

At the latter place, they embarked on board the revenue cutter, which, as has been stated, was placed at their disposal; and sailed to the Isle of Bute, to Arran, the Cumrays, and Lamlash. Mr. Clarke's description of the Crag or Island of Ailsa will be given in his own words.

Extracts from his journal.

“ July, 1797.—The next morning we reached the Crag of Ailsa, a stack of Basaltic columns, rising out of the sea, at the distance of fifteen miles from any land. Former authors have spoken of a part of it as being basaltic, who probably had not opportunity to examine the whole of it. I paid the greatest attention to every part of this remarkable rock: went all round it, and ascended to the top. I found it to consist entirely of a stack of basaltic columns, covered in a few places with a slight vegetation of brakes, nettles, and a little elder.

“ But what renders this rock an object of general curiosity, is the swarm of birds which resort there in the summer months to breed. I know not how to give my readers a more adequate idea of this rock, and the appearance it makes, with the prodigious flight of birds which hover round it, than by comparing it to a beehive, surrounded

with swarms of bees, which will afford them a miniature model of the rock itself, and its numerous inhabitants. On no account let a traveller omit visiting this wonderful place, whatever delay, fatigue, or difficulty he may encounter in procuring a sight of it. It will fully answer any expectation this description of it may excite.

“ We approached it on the water side. Immense pillars of unequal lengths, disjointed, subverted, and in many respects like the columnar phenomena of the Giant’s Causeway, except in the irregularity of their horizontal fissures, rose vertically out of the sea, forming an abrupt and lofty precipice. On the top of all these pillars, and wherever their broken shafts afforded the smallest resting place, innumerable birds stationed in rows, one above another, like spectators in a crowded theatre, were seated on their nests. Flocks of Solan geese hovered round the boat as we drew near the rock. Levelling my gun at one of these, I brought him headlong into the water. The effect of the report my gun made, beggars all description. The instant the sound was heard, all the aerial inhabitants of the rock, with a noise not to be described, poured down from the precipices above us, and darkening all the air, roared like a torrent over our heads. The body of the bird I had shot, attracted all the Solan geese from this immense crowd of birds, who hovered round it

screaming, and in so vast a throng, that had we remained to shoot at them, our boat would not have contained the numbers of the dead. Having with difficulty effected a landing, for the surf broke with violence over its bold and craggy shore, we entered a spacious cavern, the extent of which I did not ascertain, as I had no torch with me, and could not see the end of it: here we found the nests of several birds, who suffered us to take both themselves and their young ones with our hands. We now began to wind round the cliffs with a view of getting to the other side of the rock, in order to ascend the top. Several beautiful birds, usually denominated by sailors the Ailsa cocks, were taken from the rocks by the sailors with their hands. Every time a gun was fired, the torrent as before poured from the precipices; which I can compare to nothing but a prodigious cascade of water, bursting suddenly from the rock, and foaming in an arch over our heads.

“ Having effected a passage to the south-east side, one of the sailors offered to accompany me to the summit. Whoever has read Mr. Pennant’s account of the difficulty he found in getting to the castle, will easily imagine what the undertaking must prove of climbing the precipices above it, to the summit of the rock.* Nor would I counsel those

* Mr. Pennant says, “ The path is narrow over a vast slope, so ambiguous that it wants but little of a true precipice. The

who come after me, to encounter so much fatigue and danger. The most beautiful part of the rock is that which presents itself below. The summit is only inhabited by a few rabbits, and about a dozen goats, which the present proprietor has placed there: however, it is necessary some one should make the experiment, that others may learn what they are to do. Few of the birds build their nests so high. The Ailsa cocks were seen in great abundance near the summit, but none of the other flocks. The manner in which the *cragger*, as he is called, takes these birds is curious. He sits on the side of a precipice with a wand of twelve or fourteen yards in his hand, and as the birds come out from their holes, he knocks them down with his wand. The young Solan geese are taken in their nests by means of a rope thrown over the precipice, to which a daring adventurer is suspended. Sometimes they will carry away two or three boat loads of them in one day.

“On the top of the rock, I found a heap of stones to mark the highest point; piled up, I suppose, by some former adventurer as a testimony of his prowess. Near the summit is a spring of delicious water, as transparent as crystal.

walk is horrible, for the depth is alarming.” Pen. v. ii. p. 191. The height of the Crag of Ailsa is mentioned by Macculloch to be 1100 feet.—ED.

“ On the south-east side are the remains of some ancient edifice ; but whether of a church, a castle, or a prison, is hard to determine. It stands about one-third of the height of the rock, above the sea. It is a square tower, and what is very remarkable, the corners are all large blocks of free stone, brought I believe from the Cumrays, but how raised to their present situation, is a question that will perhaps remain for ever undecided. On one of the corners, I observed a sculptured bas-relief, representing three *fleurs-de-lis*; no inscription of any kind to be found upon it. The natives of the neighbouring shores have a tradition that it was formerly used as a state prison; a purpose for which alone its situation seems calculated.”

From the island of Ailsa they directed their course to the coast of Ireland; and, after tracing the basaltic appearances along the line of that coast, they arrived at the Giant's Causeway. From this point, the narrative of their tour shall be carried on from Mr. Clarke's journal; after premising, that his description of the last mentioned natural curiosity appears, from some cause or other, less perfect than might have been expected.

“ The long boat in a few minutes conducted me to the Giant's Causeway, a spot which, of all

others, I had long possessed the most ardent curiosity to behold. Whether it was owing to the height of my expectations, or any misrepresentation of the scene itself, I know not; but I found the spectacle unequal to the idea I had formed of it. In the first place, the whole of it was lying below the cliff, on the shore; whereas I had always been taught to expect a gigantic appearance, extending the whole way up the cliff. Such were also the sentiments, and such the sensations, of my companions: but they continued only while the cause of them remained at a distance, for upon our arrival, whatever mistaken notions we might have formed of the Giant's Causeway, it presented us with a scene more truly astonishing than any thing I ever saw before in my life.

“The reader has, perhaps, often received an account of this marvellous place. If not, let him imagine an assemblage of pillars of such unequal lengths, that the top of one may serve as a step to the next, and thus a regular gradation, formed by their broken shafts, conducts you from the sea shore to the highest point of the whole groupe. These pillars are neither round, square, pentagonal, hexagonal, septagonal, nor octagonal, but all of them together; that is to say, there may be found some of every description. The pentagonal are the most numerous. They all consist of different stones, laid horizontally with the greatest

evenness one above the other. Their sides and angles correspond with the minutest accuracy. Thus it will be seen, that if the pillar is a pentagon, the different stones which compose it will also be all pentagonal, and the diameter of every stone will be the diameter of the pillar to which that stone belongs. I found the greatest diameter of the largest stones to be generally one foot ten inches, and their thickness eight inches. The number of stones on one of the tallest pillars was twenty-one. This would make their greatest height fifteen feet nine inches. A part of their shafts are buried in the soil and loose fragments which surround their bases; but as near as I could determine the average height of the tallest range of pillars, they rose from twelve to twenty feet above the level of the sea.

“ In general, the pillars, in their relative situation to each other, resembled the cells of a beehive; but there were some exceptions equally singular and beautiful, in which a group were ranged in perfect order round a principal pillar, which formed their centre. And thus the appearance of the stones at their tops was like the radii of a circle. But even in this group the pillars did not all correspond either in the number of their sides, or the number of the stones that composed each pillar, although in every instance the texture and character of the stones in the same pillar were

precisely the same. The greater part of these stones are on one side convex, and on the other concave. But this is not universally the case, there are many which have both their sides concave, and again others both convex."

"The wind being favourable for the sound of Ila, we hoisted all our canvass, and sailed with remarkable expedition to White Foreland Bay, where we cast anchor off the Paps of Jura. The conic form of these mountains attracted my notice from the summit of Goatfield in Arran; and being very desirous of knowing whether any crater-like appearance could be found upon their tops, I ordered the long boat to be manned, and taking two of our crew, who were acquainted with the island, began to ascend the largest of them.

"The approach to the Paps on this side of Jura, is excessively toilsome and difficult. We had near four miles of a pathless morass to traverse, before we reached the base of one of them. At every step our feet sunk in mire, or were caught by entangling heath. The journey up the cone itself, is very like the ascent to the crater of Vesuvius, and equally steep. We found it also necessary, as upon that mountain, to crawl occasionally upon all-fours over loose stones, which sometimes giving way in a mass, brought us many yards below what we had been a quarter of an hour labouring to surmount. Perseverance and a little whiskey, at

last brought us to the summit, 2476 feet above the level of the sea.* Here we found a large heap of stones, as upon Goatfield, to mark the highest point, which must have cost the persons who erected it, no small degree of labour. On the top of this pile in a bed of moss, was placed a bottle; with the names of those who erected the pile, engraved with a diamond pencil. From the inscription, it appeared that some of them were natives of Orkney.

“We now stood at a vast height above the clouds, which were rolling in white masses, like enormous bales of cotton, below us. Over these clouds we perceived distant islands, bays, promontories, rocks, and mountains. And occasionally as they separated, we more particularly noticed Oronsa, Colonsa, the whole of Ila, rich in well cultivated fields, with its several lakes, spread at different elevations in various parts of its green surface, and the whole extent of Jura, with its tall Paps, on the loftiest summits of which we looked down from the point on which we stood. In my journey down I remarked the desolate appearance of Jura. During the whole of our expedition, we met not a human being, nor hardly a single animal, except a few sheep, about half way down the

* The hills called the Paps of Jura, are three in number, not varying much in height, and generally about 2500 feet above the level of the sea. See Macculloch, v. ii. p. 183.

mountain. In some parts of the island a person may travel sixteen miles without seeing a single cottage. Upon the moor below the Paps there is said to be abundance of black cocks, and other game. Wild deer are also found upon the heights.

“ At four in the morning we hoisted sail, and clearing the sound of Ila, left the islands of Oronsa and Colonsa to the north-west; the wind not permitting us to land there, but blowing favourably for the sound of Mull, we steered our course north-east, and passed the dangerous gulf of Corryvreckan, which we saw between the northernmost point of Jura, and the isle of Scarba. With the flood tide, a strong eddy surrounds the north-west coast of Scarba. The whole passage in the neighbourhood of Corryvreckan is pregnant with dangers. Its extraordinary tide, rocks, and whirlpools, render it a hazardous sea for mariners unaccustomed to explore it. In spring tides, and with the flood water, the most experienced pilot would not be able to enter the gulf, even in a long boat. But during neap tides the merchant vessels frequently go in and out. The island of Scarba has been long famous for the longevity of its inhabitants. De Foe mentions a woman who attained there the age of 140 years.*

“ Proceeding in our course, we passed Long

* Tour through Britain, vol. iv. p. 289.

Island, with the Maze and Eysdil isles ; saw also the north coast of the island of Loing, presenting a bold and rocky shore ; also the islands of Seil and Kereray, all lying on the north-western coast of Scotland, in Argyle. The islands of Long* and Loing, together with the isles of Eysdil, which include, under one general appellation, the small isles of Bal-nahua, Blada, and Dusken, are all famous for their fine quarries of slate, which is exported to Greenock and Port Glasgow ; and from thence frequently conducted up the canal to Leith and Edinburgh.

“ A favourable gale still conducted us with uncommon expedition to the island of Lismore, extending in an oblong form from north-east to south-west. Beyond the north-eastern extremity of Lismore is Lochabar, celebrated in old Scotch songs. A fortress, erected there for the purpose of overawing the Highlanders, is still kept up. A small rock, called the Lady Island, was pointed out to us, which is covered by the sea at high water. Opposite the Lady Island is Loch Don, a harbour in Mull, to which ships frequently repair in unfavourable weather, to wait for a change of wind. Below Loch Don is Loch Spelio, another harbour of the same nature, the entrance to which is narrow, and the water too shallow, unless at high tide, for cutters to go in and out. There is also another

* Called Lunga and Luing by Macculloch.

consequent inconvenience attending it, that without a leading wind, no vessel can effect an entrance, or secure a retreat.

“Below Loch Spelio, at the southernmost point of Mull, is another harbour, called Loch Buy (signifying in Gaelic the Yellow Loch or Bay), of which the islanders have a saying, that it is the finest loch in the island, for if a vessel once enters, she never goes out again. The Laird of *Loch Buy* was formerly the second landholder in the island. His possessions were only inferior to those of the Argyle family, and amounted to 1700*l.* a year, an immense property in such a place as Mull. The estates are now fallen to a distant relation of the late Laird of Loch Buy, who got his death in consequence of a dispute about the best method of *cutting up a duck*. He had been in the American war, and returning from New York with laurels worthy of his illustrious clan, was coming to reside once more upon the territories of his ancestors. In his passage home, a dispute arose about the properest method of carving a duck, which ended in a duel, and the last descendant of the chieftains of Loch Buy fell a victim upon that occasion. The father of this young man was the identical Highland Laird, mentioned by Dr. Johnson (*Tour to the Heb.* p. 358), as ‘rough and haughty, and tenacious of his dignity.’ But Dr. J. has not thought proper to represent accurately the con-

versation that passed between them. I suppose his pride was too much hurt to permit so strict an adherence to candour; since, I believe, no one will suspect him of a wish to soften any harsh features in the characteristics of the natives with whom he conversed. Loch Buy, according to the usual custom among the Highlanders, demanded the name of his guest; and upon being informed that it was Johnson, inquired ‘*Which of the Johnston’s? of Glencoe or Ardnamurchan?*’—‘Neither!’ replied the Doctor, somewhat piqued by the question, and not a little sulky with the fatigue he had encountered during the day’s journey. ‘*Neither!*’ rejoined the Laird, with all the native roughness of a genuine Highlander, ‘*then you must be a bastard.*’

“Altering our course from the Lady Island, we steered north-west, and passing Castle Duart, entered the sound of Mull, between Macallister’s Bay, and the point of Ardimridder. The whole passage up the sound is very fine. On one side rises the country of Morvern, so celebrated in the songs of Ossian, and on the other, the undulating hills and healthy vales of Mull. Not feeling that internal evidence which the admirers of Ossian profess to entertain, respecting the authenticity of those poems, and having ever regarded them as an ingenious fiction, blended with a very scanty portion of traditional information, I could not, never-

theless, avoid feeling some degree of local enthusiasm, as I passed the shores on which so vast a superstructure of amazing but visionary fable had been erected. Mouldering fabrics, the undoubted residence of valiant chieftains in days of yore, were seen both on the coast of Morvern, and upon the opposite shores of Mull.

“ Beyond Artonish castle we saw, on the Morvern side, Loch Alin, famous for the residence of the celebrated Jenny Cameron. Mr. Ritchy, our first mate, remembered her well, and once visited her in her own house, which stood at the head of Loch Alin. At that time she was become very corpulent, but preserved the traces of former beauty in her countenance. A vessel of oatmeal, her property, lay at that time in the Loch, the master of which would not sell any of it without her consent. Mr. R. having occasion for three bolls of it, went to call upon her. He found her in a cottage of twisted osiers, or wicker work, neatly wainscotted on the inside. She courteously invited him in, but when she knew his errand, would not give an order even for so small a quantity of oatmeal, until she had first received the money; a proof at least, that Miss Cameron’s disposition was a little tinctured with avarice.

“ Still sailing up the sound, we afterward passed the castle of Aross on the side of Mull, and passing round the little island of Calay, or Calve, we

anchored in the bay of Tobermorey.* This harbour is from sixteen to eighteen fathoms deep, and is much frequented by vessels coming from the north or south, which are sheltered from storms, and wait here for favourable winds. The harbour itself is very like Milford Haven, in Pembroke-shire, though not so large. It appears completely land-locked, and resembles a beautiful lake, with several small, but pleasing cascades, falling into it from the hills above. But what has given Tobermorey a sort of local celebrity, arises from an accident which befel the Florida, a Spanish man-of-war, belonging to the *invincible* Armada, which was sunk in this harbour, after the dispersion of that fleet, in the year 1588. Several persons have been frequently employed with diving bells, in raising the guns and other valuable effects belonging to her. A part of her stern served for many years as a stair-case at the landing-place, before the present quay was built. A part of it lay neglected upon the shore when we arrived, which was

* "I find no less than four different modes of orthography respecting this bay, in Johnson, Pennant, Mackenzie's Maritime Survey of Great Britain and Ireland, and the large map of Scotland by Ainslie. The first of these (Johnson) writes it *Tobor-Morar*; the second (Pennant) *Tobir-Moire*; the third (Mackenzie) *Tobermarey*; the fourth (Ainslie) *Tobermorey*. The name is a compound of two Gaelic words, signifying in their original import *the Well of Mary*, or *Mary's Well*, from a well dedicated to the Virgin Mary, situated upon the hill, just above the village."

somewhat diminished before our departure, from the desire we all felt to possess a relic of so curious a piece of antiquity. The master of a herring buss, who resides in the village, saw us employed in sawing off a part of it ; and assured us, he was present when it was raised from the bottom of the harbour. Mr. Campbell, comptroller of the customs, assisted us in taking it away, and I recommended him to place the remainder in some place to secure it from being used as a substitute for peat, by those who might prefer a wood fire to one composed of turf ; as future travellers may by that means be enabled to obtain a portion of it, if any should come after me sufficiently influenced by local enthusiasm to appreciate such a relic.

“ The village of Tobermorey owes almost its present existence to the establishment, which has been raised here by the British fishery. A few tolerable houses, erected upon a modern quay, constitute the whole of what is there denominated *the Town*. A small quantity of whisky is made there, and some few of the inhabitants of the cottages above the village are employed in dying woollen plaids for their own use.

“ Soon after my arrival, Mr. Campbell very obligingly accompanied me to the heights above the town, from whence there is a beautiful view of the harbour. The small spring from whence the place derives its name, was also pointed out to me.

It is situated in a potatoe ground, overgrown with weeds and long grass : of late years it has altered its course, owing, as the inhabitants relate, to the following circumstance. In the year 1745, when some soldiers were quartered here, a camp was formed near the spring, the raised works of which, though indistinct, may still be traced. Some of the soldiers belonging to the camp washed their linen in the spring, at which impiety, the natives declare, the water was so offended, that it never flowed afterward in the same channel.

“ The superstition of the inhabitants, not only of Mull, but of the neighbouring islands, is beyond belief. Stones of any singular form, which have been probably originally found upon the beach, have each a peculiar characteristic virtue. They are handed with veneration from father to son, and esteemed as a remedy for every species of disease incident to the human or animal race. As there is not in the whole island of Mull a single surgeon or apothecary, it is well for the natives they can have recourse to a mode of relief so universal and so efficacious. Imagination is sometimes found to create, as well as cure distempers, and it is reasonable to conclude, among people who are ignorant of half the maladies to which mankind are liable, that instances will often occur where the disease and the antidote originate from the same source. When I expressed my surprise that the

inhabitants of a whole island, cut off from all immediate connexion with the main land, could possibly exist without a hope of medical assistance in cases of sickness, or accidental malady, the reply I received was—‘ What could the people of Mull have to do with a *doctor*? They are never sick, and of course do not stand in need of physic!’

“ It was with much difficulty I could prevail upon these credulous quacks to part with any specimen of their potent charms. I succeeded, however, in purchasing two, during the time I remained in Mull. One of these, a hard and polished stone, evidently appears to have been once used as an axe, or hatchet, and bears a strong resemblance to the specimens of similar instruments brought by circumnavigators from the South Sea islands. The other is of the same nature with the first, with respect to the use for which it was originally fabricated, although it differs in its composition; it was probably once an instrument of war. By holding the former over the head of any diseased cattle, and pouring water upon it, letting the water at the same time fall on the animal, the beast is said to recover without fail. The latter is a sovereign remedy against barrenness in cows, if it be used in the same way. If either of them be dipped in water, the water cures all pains of the head or teeth, it also removes the rheumatism or sprains in the joints, with a variety of other vir-

tues, too numerous to mention. Several others which I saw, possessed virtues as various as their forms. Some of these were fossil shells; others like the flint of a gun, called Fairy speds; and again, others, mere oblong pebbles, which they distinguished by the appellation of Cockaroo-hoopan,* a sovereign antidote for barrenness in the female sex.

“After ascending the heights above the village, I went to see *Bloody Bay*, so called from a famous battle which took place there. From the cliffs above *Bloody Bay* you command a fine view of the mountainous promontory of Ardnamurchan. Its shores are bold and craggy, its sides rough, irregularly broken, and almost destitute of cultivation. Among a small group of trees, in our way to these cliffs, we saw the house in which Dr. Johnson was so agreeably entertained by a Miss Maclean, whom he has favoured with one of the very few compliments he ever bestowed upon those who exerted their hospitality to entertain him.

“In some bogs above *Bloody Bay*, we observed abundance of the wild cotton plant, which thrives in most of the Scotch morasses, and seems to prefer those bogs in which peat and heath are found. I cannot but imagine the cotton of this plant

* Written as it is pronounced.

might be rendered a useful article of commerce if it was properly cultivated, and submitted to manufacture. A native of the Cumray isles collected a sufficient quantity to make himself a bed; and from the description he gave of it, it equalled the finest eider down.

“ We proceeded the following day into the interior part of the island. Its surface presented a wild and melancholy view of extensive heaths, covered with small black cattle, but almost uncultivated. Not a town or a village was to be seen; excepting Tobermorey, and the houses of a few Highland Lairds, situated on the coast, there is nothing but huts to be seen over the whole island. I entered several of these huts, which are even inferior to the generality of poor cottages in Wales. Their interior represents the most abject state to which human nature, by poverty and barbarism, can possibly be reduced. The pig-sties of England are palaces to the huts of Mull; because the former admit at least the fresh air, to which the latter are entirely strangers. But if any one imagines happiness and contentment are strangers in these receptacles of abomination, they are much deceived; so relative is all human felicity. Surely, if any thing can teach mankind the golden lesson of being contented with a small and peaceful competence; it is the spectacle of unfeigned satisfaction amidst poverty and want, such as this. It has been matter

of surprise to me, that a man of so powerful a mind as Dr. Johnson could have derived a source of spleen from the contemplation of such scenes. We do not visit the Hebrides to see stately palaces, and groves of citron, but to behold uncultivated nature, in the shed of the Highlander, or the solitude of mountains. Hitherto disappointment has been a stranger in my path. I found the untutored natives such as I expected them to be, and in their miserable mansions received a lesson of contentment, which future impressions will never be able to obliterate.

“ I found in one of these huts a family of thirteen persons, assembled beneath the same shed. In the middle of the room was a fire of peat, the smoke of which, after filling every part of their abode, made its escape through a hole in the roof. The floor was the bare earth, and at that time some inches deep in mud. Some dry brakes and heath round the outside formed a general bed for nine children, their father and mother, and grandmother, and a wretched female about thirty years of age, who had all her life been an idiot, and whom they harboured in charity. On the same bed slept also two cur dogs, a cat, three kittens, and a pig. Some transverse poles in the thatched roof supported a few chickens, that came down to be fed with the family, and roosted over their heads. Before the door, the father of this family was

employed in making heather cables; a sort of rope made of twisted heath, which they use in thatching their huts, and as cables to their boats in fishing. The old matron within was boiling herrings' guts for oil; which served to supply their lamp, and to dispose of. The children were singing and carding wool, the rest slept, and their mother sat at the spinning wheel.

“On the morning of the 21st July, about nine o'clock, we left Tobermorey Bay, the wind full in our teeth, and after a whole day spent in tacking, were unable to make the harbour of Col, but lay all night rolling off the mouth of it. Soon after we left Tobermorey, passing the mouth of Loch Sunart, we observed on our right the castle of Mingary, an octagonal tower standing by the water's edge on the coast of Ardnamurchan. The view which opens after leaving the sound of Mull, is both extensive and interesting. It is such a scene as one would witness in the Ægean. The sea is every where spotted with Islands, which increase in number upon the eye as you approach Col, from the point of Ardnamurchan. We observed to the north, the islands of Muck, Egg, Rùm, Canna, and the hills of Sky appearing between them. Looking west, we saw Col spreading its black and desolate rock before us, with part of Tirey, less distinct and more distant. Turning our view to the south, the Treshannish isles, Staffa, Icolmkill, and the south-

western shores of Mull, seemed to extend in one line, though placed at such various distances, and so irregularly situated respecting each other. Approaching nearer to Col, we commanded a view of its whole extent; it seemed a ridge of low and naked rocks, without a single acre of cultivation, except one or two small patches of potatoes.

“Saturday morning, July 22.—Entered the harbour of Col, under the Laird’s house. Landed, and proceeded to the top of Ben Fiol, to take a view of the whole island. There is very little appearance of cultivation. The island is a ridge of low bleak rocks, chiefly quartz. While we were on Ben Fiol, they pointed out to me what they called a town, at the foot of the hill; I looked attentively, and saw several heaps of straw like a cluster of ant-hills. We descended immediately to examine this curious town. It was built much after the plan mentioned by Tacitus, which was practised by the ancient Germans, and consisted of about twenty extremely small huts, put together without order or form, not in streets, or straight rows, but standing in all directions, every one placing his hut according to his fancy. The huts of Col appeared to me the most curious things we had seen. There are several of these *towns* or villages in the island, looking much like the towns in the South Sea islands, as represented in Cook’s

Voyages. Any of these islanders will build his house in two days: 'tis only making a circle of stones, and covering the top with straw. It is not exaggeration, when I declare, a stranger might walk over the island, without even perceiving them. I could not help calling to mind the island of Lilliput, and the mode in which Gulliver extinguished the flames. It is inconceivable how a race of men, so healthy and so sturdy as these islanders, can be brought up in such huts as these. I crept into several of them, by a little aperture or perforation in one side, which serves for a door, and which barely admits a common-sized man stooping, without having recourse to all-fours. I found the inside of all of them without exception, entirely filled with smoke, which endeavoured but in vain to escape by means of the door, and through several accidental fissures in the roof. It was a sultry morning in July, notwithstanding which, in the midst of this suffocating cloud, half viewless, a group of nondescript beings, squatted on their haunches, were surrounding a peat fire, without any other apparent object in contemplation than the effect of such an atmosphere upon each other's visages.

“Returning to the vessel, we were accosted by Mrs. Maclean, wife of the Laird of Col, who kindly invited us as strangers to pass the day in her house. Her brother, hearing of our arrival, had gone in

search of us; but, as we took a different route in our return, we missed him. He soon came in, and apologized for not sending the boat off the last night, but seeing us not enter the harbour, it was concluded we did not mean to touch at the island. The proverbial hospitality of this worthy family has been rendered sufficiently public by the writings of Johnson and many others. They make a rule to send an invitation on board any vessel, the moment she enters the harbour, and keep a light burning in the upper part of their house all night, as a guide to boats which may wish to enter. I was happy to be in company with a brother of the young man, so much noticed by Johnson. Falling into conversation with him on the subject of cairns, he informed me, there was only one in the whole island, called *Cairn mich Re*, signifying the cairn, or tomb, of the king's son.

“ I thought this would be a very favourable opportunity for putting in practice a plan I had long had in agitation, of opening one of these cairns; and expressing a wish to that effect, Mr. Maclean informed me he had often thought of doing it himself, and if I pleased, we would set out for the spot immediately. Having provided a sufficient number of the islanders with spades, a pick-axe, &c. we proceeded about three miles across the island, to the spot mentioned by Mr. M. I found here a small cairn by the road side. It is situated near

the village of Grissipol, in the north part of the island. We soon fell to work, and made a rapid progress, endeavouring to perforate the cairn, by opening a channel from east to west. While we were thus employed, a venerable figure, with hairs as white as snow, came slowly up to the cairn, shaking his head, and muttering something in Gaelic, which I did not understand. Mr. Maclean interpreting for me, told me he said 'it was unlucky to disturb the bones of the dead!' As soon as he heard the voice of his young Laird, he seized his hand, and kissing it, eagerly poured forth blessings upon every member of the house of Col. Mr. M. informed me that his age already exceeded a hundred years, and he still continued to work, with the perfect use of all his limbs and faculties. He begged hard for some snuff, and as soon as he obtained it, began to sing a Gaelic song. It was an historical ballad, relating the death of one of the ancestors of the Maclean family, who had been drowned, and concluded with an account of his exploits, his courage, and an eulogium upon his character and benevolence, foretelling the future honours of his race.

"I am sorry to add, our labours at the cairn were not productive of much information. We discovered nothing; but in casting out the stones, I found several of that description of stones which are venerated in Mull for their imaginary virtues:

also several specimens of beautiful black Mica. Mr. M. said, and I believe with truth, that cairns were not erected merely where a person was interred, but often to commemorate the spot on which he died; and also at all the places where his body rested, from the place of his death to the place of his interment. The old man informed us, he remembered the time when at any common funeral in Col, if the body was carried by that cairn, every one of the attendants cast a stone upon it. It is an expression of friendship and affection, at this hour, among the islanders, to say, 'I will cast a stone upon your cairn!'

"Finding our labour ineffectual, we left our work, and returned to Mr. M.'s house. In our road, I saw several upright stones, particularly two, called the whispering stones,* which they call the giant's grave, and also evident traces of ancient cairns; all of which, though hardly noticed by or known to the natives, bear strong marks of monumental labour. On the top of Ben Haugh, is a large stone, placed on four others, resembling what is called a cromlech in Wales. Upon the sea shore at the southern point of the island, is a remarkable vein of the purest lead ore, which runs

* "So called from a silly trick, practised by the natives, of placing a person behind one of the stones, pretending he may hear what is whispered at the other, and having thus stationed him, he is left a dupe to his own credulity."

into the rock. It is very extraordinary no person has undertaken to work it. I saw specimens of it at Mr. M.'s, and was informed blocks of the ore, amounting to twenty or thirty pounds in weight, had been frequently taken from them by mere curiosity.

“The whole island of Col does not, as is erroneously supposed, belong entirely to its Laird. The Duke of Argyle has a farm at each extremity of it. These farms were originally church property; and, the Argyle family at the Reformation obtaining a grant of all the church property in Argyleshire, this part of it came into their possession. Geographers have frequently erred in marking a bay, which they call Loch Chaad, near the south point of Col. There is no such bay whatever.

“The neighbouring island, Tirey, is separated from Col by a small sound, about three miles and a half across, at the west end of which lies the small island of Cunna, fertile, but uninhabited, belonging to the Duke of Argyle. The island of Tirey is not so much intersected by rocks as that of Col. It contains more arable pastures; but what crops there are in Col, are esteemed superior to those of Tirey. The cattle of Tirey are of little or no estimation, from this remarkable circumstance; they have no heath on the island, and the cattle by feeding constantly on a fine luxuriant grass, immediately die when taken to the coarser food of

the neighbouring isles. For this reason, the cattle bear no price out of the island, and the inhabitants, unable to sell them, suffer from being blessed with too luxuriant a soil. The riches of Tirey consist in the vast quantities of fine kelp, which is manufactured there. It has also a marble quarry, which was opened at the instigation of the celebrated German naturalist, Mr. Raspe, who spent a great deal of time among the islands of the Hebrides; but being found to yield no blocks of sufficient size, the progress of working the quarry has been discontinued.

“There is also a beautiful plain in Tirey, perfectly flat, and covered with verdure, five miles long, and three or four in breadth. The soil is full of marine shells, and from the appearance of its natural embankment on either side of it, there can be no doubt that it was originally covered by the sea. There is a plain of the same nature, but much smaller, in Col, formed apparently in the same manner. The waves of the sea having forced up a bank of sand to a great height, across a narrow opening between two hills, have ultimately created a natural boundary to themselves, and left a dry plain on the other side of the bank thus raised. Ancient coins are frequently found in the island of Tirey. I am indebted to Mr. Maclean’s family for two of them.

“I cannot take my leave of Col, without ex-

pressing a sense of the obligation I shall ever feel for the liberal hospitality experienced in the mansion of its Laird. We were utter strangers to the family, and entered their house as wanderers, without any recommendation, and were received not only with a hospitable welcome, but treated with a degree of magnificence during our stay upon the island, which might have done honour to the noblest houses in Great Britain. To heighten our satisfaction, Mr. M. himself, with the same zeal which his amiable but unfortunate brother* shewed to Dr. Johnson and Mr. Boswell, offered to accompany us for the remainder of our voyage; and from his general acquaintance with the principal families of all the islands in the Hebrides, we derived a passport to every thing worthy of notice among them.

“ On the morning of the 23d we left the harbour of Col. Contrary winds, and much rain; in six hours’ time, at one o’clock, cast anchor in the sound of Icolmkill. In our passage the view we obtained of the Treshannish isles and of Staffa was very fine. As we cast anchor, the numerous and extensive ruins of the cathedral, the monastery, and the

* He was drowned, a few months after Dr. Johnson’s departure, off the rocks of Col; owing to a sudden squall of wind, which, in the midst of a total calm, overset the boat in which he was returning to the island. This happened between Ulva and Inch Kenneth. See Johnson’s Tour, p. 339.

tombs of Icolmkill, attracted all our notice. Being extremely impatient to land, the long boat was ordered out, and we hastened to set our feet on an island, rendered illustrious not only an account of its ancient celebrity, but in having called forth from the pen of Johnson, the most beautiful specimen of English composition that can be found either among his writings, or in the language it adorns.

“As we approached the shore, such a degree of sympathy prevailed among us, that every one of our party had it uppermost in his mind, and the moment we landed, no less than three of us broke forth in the following words:—‘We were now treading that illustrious island, which was once the luminary of the Caledonian regions, whence savage clans and roving barbarians derived the benefits of knowledge and the blessings of religion. To abstract the mind from all local emotion would be impossible if it were endeavoured, and would be foolish if it were possible. Whatever withdraws us from the power of our senses; whatever makes the past, the distant, or the future, predominate over the present, advances us in the dignity of thinking beings. Far from me and from my friends be such frigid philosophy as may conduct us, indifferent and unmoved, over any ground which has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, and virtue. That man is little to be envied, whose patriotism

would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon, or whose piety would not grow warmer among the ruins of Iona.*

“However fervently we might have been impressed with the enthusiasm thus beautifully described, these emotions were speedily succeeded by feelings of a very opposite character. We found ourselves surrounded by a crowd of the most importunate and disgusting objects I ever beheld. Bedlam, disgorged of all its inhabitants, could hardly have presented a more dismaying spectacle. Close and directly opposite to me, a miserable idiot grinned horribly in my face; while on my right hand a raving lunatic, seizing my elbow, uttered in my ears a loud and fearful cry. Here a wretched cripple exposed his naked sores; there a blind and aged beggar besought pity on his infirmities. All the warm feelings excited by the ruins of Iona, or the retrospect of its former glory, were in one moment obliterated. It seemed the hospital of the Hebrides, a general infirmary, for the reception of every malady that could afflict human nature. This spectacle was rendered more remarkable by its singularity. The other islands we had seen were peopled by a sturdy race, among whom disease and sickness appeared seldom to find a victim. Age, or accidental calamity alone, con-

* “Johnson’s Tour to Hebrid. p. 346.”

ducted their natives to the grave; and even age became an object of admiration, preserving beneath its silver locks, the glow of health, and limbs unbent by the pressure of accumulated years. The Western Islands hitherto appeared the residence of health and vigour; the Highlanders were the sons of Hercules, and their damsels as the daughters of Hygeia. But here seemed to be a concentration in one general mass of every description of infirmity, disease, and wretchedness. A few trifling donations soon dispersed the major part of this melancholy assembly; all but the madman, whose afflicted mind no gratuity could gratify, no commiseration alleviate, and with whom no entreaty would avail. A tattered plaid but ill concealed the filth and nakedness of his body. Sometimes trampling down with his bare feet the weeds and nettles that obstructed our path, he imagined himself our cicerone, pointed out among the ruins the sepulchres of the kings of Scotland, or led me aside to whisper where the long-forgotten tomb of some ancient chieftain was secretly concealed. As he spoke in Gaelic, his incoherent rhapsodies were fortunately attended with little interruption to our researches. It was only by means of an interpreter, who officiously explained his observations, when, with more than usual eagerness, he endeavoured to attract my notice, that I became enabled to comprehend any thing he said. What

surprised me was, to find that at some moments, as if in a lucid interval, he repeated rationally the unreasonable traditions and superstitions of the place. A small stone coffin of red granite lay among the broad leaves of the Burdock,* at the west end of the cathedral. The poor lunatic had torn away the surrounding foliage, and insisted upon my noticing it. 'If you want a north wind,' said he, in a whisper, 'bring a virgin of eighteen, whose purity has never been suspected, and bid her wash this coffin.† Then, when the virgin works, you'll hear the north wind roar!'

"The curiosities of Icolmkill have been so copiously and so ably detailed by other writers, that it would be superfluous to repeat what has already been so accurately described.‡ I shall, therefore, only add to their accounts such remarks

* "The Burdock flourishes among the ruins of Icolmkill, with a profusion as singular as the size to which it grows: I measured one of the largest leaves, and found it to be two feet seven inches long, by three feet wide.

† "This traditionary superstition is implicitly believed among the natives of the island. When this remark of our mad antiquarian was explained to me in English, the rest of the inhabitants who were assembled round him, assured me that what he had said was strictly true. The same tale respecting this coffin, was repeated to the rest of our party, by others among them, who had no mental derangement to apologize for the weakness of their reason in this respect."

‡ "Vide Martin, Pennant, Johnson, &c."

as appear to have escaped their previous observation. The first impression which the sight of these ruins made upon my mind, was as to the grandeur of their superstructure, when compared, not only with the few public edifices which were known in Scotland at any former period, but even with those which now remain of modern origin. When it is doubted,* whether the kings of the neighbouring nations were or were not interred in this island, I can discover no rational argument for scepticism to set aside the validity of a tradition, long established and implicitly admitted from generation to generation by a people among whom the testimony of oral record is almost the only basis of history; how are we otherwise to account for such magnificent edifices erected on a spot destitute of all local resources, and which could only derive its original importance from some intercourse with distant opulence and exotic power, arising from the superstitious veneration which the nations of the north entertained for an insignificant and otherwise obscure island in the Western Ocean. The tombs of Iona, at this hour, discover traces of expense and labour equal to any formerly bestowed on the mansions of her neighbouring chieftains, or the proudest palaces of Caledonian kings. How relative are the ideas of human

* "Johnson, 352, 353."

grandeur. The primeval inhabitants of the north, who contemplated as the noblest effort of human labour, a pile of stones heaped over the body of a departed warrior, would have regarded as supernatural the pyramids of Egypt; while the Roman who had beheld the mausoleum of Adrian on the banks of the Tiber, could hardly believe he walked among the tombs of Norwegian monarchs, in the sepulchres of Iona. It is by comparing the works of past ages with the manners, the power, and the resources, peculiar to the nations who erected them, that we can arrive at any accurate determination respecting the purposes for which they were constructed; and he who disputes the authenticity of Scottish tradition, respecting the ruins of Icolmkill, should first endeavour to ascertain whether any other purpose can be found to which they were appropriated. Let him contemplate the huts of the Highlanders, the castles of their chieftains, the palaces, if such they might be called, of their ancient sovereigns, and he will then admire the magnificence of the reputed cemetery of their princes. He must not expect to find the tomb of Cecilia Metella, over the ashes of a Caledonian princess; or even the pyramid of Caius Cestius, over the most potent sovereign of the north.

“The subjects on some of the bas-reliefs have all the simplicity of design and rudeness of sculpture,

which characterized the earliest ages of Greece. Sometimes they represent a warrior on horseback, followed by dogs and an attendant on foot with a spear, as if engaged in hunting. Similar things were delineated on the most ancient of what are termed Etruscan vases, found in the sepulchres of Magna Græcia. On the frieze of one of the pillars belonging to the cathedral, we saw the portraits of Adam and Eve, calculated to vie with any of the monsters of Egyptian mythology.

“The subjects carved on the tomb-stones were as numerous as their forms and dimensions. On one of them we found the decapitation of John the Baptist, with Salome holding an ewer to receive the head. On others, sometimes only a long sword, like that at Col, and the sword of Wallace at Dunbarton. It is probable, that a chieftain who was renowned for wielding weapons of unusual size, might have his favourite sword represented on his tomb after death.

“We crossed to the side of the island to see the bay of St. Columba. There was great beauty and variety in the pebbles on the beach. We visited the marble quarries opened and occasionally worked by the Duke of Argyle. The marble is very soft. This part of the island appears fertile: we observed plenty of black cattle and sheep. Returned by the village of Icolmkill to the French-Port, so called, because when the islanders once

apprehended a French invasion, and had stationed sentinels in all parts, the alarm was first given from this bay. I could not find that the French had ever really landed in that bay. It is in the north-east side of the island. Close to the bay, where our men went for fresh water, is a remarkable block of hard red granite, of the kind which is generally called Egyptian granite at Rome. It lies upon a stratum of slate rock, with which it has no kind of connexion. One end of it rests upon a point of the rock, the other is supported by a smaller block of the same kind, so artfully placed under it, that one would swear it was done by hand. It is surely impossible that the sea could cast up such an enormous mass, and place it so artificially; and it appears equally incomprehensible how it could be brought there by human labour. I measured it, and found it to contain 144 cubic feet, which allowing twelve feet of granite to a ton, makes the block weigh twelve tons.

“ I forgot to add, in returning from the quarry we passed the Bay of Martyrs. Whenever the natives dig in or near this bay, they find human bones two feet below the surface. Six years ago the Marquis of Bute, to ascertain the truth of this, ordered search to be made, and at two feet the bones were found in abundance. There is no account whatever of these bones on record, nor have the natives any tradition relating to them.

“ Leaving Icolmkill, we passed Loch Scriban, and arrived at Staffa, of all worldly wonders the most wonderful. I will allow a stranger to this island to raise his expectations concerning it to the highest possible pitch, and will venture to foretel that the sight of it shall surpass them all. It is entirely a stack of pillars, like the rock of Ailsa, or the island of Canna. Several writers talk of the incumbent strata above the pillars: I believe this is only a decomposition of part of the pillars themselves. When I ascended to the top, I found the pillars in many places breaking through the surface, and visible all over its top in different parts. The cause which has also been given for the curved appearance of some of them is certainly erroneous. When I come to treat of Canna, I shall shew that bending pillars are found in abundance, without any superincumbent weight to give them that form. Sometimes their sides lie horizontally to the earth, with their two extremities turned upwards. But surely it is absurd to suppose they took this form in cooling from the weight of the stratum above them. What stratum could be above them, when the matter itself was in fusion? If the stratum above the pillars of Staffa has accumulated there, it must have been after their original formation. The Giant’s Causeway is but a wart to Staffa. Size of the largest stones, two feet seven inches long, three feet two inches wide,

and from ten to fourteen inches thick ; some much thicker : three fathoms water in the mouth of the cave.

“ We entered the beautiful harbour formed by Canna and the Sandy isle ; the surface of the water was unruffled as a small lake ; sheltered on every side, by the surrounding shores of Canna, Sandy, and the more distant but high lands of Rum and Sky. We observed extensive strata of basaltic pillars, rising one above the other, and visible over all the sides of Canna, and on the Sandy isle.

“ On the morning after our arrival, July 26th, we took the long boat, left the harbour, and approached Rum. The approach is bold, with high precipitate cliffs, almost perpendicular, and yet covered with a green verdure, on whose fearful crags sheep were seen feeding. Behind these beautiful shores, the mountain of Oreval presents a semicircular, steep, craggy, and barren top, much like the summits of Ben Orrse, in Arran, offering to the view something very like the interior section of an inverted cone. At the bottom of this broken and irregular bason, a glen reaching to the sea, offered us a landing place. A few huts, with a small boat or two, drawn up upon the beach, constitute what the natives term one of their villages. The coast here is perforated and cavernous, like the shores of Sorrento in the bay of Naples.

“ We landed near a farm, called Guidhl, or Gewdale, or as it is in Mackenzie’s chart, Guaridil, and immediately several of the islanders came to welcome Mr. Maclean, the brother of their Laird. We accompanied him into the cottage of one of his brother’s tenants, where we were regaled with new milk, oat-cakes, and Lisbon wine. I was surprised to find wine of that species, and of a superior quality in such a hut, but they told us it was part of the freight of some unfortunate vessel wrecked near the island, whose cargo came on shore.

“ Two of the sons belonging to the old owners of the cottage afterward conducted us by a narrow path, along the north side of the island, over a frightful precipice, but in some measure divested of its terrors by the extraordinary verdure which covered its almost perpendicular crags, to a place called Scoar Mor, where a block of rock crystal of a ton weight lay, which fell about six years ago from the high mountain above the shore down upon the beach.

“ As soon as we had descended among the rocks and loose stones near the sea, I found them to my very great pleasure and surprise, composed in great measure of the most beautiful fossils I ever saw. In a few minutes we walked over a sufficient quantity to supply half the museums in Europe. Our party were instantly employed in

loading our handkerchiefs, hats, and pockets, with as great a load as we could carry, of agates, jasper, zeolites, crystals, spar, lava, and all kinds of Scotch pebbles.* We found immense fragments of a beautiful dark green stone, which the lapidaries of Edinburgh term green jasper, and estimate at a very high price. Some of it was marked with bright red spots, others with white; and in some we observed broad stripes of blue, red, or yellow.

“ At length we came to the block of rock crystal, as the natives termed it. It is not a single piece of crystal, but a mass, in the various cavities of which, groups of the purest pyramidical diagonal crystals had found a matrix, like the Bristol stone, and of the same size as those usually are, only much harder, having sprung from a harder source. Hitherto it remained in all its beauty; no travellers having diminished from its splendour by injuring the points of the crystals, or breaking any part of it to carry away; and we left it as we found it, that those who should come after might enjoy a sight of so curious a production of nature. I climbed from the beach to the mountains above it; but found it impossible to discover from whence the block had detached itself. One discovery, however, paid me for my pains. I found several

* A full account of the variety of beautiful minerals, which are found in the isle of Rum, is given by Dr. Macculloch. See *Description of Western Isles*, vol. i. p. 497, &c.

of the fossils we had met with upon the beach, in particular the zeolites and common Scotch pebbles, lying in their natural matrices, which proves that they are found originally in the island of Rum, and not cast on shore by the sea, as we had hitherto supposed. I had suspected this a little before, as the specimens were of the first magnitude, and infinitely more beautiful than any we had seen in the other islands. From this it is easy to account for those at Icolmkill and Mull, which are found only in small quantities on the shore, and at spring tide after a turbulent sea, and which of course are carried thither from Rum, as no other island immediately in their neighbourhood produces any thing of the same nature. They are also always worn by the friction they meet with in their passage, and do not preserve their natural shape as at Rum.

“Having completed our collection to the utmost that we could bear away, Mr. Maclean desired the guide to conduct us to a stupendous natural arch round a point of the precipice over which we had passed. Never did any of Nature’s works impress me with higher admiration. I may venture to recommend a visit to this arch, to all travellers, as one of the most remarkable things they will meet with in the Hebrides. It is a fine subject for a painter. I know not how to describe it. It is such a scene as Salvator Rosa would have imagined

in a moment of inspiration. Mortimer, in disposing his numerous banditti, would have here a scene capable of giving an awful dignity to the wildest flights of his genius. It is a mass or mountain of rock, cast into an enormous arch of the most perfect symmetry and happiest proportion in all its parts, through which is seen an overhanging precipice, with the sea and distant shore.

“ Returning to Guaridil, we found the old man, who received us at landing, waiting, with his bonnet in his hand, to request that we would honour his cottage with a short visit. Mr. M. conducted us in, when we were agreeably surprised to find a clean but homely cloth spread upon a board between two beds, which served us for chairs, upon which was placed a collation of cream, eggs, new-milk, cheese, oat-cakes, and several bottles of the fine old Lisbon wine we had before so much relished. Here we entered into conversation upon the manners and customs of the Hebrides. I expressed an expectation, that some future day, however remote from the period of my own life, would find the natives of the western islands a great and powerful people, flourishing more in the arts of peace than during the most glorious annals of their warlike ages, when the clans lived at perpetual enmity with each other, and every Highlander considered the instrument of death as a necessary portion of his dress, and his

protection during the suspicious moments of a doubtful and short repose ; that foreign commerce would succeed domestic broils, and the scythe, the plough-share, the loom, and the fishing-net, succeed to the dirk, the lochaber-axe, the claymore,* and the target.

“ ‘ That period would not be so remote as perhaps you imagine,’ said Mr. Maclean, ‘ if there were less truth in the axiom admitted by Dr. Johnson, *that good cannot be complete, it can only be predominant.*† A slight alteration in the excise laws, respecting the article of salt, would produce a very rapid change in favour of the Highlanders. For want of this necessary article, some hundreds of them, during the present year, will be compelled to manure their lands with the fish they have taken ; if they were permitted to manufacture it themselves, all Europe might be supplied from these islands, with the fish they would be enabled to cure. But, as the law now stands, the natives are constantly in perplexity and distress. If salt is to be had, the regulations respecting it are so complicated, that none of them understand them ; by which means they are continually involving themselves in law-suits and difficulties. Add to

* “ The claymore was a large two-handed sword, many of which are still preserved by the chieftains, of an enormous size.”

† Tour to Heb. p. 208.

this, the great distance to which they are obliged to go, in order to procure the salt; the expense attending which, together with the trouble, and the danger of trusting their crazy boats to the uncertainty of the seas, discourages them from attempting to cure their fish, and checks the progress of industry. The nearest custom-house to the island of Rum is Tobermorey. When they arrive there, they are under the necessity of entering into a bond with regard to the salt they purchase, and make oath, under heavy penalties, that every grain of salt they take home, is to be altogether and entirely appropriated to the curing of fish. When the operation of curing the fish is completed, if a single gallon of the salt remains, they must make another voyage to the custom-house, with the salt and the fish they have cured; display both before the officers of the customs, and take up their bond. But if any part of the salt thus purchased is found afterward in their houses, they become immediately subject to penalties, sufficiently burdensome to ruin them entirely, or effectually to put a stop to their future industry. If the year prove unfavourable, and a scarcity of salt prevail, as is the case at present, they are not only deprived of the means of pursuing their fishing to advantage, but even deprived of sustenance for their families during the winter; although Providence has blessed their shores with every neces-

sary, even to abundance, and the power of preserving the plenty thus bestowed is constantly within their view.'

" Our repast being ended, I mentioned my intention of climbing to the heights of Oreval, the mountain which encircled us on all sides, to ascertain the productions and composition of the mountain itself, as well as to determine whether the other hills of Rum, which lay behind on the south-eastern side of it, were distinguished by appearances equally remarkable. Mr. Maclean, and the two young Highlanders, sons of his brother's tenant beforementioned, accompanied me. It was towards evening, and the beautiful effect of the setting sun, in an atmosphere at that time perfectly clear, gave us an opportunity of seeing all the surrounding scenery to great advantage.

" We soon found ourselves in the centre of the crater of Oreval. That it had once been a volcano of very considerable importance was beyond a doubt. Whether its influence, in the era of its terrors, was characterized by creation or destruction, I leave to the determination of others. The bottom of the crater, like that of most extinct volcanoes, was occupied by a pool of water, surrounded by a morass. All the interior parts of the crater itself, that is to say, its sides diverging towards the pool, were destitute of any sort of vegetation, and consisted of loose, incoherent mat-

ter, which lay in strata one over the other, and occasionally, being detached by rain, had fallen towards the bottom.

“ Near the bottom of this crater, Mr. Maclean shewed me the remains of the snare used for taking the red deer, at a time when they were exceedingly numerous upon this island. About ten years ago, they became perfectly extinct in Rum. The natives themselves destroyed several of them; but the principal cause of their extirpation must be attributed to the eagles, who devoured not only the young, but the old ones themselves. One would think it incredible, that an eagle should venture to attack so large an animal as the stag of the great red deer. The mode in which the natives account for it is, that the eagles plunged upon the head of the intended prey, and fastened between his horns. This drove the stag to madness, and he would speedily rush headlong down a precipice; when the eagle disengaging himself during the fall, would return at leisure to mangle the carcase of the expiring victim.

“ The mode in which these snares were constructed is this; a wall or rampart of stones was erected along the side of the mountain, flanking a considerable part of it near its basis; at either extremity of which a pit was formed, concealed by a circumference of the same stones which formed

the rampart. In this pit the hunter stationed himself with his gun. A number of people were then employed to alarm the deer, who instantly taking to the mountain, and meeting with the wall, ran along the side of it till they came to the pit, in which the sentinels were posted, who easily selected one of them as they passed, and levelled him with his musket.

“ Mr. M. remaining in the crater with his gun to seek for game among the heath and morass, I continued my journey towards the summit. In my way up, among the loose stones near the top, those beautiful birds the ptarmigans came so near me, and appeared so little alarmed at my intrusion, that I nearly took one of them with my hands. It appeared of a fine glossy dark colour, almost black, with a beautiful ring of the purest white round its neck. They change their colour with every season of the year; and are seen alternately brown, grey, and white. Its most usual appearance is that of a dusky brown, like moor fowls; as the autumn draws to a close it becomes grey, and in the winter it is perfectly white. It never appears in the lower region, but almost always inhabits the tops of the high mountains, living in the cavities of loose stones or rocks, preferring always a situation the most solitary and desolate, and destitute of verdure.

“The boundless horizon opened before me as I approached the summit.* Looking over Sandy and Canna, to the north-west, I beheld a vast range of islands, extending upon the smooth expanse of the ocean, which at this moment appeared perfectly calm, and like a prodigious plate of glass, infinite in its dimensions. Upon this polished surface, I beheld, at one view, the whole islands of Canna, Sandy, Sky, with the more distant shores of Bernera, Mingalla, Pabba, Sandera, Waterra, Barra, Hellesay, Giga, Iriskay, South Uist, Benbecula, North Uist, and I believe Harris; but the high lands of Sky intercepting the prospect to the north, and entirely concealing the Lewis, might possibly interrupt the view of Harris land; although, from the information I afterward received, as well as from my own observations, I think the Sound of Harris, with the south part of Lewis, in the neighbourhood of Loch Lodwal, and Finnis Bay, is visible from the summit of Oreval. Turning towards the south, I next beheld the islands of Col and Tirey, the Point of Ardnamurchan, the Isle of Mull, the Treshannish Isles with the Dutchman’s Cap, Staffa, and Icolmkill, beyond which, the tract of ocean spread without an inter-

* The height of Oreval is estimated by Macculloch at 1798 feet. A mountain on the eastern side of the island, called Ben More, is computed by him to be 500 feet higher.

vening object, till it seemed to melt in air, and mingle with the clouds.

“ A remarkable appearance peculiar to prospects from such exalted eminences, was at this time singularly beautiful. Beyond Canna and the Sandy Isles, a bright range of clouds extended like a wall across the sea, over which appeared the westernmost range of the Hebrides; so that Barra, and the Uist islands, with Benbecula, appeared above the clouds. I remember once being with a party of English ladies upon Mount Vesuvius, when the Isle of Caprea was displayed in the same manner, and one of our party, who probably had never witnessed a spectacle of the same nature, and was not remarkable for the brightness of her observations upon more trivial occasions, was so struck with its singularity, that she exclaimed, ‘ Look! for God’s sake, look! there’s an island in heaven!’

“ While I was thus employed upon the broad and bleak top of this mountain, which consists entirely of loose fragments of stone, destitute of any other verdure than a few patches of moss, I heard behind me a low, plaintive, and repeated whistle, which, upon looking round, I perceived to originate in a flight of plovers, which had settled close to me among the stones. They were so tame as to admit of my approaching almost near enough to put my hat over one of them, who

taking the alarm, the whole body were again in motion, and flying down the mountain, were soon intercepted by Mr. Maclean, the report of whose gun I heard at intervals afterward, during the time I remained there. As soon as I descended from the heights, our guide conducted me to a remarkable spring, which gushed from a natural basin, near the foot of the mountain, throwing out a quantity of the clearest water, almost equally copious to that of Holywell, in North Wales. It soon found a passage to the sea, much augmented by various tributary streams, which it met with in its progress.

“This island has been hitherto little visited, and is therefore little known. Travellers who have been there, generally approach by Loch Seresort to Kinloch, by which means they lose an opportunity of seeing the most western side of the island, by far the most interesting, and offering a treasure to the notice of the naturalist, which I trust will in future be less neglected. In vain may travellers expect to derive any information respecting Hebridean curiosities from the natives. They ought to be well acquainted with the proper objects of inquiry before they visit any place. The inhabitants constantly accustomed to the sight of objects which are novelties to strangers, are as ignorant of any thing in them worth a traveller's attention, as they are of the real nature of the

objects themselves. Hitherto these objects have been little known, and therefore could not be pointed out; but every day they are brought more and more to light, which gives me reason to suppose the island of Rum will one day be considered, if not the most remarkable of the Hebrides, at least a very important field of inquiry.

“The Solan geese hovered round the boat at our return, raising themselves to a great height in the air, and then plunging into the sea. What is remarkable, we observed that they always rise out of the water with a spring, which shews that they form a curve in diving, as they dash in with great violence, causing the sea to rise in a foam as they enter, and then spring out again.

“The next morning I dedicated my attention entirely to Canna. Mr. M. introduced me to a Mr. Macneil, who resides there, and who conducted me during this and the following morning over the island. The basaltic pillars, of which the greatest part of Canna is composed, rise in ranges one above the other. I measured the height of the columns in the lower range, and found them to be twenty-two feet above the surface of the earth; but it is impossible to ascertain how deep they may extend below the surface. There were others in the groups above, still higher, but they were not so easy to be measured. These pillars exactly resemble those of Staffa and the Giant’s Causeway.

There is no other difference, than that their sides and angles have suffered more from exposure to the air, and are not so nicely determined; but the intersections of the pillars, and the form of them, are precisely the same. The Hysheer rock, about ten miles from this place, is composed of a group of basaltic pillars rising out of the sea, in which the angular appearance is more nicely determined. The pillars there are also smaller than those of Canna. The stones which compose the columns are mostly pentagons. I measured the diameter of the largest stone I could find, and it was three feet in every direction; in thickness thirteen inches.

“ Mr. Macneil next conducted me to the castle on the side. We entered the old gateway. The original ascent to the interior part, after passing the gateway, was by natural steps of natural basaltic pillars, lying obliquely, over which the arched passage of the ancient porch was built. This castle was formerly used as a prison for the wife of Macdonald, of Clanranald, to secure her from the addresses of Macneil, an ancient laird of Barra. The lady, however, found means to effect her escape and join her lover; for one night, having sewed together her blankets, she let herself down and fled.

“ The castle has been built on the summit of a small promontory, formed by a lofty range of basaltic columns. I went round to the north-

western side of it, and beheld pillars inclining in all directions; some standing vertically, others bending like the curved columns of Staffa; but with still greater variety. Some lay horizontally; others again were placed with their sides parallel to the earth, but their two extremities raised.

“The contemplation of these pillars, at once determined the absurdity of attributing the bending pillars of Staffa to the weight of the incumbent earth. We found at Canna the straightest columns, where there was the greatest pressure of superincumbent matter; and curves of all forms and inclinations, in pillars that appeared to have supported no weight whatever. The most remarkable appearance of this kind is below the castle. The pillars here diverged in radii from a common centre, but instead of meeting at one point, they surrounded an orb of horizontal pillars; offering thus altogether a rude representation of the sun, with his beams of glory darting in every direction.

“Crossing the sand at low water, from this castle to a small island near it, we were shewn the trunk of a large tree, with some of its branches, lying thirty feet below the surface. It was discovered about six years ago by the accidental falling of a part of the cliff; it is reduced to perfect charcoal, and burns freely when put to the fire. Canna, at this time, is destitute even of a gooseberry-bush. What revolutions must have taken

place, since trees of such magnitude flourished there? By removing some of the surrounding matter, I discovered the traces of another piece of timber farther in the cliff. Probably a forest may have been overwhelmed; for if we may judge by the magnitude of the tree lying there, these islands were once in a very different state. I do not believe there is a piece of timber, half the size of what we saw buried, in all the Western Islands.

“My next journey was to the Magnetic Mountain, or as the sailors call it Compass-hill. Our ascent to it was over a beautiful pasture of clover and fine grass, growing naturally on the island, and never requiring the aid of manure. I reached the summit of this mountain, with the compass from our vessel in my hand, walking slowly, in order to note the alteration. My approach was on the north side. As I came near the summit, I observed the needle beginning to veer towards the west. Immediately I placed the compass on the ground, and almost as rapidly it stood six points from the north, or west-north-west.* Within these

* This disturbance of the magnetic needle occurs in all basaltic countries. Dr. Macculloch, speaking of the Compass-hill, says,

“This circumstance is equally remarkable in most of the basaltic countries which I have examined; nor is it here peculiar to the Compass-hill, since it also occurs in many other parts of

few years, a rock, having the same remarkable property of altering the direction of the compass, was discovered at the north-west side of the harbour of Canna. The discovery was made by some sailors passing round it in a boat, with a magnetic needle, which they intended to have taken up the hill. Stopping opposite this rock, by accident, one of them observed the needle pointing directly towards the south. We made an experiment with the same success. I tried several experiments with stones from the hill, and fragments of the rock in the harbour below, but never could find any of them that would effect the slightest change in the direction of the compass.

“The inhabitants of Canna, like those of the neighbouring islands, are chiefly occupied in the manufacture of kelp. Cattle and kelp constitute, in fact, the chief objects of commerce in the Hebrides. The first toast usually given on all festive occasions is—‘a high price to kelp and cattle.’ In this, every islander is interested, and it is always drunk with evident symptoms of sincerity. The discovery of manufacturing kelp has effected a great change among the people; whether

the island. The influence is occasionally limited to a space of three or four feet, but is also sometimes extended to distances much more considerable, so as to produce a decided effect on the variation of the needle.” Macculloch, v. i, p. 460.—E.

for their advantage or not, is a question not yet decided. I was informed in Canna, that if kelp keeps its present price, Mr. Macdonald, of Clanranald, will make 6000*l.* sterling by his kelp, and Lord Macdonald no less a sum than 10,000*l.*

“ But the neglect of tillage, which is universally experienced since this discovery was made, is already sensibly felt; and promises to overbalance the good which is derived from it. The lands lie neglected, and without manure: and if naked rocks are to succeed corn fields, and the labourers desert the pursuits of husbandry to gather sea-weed, the profits arising from kelp to individuals, will ill repay the loss occasioned to the community at large, by the defect of those necessities they are accustomed to derive from their lands.

“ The best kelp is usually supposed to be that which is manufactured in the island of Barra. Mr. Macneil, the laird of that island, informed me he got last year twelve guineas a ton for his kelp. The rainy season has this year damaged vast quantities of that which he is preparing, notwithstanding which, as far as I could learn, he will be enabled to send 300 tons to the Liverpool markets. The great scarcity of barilla, arising from the war with Spain, has considerably augmented the speculations of all the Western islanders, with regard to their kelp, which is expected to bear a very high price.

“The manufacture of kelp is conducted by the following process:—

“The sea-weed is first collected and dried. The usual mode is to cut a portion of kelp annually from the rocks, taking it from the same place only once in three years. After the kelp has been dried, it is placed in a kiln prepared for the purpose, of stones loosely piled together, and burned. After it is consumed, and the fire is to be extinguished, a long pole pointed with iron is plunged into it, and it is stirred about; the result of the burning being, by this time, a thick glutinous liquid, which runs from the kelp in burning. As soon as this liquid cools, it hardens, and the operation is at an end. It is then shipped off to market. The usual expense of manufacturing kelp, is about two guineas a ton for the labour; if it is sold on the shore, which is generally the case, and estimating the kelp only at eight guineas a ton, the proprietor clears six.

“The harbour of Canna is the most beautiful in all the Hebrides. It is small, but safe and commodious; and the scenery around it is not surpassed by any thing of the same nature in Europe, the bay of Naples only excepted.

“We sailed from Canna on the 27th of July, and at daylight next morning, found ourselves in a thick fog, so carried by the tide out of our course, that no man on board could discover where we

were; although we lay close to the land. Mr. Maclean, at last, discovered Ribbeter castle,* at the entrance to the sound of Barra, by which means we discovered ourselves to be close under the land of South Uist. We made directly for Barra, and entering the sound towards evening were landed at Kilbar, and conducted by Mr. Maclean to the Laird's house. Mr. Macneil, who, by way of eminence, is distinguished over the Hebrides by the appellation of the Great Macneil of Barra, came out to meet us. I found him with his family, at this period of the year, burning large fires in all their rooms; so perfectly unlike summer was the appearance of the climate. We were received with that hearty welcome and hospitality so peculiar to the Western Isles. Beds were prepared for our reception, and every attention shewn that could possibly mark the native characteristic of our host. The family were just preparing to dine, and we sat down to as magnificent a repast, as could be furnished in the first British houses, with all the preparation and ceremonial arrangement necessary for expected guests.

“Trifling circumstances are sometimes striking indications of national varieties. I was a good

* “The Weaver's Castle. It is not known why it was so called. Some think from a weaver who had been imprisoned there.”

deal struck with seeing raw carrots handed about in an elegant bowl of sallad, and a beautiful woman taking a very large one out with her delicate fingers, and gnawing it, as an article of luxury. Pears were also brought to eat with cheese; a mode of diet perhaps common to many, but it was perfectly new to me. When we retired from table to join the ladies in the drawing-room, we found the younger branches of the family without shoes or stockings, and a tall boy, nine years of age, very smartly dressed, who did the honours of his mother's table bare-footed. Such is the mode in which the Scottish children are brought up, and inured to all the changes of heat and cold. They run about in the open air, as soon as they walk, with bare feet, in the wet, or upon cold pavements of stone, without any hats, or covering for their heads: and the consequence is they are all healthy, strong, and well shaped. How absurd is the custom in England of wrapping up a child, as if the slightest breath of air, would endanger its life. After all our care, we shall never produce such a number of handsome women as Scotland, nor sons so sturdy as the Western Islands.

“ In addressing Mr. Macneil, or any of the Highland lairds, it is not polite to call him by his surname, or to add the appellation of Mr., but to call him by the name of the Island or place at which he resides. I observed that every body in

company with the Laird of Barra, even his servants who spoke to him, said simply Barra, without any other addition. A singular custom is related of Barra's ancestors. It was usual in remoter periods, when the family had dined, for a herald to sound a horn from the tower of the castle, and make the following proclamation, in the Gaelic language, 'Hear, O ye people! and listen, O ye nations! The great Macneil, of Barra, having finished his dinner, all the Princes of the Earth have liberty to dine!'

"The present Laird has travelled over various parts of Europe; is a man of very polished manners, easy in his address, affable in his behaviour, benevolent to his tenants, and popular among the neighbouring clans. Having spent the early part of his life at a distance from the residence of his ancestors; he has now married, and lives upon his paternal estate, devoting his time to the cultivation of his lands, the improvement of his estate, and the care of his family and his tenants. The morning after our arrival, he conducted me to different parts of the island."

"I was sleeping in the house of the Laird of Barra, on the morning of the 30th of July, when Mr. Maclean entered my room hastily, and waked me, with the pleasing intelligence that Mr. Ritchy was on shore, and begged we would go on board without delay, as the wind was favourable for St.

Kilda, and the weather extremely fine. Our long concerted project was now likely to take place, after innumerable difficulties, some real and others imaginary, which had been artfully opposed to interrupt it. Not one of our crew ever saw St. Kilda, or had ever been near it.

“We lost no time in getting on board. The Laird of Barra, with two of his men, undertook to pilot us out of the sound, and he shortly after left us safe in the Atlantic ocean. We had not been above an hour at sea, before land was made from the topmast head, which proved to be the islands of St. Kilda and Borera, bearing due north from the sound of Barra. St. Kilda is erroneously laid down in Mackenzie’s charts. He states it to be north-north-west, and as we steered accordingly, we should have been carried much out of our course, if the weather had not proved remarkably clear. It is always deemed a forerunner of bad weather in Wales, when the eye is able to command very distant objects at sea; and so it proved, for soon after a thick fog surrounded us, attended by squalls and a very heavy rolling sea. Our bowsprit frequently struck with great violence into the waves, and we were apprehensive the main-mast would go by the board, as we had a very heavy boom, and our tackling was a little the worse for wear.

“About one o’clock, the men in the forecastle

descried the land of St. Kilda, through the mist, and our mate laid the vessel to. Morning came, without offering any hope of a favourable change. Nothing could equal our anxiety, to see the immense rocks of the island, rising above our topmast, within a quarter of a mile, and not to be able to land. So great was my eagerness to see the island, that I petitioned in vain for the boat, to make an endeavour to land, but the surf was alleged as offering an impassable barrier. I could willingly have cast myself into the sea, and swam on shore, if I thought the most distant hope remained of securing a landing after the experiment.

“The magnificence of the stupendous cliffs about the island astonished every one. Mountains of rocks lay one within the other, as if defending each other with a vast artificial wall. Sometimes they shot up perpendicular to a prodigious height; at others they lay in various fantastic forms, piled against each other.

“After some time the mist gradually dispersed round the lower part of the cliffs, and we observed something like a sound, leading through a narrow chasm in the cliff to that part of the island, where we supposed the bay of St. Kilda to be situated. Upon this, I petitioned Mr. Ritchy to order out the long boat, as we might at least venture to explore the sound. He accompanied us with six

stout rowers, and we entered the sound between two stupendous mountains, which appeared to have cracked asunder, and in whose sides wide caves opened their craggy mouths: while all within was dark and horrible, and no sound heard but the breaking of the sea, or the screaming of the sea fowl, who had there deposited their young.

“ Here Mr. Ritchy shot a fulmar, the first we had seen, which fell into the sea, and created a partial calm all around him, by the quantity of oil he ejected from his mouth. We now made an attempt to land, but in vain, upon a part of the cliff that sloped more gradually from the heights above, and from which I thought it might be possible to effect a passage to their summits, and from thence to the interior part of the island. Our veteran mate appeared here to be seized with a fit of determined resolution that surprised us all; for looking forward, and perceiving that the surf of the bay broke over the rocks into the sound, he called out ‘hurra!’ to the men, and bade them pull stoutly towards it. I was stationed in the prow, and desired to keep a look out for the rocks, which occasionally disclosed their angry visages among the breakers. The scene was formidable. The waters appeared to have no regular bed whatever, sometimes boiling on one side, they left the other bare with naked rock; at other times rising in front, as if determined to overwhelm us, they formed a

rampart of foam, which descending with a noise like the loudest thunder, lifted us suddenly to a height, that made the boldest tremble. The rocks seemed now to shut us in entirely; our boat was tossed like a feather among them; I could see no passage whatever to the bay, but the men giving repeated shouts to animate each other, with a violent struggle at last surmounted them all.

“ We now entered the bay of St. Kilda, formed by a small projection of its northern extremity, and a lofty insulated wall of enormous rocks, separated only from the island by the sound through which we passed. The reader will perhaps imagine what my emotions were, as I approached the shore, and beheld the little colony of St. Kilda, situated about a quarter of a mile above us. The sides of the high mountains, which on all sides surround it, slope gradually towards their smoking settlement as to a centre, and shelter it from all winds, except the south-east, which at that time blew violently into the mouth of the bay, and rendered it impossible for any vessel to enter, or remain there.

“ Our eagerness to land was now generally felt. As our boat drew nearer to the shore, we perceived the natives in great confusion, some running towards the hills, others on the tops of their huts, pointing with great earnestness towards the boat. We had stolen unperceived upon them from the sound; as the mist had concealed the approach

of the cutter, and she then lay behind the island. If she had sailed into the bay, not a man of them would have remained; for so great is their dread of strangers, that they betake themselves upon these occasions to the hills. We saw their two boats drawn up on the shore; and attempted to land at the same place, but were prevented by the surf. At this moment I rose in the boat, and waved my cap to invite them down; several of our crew did the same, and instantly they were all again in motion, running in a body to the shore. We asked by signs where to land, and they beckoned to a different part of the bay, where running our boat upon the rock, and casting out a rope, it was instantly hauled out of the water.

“ I shook hands with all of them, and began to distribute my little parcels of tobacco and snuff, when we were agreeably surprised to hear one of them, a good-looking young man, address me in broken English. He was pale, almost breathless with apprehension, asking repeatedly, ‘ Whence come ye?—what brought ye to our island?’ I explained that we were English and Scotch gentlemen, all friends to the St. Kildians, coming without any hostile intention merely to see their island. ‘ Oh, God bless you!’ said the young man, ‘ come! come along!—will you eat?—will you drink?—you shall have what you will of our island.’ Some of them, more advanced in years,

desired our young friend, in Gaelic, to ask how we knew the name of the island to be St. Kilda. I replied that books gave us this information. 'Books!' said the young man, 'what books? we have no books; is our island told in books?' I replied that Martin and Macaulay had described it. 'Oh, Macaulay! we know him very well—he came to see us.'

"As we proceeded towards the huts, I inquired how he learned English. 'Our minister taught me.' Have you then a minister? 'Oh, yes! Macleod is our minister; here he comes.' They all eagerly inquired, if it was peace or war. The minister, who was only distinguished from the other natives by wearing a hat, instead of a bonnet, or cap of wool, seemed full as much alarmed as the rest, and hastily inquired who we were, and whence from? Being informed, he told us a general panic had seized the people, who took us at first for French or Spaniards. And what induced them to expect either of those nations at St. Kilda? said I. 'Oh, it is a whim the steward puts into their heads, sir,' said he, 'to prevent them from going to the Long Island, as they might then enlist for soldiers, and he would lose his tenants; but he need not fear this, for they are too much attached to the island to leave it. But I was myself,' continued he, 'a little alarmed, thinking you might probably belong to some privateer.'

“Matters were now becoming a little more composed. The women gathered round us, with evident looks of distrust and terror. Mr. Macleod conducted me, at my request, into several of their huts, but they reproved him loudly in Gaelic, saying, as he informed me—‘You are shewing them where we sleep, that they may know where to find us in the night time; when they will come and kill us all!’ At this moment, one of our party indiscreetly fired a gun at one of the Solan geese, which hovered over their huts: instantly a universal scream broke forth from all the women; the men all surrounded their minister; and a general alarm once more prevailed, which was not easily dispelled. Not one of them would permit me to enter a hut afterward, till all the rest were gone off to the cutter.

“We all adjourned to the hut of the minister, which differed from the rest only in having two chairs, and a couple of bedsteads, and a bare earth floor, instead of a covering of peat ashes and heath. His wife and mother were introduced to us, who with himself and three small children, resided in that wretched abode. It is true he might be called king of the island in the absence of the tacksman, but his throne is the throne of wretchedness, and misery his court. His father preceded him in the office of minister to St. Kilda, which he held during sixteen years. The present minister

has been with them ten, and it is from his instructions that two or three of the inhabitants have derived a slight knowledge of English.

“We now settled our plans for the day. It was determined that I should remain on the island, and that the rest of the party would wait with the cutter as long as the weather would possibly admit. They all went off in the boat, and the natives gathered round me in a crowd, seeming highly delighted, that I remained among them alone, and with no other object than curiosity. I was now admitted freely into all their huts, and having distributed the remainder of my stock of tobacco, received a general welcome from them all, and an assurance that they would go with me where I pleased, and that I might take any thing I could carry from the island.

“The construction of their dwelling-houses differs from that of all the Western Islands. They consist of a pile of stones without cement, raised about three or four feet from the ground, forming a small oblong enclosure, over which is raised a covering of straw, bound together with transverse ropes of bent. It is difficult at first entering these huts, which will not admit a man without stooping, to discover any object within them, from the great quantity of smoke with which they are constantly filled. The natives are not anxious to be free from it, as it adds to the warmth of the

hut, and long custom has rendered so unpleasant an atmosphere habitual, if not requisite. They have no hole in the roof by which it may escape; but as it is impossible to bear the collected fumes of their peat fires, without getting rid of some of it, they make two small holes in the sides of their huts, opposite to each other, about seven inches in diameter, one of which is open and the other closed, as the wind happens to blow. The fire is of peat, and placed in the middle, over which is suspended the vessel, in which they make their fulmar broth, the prevailing and almost only diet they have, except the carcasses and eggs of Solan geese, and a few other birds, with sometimes fish; but the fulmar seemed the principal food when we were there. This will appear remarkable, when it is known that they have plenty of sheep and cows, and grain enough for them all upon the island, not a portion of which they are permitted to use. The ashes of their peat fires are carefully spread over the floor of their huts, mixed with a little water, and covered with heath, all which is trodden together and preserved for manure; not, as has been supposed, to cultivate lands for their own use; but to feed the rapacious avarice of distant tacksmen, who have nothing more to do with their island, than to visit it once or twice a year to plunder the inhabitants of every thing they possess.

“ Round the walls of their huts, are one or more small arched apertures, according to the number of the family, leading to a vault like an oven, arched with stone, and defended strongly from the inclemency of the weather; in this they sleep. I crawled on all-fours, with a lamp, into one of these, and found the bottom covered with heath; in this, I was informed, four persons slept. There is not sufficient space in them for a tall man to sit upright, though the dimensions of these vaulted dormitories varied in every hut, according to the number it was required to contain, or the industry of the owners. From the roof of their huts were suspended the various implements of husbandry, or bird-catching, the ropes by which they descend the precipices, their rods, and hair springs for taking Ailsa cocks, &c. Among other things, they shewed me large bunches of long bladders, containing a very precious oil, which they take from the fulmar, and preserve in the gorge or stomach of the Solan geese. It serves them to supply their lamps; and as a medicine, is inestimable; for, according to their account of it, and even from Mr. Macleod's information, it is a sovereign remedy for the rheumatism, sprains, swellings, and various other evils. Mr. M. told me, it was very efficacious as an anti-rheumatic, but the strong smell of it frequently prevented him from using it. All the natives smell of this oil, and the effluvia affects

a stranger's olfactory nerves so sensibly upon entering their little town, that being ignorant of the real cause, he supposes it to originate in the inordinate filth of the inhabitants.

“Every native of St. Kilda possesses, at least, one dog; some of them have three or four, who follow them to the cliffs, and are useful in taking their birds. They are chiefly of the breed called the Highland terrier, a small rough hardy race, with long backs, very short legs, black hair mixed with grey, tan-coloured visages, and erect ears. They destroy otters, and creep into the burrows of the Ailsa cocks, who live in holes under ground like rabbits. There were also several of the Pomeranian kind, with thick curling tails, and very like the sheep dogs used in the mountains of Savoy.

“I saw none of the causeways mentioned as forming what they term a street, between their huts. The huts are built without the least attention to regularity, not fronting each other, but standing in all directions. The passages between them were almost knee-deep in mud when we were there, into which a few large unshapen stones, at various distances from each other, and of different sizes, had been carelessly thrown, to keep their feet out of the mire. But this was not always possible; and I am not certain whether it was a work of art, or the casual fall of the stones from

the hills above. Sometimes round a particular hut, a narrow rampart was raised above the mud, which probably may have given rise to the description before alluded to.

“The people of St. Kilda make two meals a day. One at twelve o'clock which forms their dinner, and a sort of supper at nine. They never eat breakfast. At their first and principal meal, a single fulmar made into broth, with a species of sea-weed they call sloke (the same name is given to the same weed in the other islands, and I believe it is what we meet with at English tables under the appellation of laver), is the whole of their food for a whole family, consisting upon an average of five or six persons. I could not learn why this scarcity should prevail, as they might have birds whenever they pleased to take them; but I believe it is a rule in the community, that the overplus may be saved for their winter provision. On the hills above their houses, reaching to the very summits, and along the edges of the precipices, are several round buildings of loose stones, arched over, and about four or five feet high, in which they dry their peat. The constant mists which prevail upon the island, would prevent them from being able to dry their peat if it were not for these covered reservoirs. But another principal use to which they are appropriated, is the preservation

of the eggs and carcasses of Solan geese against the winter, which are here deposited in peat ashes. But they are not so anxious as they formerly were to take the eggs of these birds, as the tacksman exacts a great part of their rent in feathers, which makes it necessary for them to secure as many of the geese themselves as they can.

“ The inhabitants of St. Kilda consist of about one hundred persons, men, women, and children. They are divided into twenty-two families, each family upon an average consisting of five or six persons. The St. Kildians are not filthy in their persons, as has been often imagined ; if it was not for the smell of the fulmar oil, which they always carry about them, there would be nothing disagreeable in them. They are generally better clothed than the lower orders of people in the north of Scotland, that is to say, they do not go in rags. Several of them wore shoes, which surprised us, and a kind of long plaid pantaloons, which descended over their feet ; this is their most ancient dress. John, the giant of Col, held up his pantaloons, when dying, and asked the priest, if a man who filled them need fear the devil ? Their cloth is of their own manufacture, and generally striped woollen. They wear bonnets or caps ; the bonnets resemble the rest of those worn in Scotland ; the caps are of their own making, dyed black

of sheep skin, edged with black wool. These latter are very handsome, and full as good as any of those made in London of the same form for the army.

“They are remarkable for the beauty of their teeth. I did not see a single instance of a St. Kildian with bad teeth, and many of them had the most pearly whiteness, as even as possible. Their faces are somewhat pale, owing to continual residence in smoke, but their skins are fair and pure, and free from cutaneous eruption. I attribute this to their not eating any salted provisions. They salt neither bird nor fish, nor ever use it in their meals. They are generally short and stout made; I saw no tall persons on the island.

“They use the quern, as in the rest of the Hebrides, to grind oatmeal for their tax, and to manufacture snuff from the leaves of tobacco. Into their snuff they infuse a little aniseed, which gives it a very pleasant flavour. Their snuff-boxes or snuff-mills,* as they are called in Scotland, are formed simply of a cow’s horn, stopped at the large end, and a small piece cut off to let out the

* From the use of this appellation, I suspected a clue was offered to discover an ancient custom in taking snuff, like the Alpine Shepherds. The inquiry was successful; several old inhabitants, in different parts of Scotland, assured me they recollected machines in general use, which, like a nutmeg grater, made the snuff as often as a pinch was required, and which were the only snuff-boxes used. This custom now prevails in the Alps. Hence the appellation snuff-mills applied to snuff-boxes.”

snuff, at the point, in which they fix a piece of leather.

“It will be readily supposed that I neglected no inquiry respecting the remarkable circumstances which are related both by Martin and Macaulay, and reported all over the Western Islands, with regard to a cough the natives catch whenever strangers arrive upon their island. During the whole time I remained among them, I endeavoured by every possible means to ascertain the truth or falsehood of this extraordinary tale. The minister, Mr. Macleod, in answer to the first question I put to him, assured me, in the most solemn manner, that the circumstance was true. Both Mr. Maclean and myself examined and cross-examined, both his testimony and that of the natives themselves; and the result of our inquiry was, that a cold or cough, was annually communicated to all the inhabitants of St. Kilda; not from any vessel that might chance to arrive, but from the tacksman’s boat alone, whose casual advent was not fixed for any stated period, but was a month sooner, or a month later, according as the weather proved favourable or unpropitious. A vessel from Norway visited St. Kilda this year, before the arrival of the tacksman, the crew of which mingled with the natives, but no cold or cough was communicated to them. The fact appeared now more marvellous than ever. That an effect so remarkable should

be peculiar to the arrival of one particular boat, is hardly to be credited. Nevertheless, the fact is indisputable. The tacksman comes, and all the island catch a cough: other vessels arrive, both before and after, and no such effect is produced. He had been gone only eight days when we arrived, and I saw several, both young and old afflicted with this malady to such a degree that it had nearly proved fatal to some of them. I was at first perfectly confounded with the evidence of my own senses. I felt that in relating it at my return, the tale would either become established as a fact, no longer to be doubted, or subject me to an imputation of the weakest credulity. I prosecuted my inquiry to greater extent, and with renewed vigilance; at length the light began to break forth, and the mystery was disclosed. I hope I shall be able to explain the real nature of this cough, by relating the true cause of its origin.

“The young man whom I mentioned at my arrival upon the island, and whose attentions never left me during the time I remained there, had been married but a few days. They postpone their marriages till the arrival of the steward, and he expressed a wish that I had been present upon the occasion. ‘Then,’ said he, ‘you would have seen the whole island dancing, and the whole island drunk.’ And what did you find to get drunk with here? ‘Whiskey! the steward always brings

whiskey, and, when he comes, we dance and sing merrily.' And don't you dance during the rest of the year? 'Not so much; when the steward comes, we dance all night, and make a fine noise altogether.'

"I applied to Mr. Macleod for farther information upon this subject, and was told that this was the reason of their postponing their marriages. The arrival of the tacksman, or as they call him, steward, is the jubilee of the year. He brings with him spirituous liquors, and a total change of diet. The return of this period is the only gleam of sunshine which cheers the long and gloomy night of their miseries. They hail his coming, they rejoice, they drink, they dance, their spirits are elevated, they become heated, they expose themselves to the humid influence of an atmosphere, constantly impregnated with fogs; their mode of diet is totally changed, and the consequence is very natural, that out of twenty-two families, the greatest part of them are afflicted with a violent cold and cough.

"I expressed my sentiments on this subject to their minister, but nothing could alter his opinion. He admitted the truth of what I have stated with regard to the arrival of the tacksman; but remained bigotted to the old miraculous tale of the cough being taken from the smell of fresh air, which hangs upon the tacksman's clothes. Allowing for a

moment the truth of so absurd a supposition, the tacksman, in that case, would not be the only person to communicate a smell of air, foreign to the olfactory nerves of the St. Kildians. The Norway vessel, which arrived before him, or our cutter which came after, would produce the same effect. I have no doubt whatever, in my own mind, respecting the real origin of the St. Kilda cough. Whether my readers will coincide in my opinion I know not; but, until I hear the circumstance otherwise rationally accounted for, I must attribute it to the alteration in manners and in diet, the intemperance and riot, which take place upon the arrival of the tacksman. It is true, many of the children in the island were afflicted with the same malady; from which I conclude, that the mothers who imprudently, or rather ignorantly, exposed themselves to the night air, heated by whiskey and dancing. exposed their children also.

“In addition to the cause I have alleged for the St. Kilda cough, it is necessary also to mention the great heat of their little huts, filled with smoke and the fumes of peat; and when a number crowd into one of these to conduct a bride and bridegroom to their cell, they can have no occasion for the influence of whiskey, to increase the violent perspiration they are subject to, in consequence of confined air and dancing.

“Upon this subject, I have only therefore to

add, that of the cough itself, upon the tacksman's arrival, there is no doubt whatever. Whether the same may be said of the cause of it, must be left to the decision of my readers. In every part of Scotland where I have related this circumstance, attending the arrival of the tacksman, they had no doubt but the cause to which I have ascribed the St. Kilda cough was the real and sole one. But it had always been understood before, that any strangers whatever who arrived there, gave a cough to the island. In the islands of Lewis, the land of Harris, North Uist, Benbecula, South Uist, and Barra, it was understood that the first boat alone which arrived gave it. I have proved that neither of these was the case, both from the assertion of the natives, the arrival of the ship from Norway before the tacksman, and ours subsequent to it. And now having sufficiently discussed the marvellous St. Kilda cough, we will proceed to other matters.

“The superstitions of St. Kilda are numerous. It is futile to enumerate all the silly chimeras with which credulity has filled the imaginations of a people so little enlightened. The second sight, however, as forming a conspicuous and peculiar feature in the character of the western islanders, ought not to pass unnoticed.

“The faculty of foretelling future events, by supposed typical presentations, which involuntarily

present themselves to the eye, is still pretended and believed in that remote island. Even the minister himself was not without credulity in this respect. He introduced me to two men who were particularly visited by these appearances. One of them an old man of sixty, imagined occasionally he saw one of his companions stalking before him in his winding sheet, which vision was infallibly the forerunner of the death of the person so represented. The other, a young man aged thirty-six years, had more variety in his visions. The minister assured me, with great solemnity, that he had foretold the coming of the tacksman twenty days before his arrival; by relating that he had seen his boat under weigh, with such and such things on board.

“Both these circumstances are easily accounted for. Among a people destitute of any medical aid, there are certain diseases, which for want of any other remedy than charms and incantations, inevitably end in death. When a native is seized with one of these fatal visitations, the event becomes probable, the expectation of it is natural, and the prediction of it not liable to error. If, however, a prophet fails in his anticipation, it is only to ascribe the fallacy to the immediate interference of some benignant and superintending genius, who, in the shape of a sprite, a fairy, or a pebble of some unusual form, effects a violation of nature's accustomed order. In the last instance,

where the arrival of the tacksman's boat is always fixed for a particular period of the year, subject only to alteration in consequence of unfavourable weather, it would require no very penetrating mind to discover, by the appearance of the season, when the advent will be, with an error less remarkable than that of twenty days from the moment of prediction.

“I endeavoured to argue this point with Mr. Macleod. But it is not easy, neither is the task attended with any pleasing consequences, to root out old prejudices by new systems of faith, especially when the advocate on the side of reason has numbered fewer years over his head than the advocate for superstition. Their humble and unassuming pastor modestly declined the contest; placidly reminding me that former ages possessed a faculty of this kind, which no young theorist had found presumption to dispute: and ended with an assurance that in the isle of Pabba, instances of this kind had occurred, and frequently transpired even during the present day, which had neither been accounted for, nor denied. I must, however, do the minister of St. Kilda the justice to acknowledge, that to general superstition he was a declared enemy, and had neglected no means in his power which might conduce to the happiness or improvement of his people. With regard to this particular instance, his belief of second sight was not

so much founded on any instance attached to St. Kilda, as on some marvellous tales he had heard, perhaps from men to whom he had looked up for instruction, respecting the island of Pabba, with whose inhabitants he had no intercourse, and whose prophets he knew only by report.

“The young man who was supposed to have predicted the arrival of the steward, was often in my company; and generally attended by the rest of the islanders, whom curiosity or kindness induced to follow me. There was nothing remarkable in his appearance, excepting that his countenance was paler than the visages of his associates, and his answers, as they were interpreted to me by the minister, were always intelligent and rational. I requested him to let me know his sentiments respecting my future life. He replied, That they could only be expressed in wishes for my happiness, which he had no doubt would ever be the consequence of kindness to poor people like those of his island. Of such a nature were many replies I received from the natives of St. Kilda, which, if not adulterated by refinement in the medium through which they were conveyed, bespoke a people far more intelligent than I had any reason to expect.

“My inquiries after the traces of antiquity in Borera and St. Kilda were not productive of any information or remark worth notice. The house

of the druids, mentioned by Martin and Macaulay, at Borera, Mr. M. assured me had furnished them both with a source of erroneous conjecture. He described it merely as a Roman Catholic chapel, used to say mass in at no very remote period. An edifice of the same nature, but of very different construction, stood upon the heights to the south* of the village, to which he offered to conduct me, and we set out, followed by all the male inhabitants of the island, whom age or sickness did not confine within their huts. As we proceeded up the hill through the little cultivated patches of oats, barley, and potatoes, I was both annoyed and surprised by the swarm of dogs, which, like a pack of hounds, followed them in a body. They were not confined to any particular breed, but consisted of curs of all descriptions and of no description. The only determinate races were the Pomeranian, or fox-dog, and the old Highland terrier, which is now become scarce in the country. They are a hardy race, and differ from the English terrier in being smaller, with short legs, and long backs, and upright ears. They are particularly famous for killing otters, or any kind of vermin; and at St. Kilda, will creep over the high precipices, jumping from one protuberance of the rock to the other, bringing to their masters, the

* Vide Martin.

young of the Solan geese, fulmars, or any bird they happen to meet with. I brought one of them away with me, who was for some time as wild as a young fox, when turned loose upon any other shore, and very difficult to bring into subjection, running into holes to hide himself, and terrified with every thing he saw.

“ The remains of St. Brianan’s chapel consist of a circular pile of stones, very little larger than one of their common huts. Among these they pointed out a broad stone, on which the saint used to read mass to their ancestors. But of the saint himself, or the era in which the chapel was founded, they had no tradition extant. From St. Brianan’s chapel, I continued my walk to the top of the hill, which formed one side of the sort of crater I noticed on my arrival. Continuing our walk along the island, we at last descended among the cliffs, to the mouth of the sound, by which we had effected an entrance to the bay. The beautiful puffins were sitting in prodigious numbers among the cliffs. Solan geese and fulmars were hovering above, and a variety of other aquatic fowls were riding upon the surf in the sound below. It was in descending one of these cliffs, I had the first opportunity of witnessing the agility of the St. Kildians ; for when I had shot an Ailsa cock, which had fallen over the precipice, one of them with astonishing intrepidity approached the brink of it, and letting himself down

from one point to another, took the wounded bird from one of the frightful points on which it had fallen, and speedily returned with it in his hand.

“They were as much startled with the report of the gun, as they were surprised at the effect of it, though it was an object by no means new to them. But what of all others seemed most unaccountable, was the killing a bird as it was flying. At the sight of this, they began to caper and dance, talking with great earnestness to one another, and making signs as if they were shooting themselves, looking all the while as wild as a party of Indians. I more than ever regretted that I had not brought a few fireworks; the sight of which I am convinced would have been considered at St. Kilda as the effect of magic. The materials for launching a small balloon, or Montgolfier, were in the cutter, but the weather was so unfavourable, and my time so much taken up with seeing the island, that I gave up the plan I had long concerted of sending one from it. The minister communicated my former intention to them, and they expressed a vast desire to see the balloon; saying at the same time, what a fine contrivance it would be to take their birds from the rocks.

“We now seated ourselves upon a point of the rock above the sound, when we observed the vessel lying off, about half a league at sea, and the long boat coming on shore with some things I had

ordered for the inhabitants, and for my night's lodging. It brought me a message, begging that I would come on board, as a thick fog was coming on, and the vessel, exposed to the heavy roll of a dead calm, would be drifted by the tide upon the rocks, unless she were towed more out to sea, and that it was their wish to get away as fast as possible. On every account, I was anxious not to leave the island at that time; so it was agreed if her situation became really dangerous, a gun should be fired, and I would repair with expedition to the point.

“Nothing could equal the joy of the poor natives, in finding that I was determined to remain with them. They crowded round me, all trying who could shew the greatest attention, and would fain have carried me, in spite of my remonstrances, in their arms to the village, if the minister had not interfered. We returned to the town, and it was a melancholy spectacle to behold plenty of cows and sheep upon the hills as we passed along, not one of which the natives are suffered to enjoy; although their island affords them pasture, and they are burdened with the care of them. The cows appeared larger than those I had generally observed on the Long Island; but the sheep were remarkably small, of a black colour, wild and active.

“As soon as we reached the town, preparations were made for ascending the hills on the other side,

in order to see a party of the islanders descend the precipices, for the fulmars and other birds. Five of these twisted round their bodies diagonally, from the left shoulder to the right hip, the ropes made use of upon these occasions. They are of two kinds, made of hides, or the hair of cows' tails, all of the same thickness. The first are the most ancient, and still continue in the greatest esteem, as being much stronger. The hair rope is a later invention, and more liable to injury from the rocks. The rope which is made of hides owes its origin to the invention of the natives. It is formed of various lengths, from sixteen to twenty, and thirty fathoms. That which I brought from the island measures three inches in circumference, which is the size of a common man's thumb. These ropes are made of cows' and sheep's hides mixed together. The hide of the sheep, after being cut in narrow slips, is plated over with a broader slip of cow's hide; thus, the cow's hide covers that of the sheep. Two of these are afterward twisted together; so that the rope when untwisted is found to consist of two parts, and each of these contains a length of sheep skin, covered with cow's hide. For the best they had on the island, they asked thirteen pence a fathom, which is the price they sell at among each other. It is easy to discover a new from an old rope, as the new ones still retain a little of the hair, like a man's beard before shaving.

In the old ropes the hair is quite worn off. One of these ropes forms the portion of a St. Kilda heiress, when she marries; and this custom still prevails, though they seemed to appreciate them at so low a price. The fact is, that although money is now current in the island, they know very little of the value of it; and have no other use for it than to buy tobacco and luxuries of the tacksman; for which he takes care to ask them a sufficient price. Whereas the hide-rope is always current coin, can be found no where but among themselves; life itself depending on the possession of it.

“ Equipped with these ropes, a strong party of the natives, and their dogs, we began to ascend the hills. In our way, we passed several copious springs, that gushed out of the side of the mountain, pouring a great quantity of pure water down towards the town. At length we reached the brink of such a tremendous precipice, that accustomed as I have been to regard such sights with indifference, I dared not venture to the edge of it alone. Two of the people held my arms, and I looked over into what might be termed a world of rolling mists, and contending clouds. As these occasionally broke and dispersed, the ocean was disclosed below, but at so great a depth that even the roaring of its surf, dashing with fury against the rocks, and rushing with a noise like thunder into

the caverns it had formed, was unheard at this stupendous height. The brink of the precipice was wet and slippery, the rocks perpendicular from their summit to their base ; but what was my astonishment to see these intrepid aeronauts, as they might truly be called, approach, and sit upon the extremest verge, the youngest of them creeping down a little way from the top, after eggs and Ailsa cocks, which they took in great numbers by means of a slender pole like a fishing-rod, at the end of which was affixed a noose of cow hair, stiffened at one end with the feather of a Solan goose.

“ My attention was now entirely engrossed by the adventurers, who were preparing for their daring flight. The young man whom I have so often noticed, was the first to launch from the precipice. Several ropes of hide and hair were first tied together to increase the depth of his descent. One extremity of these ropes, so connected, was a rope of hide, and the end of it was fastened like a girdle round his waist. The other extremity was then let down the precipice to a considerable depth by himself, as he stood at the edge of it. When giving the middle of the rope to a single man who stood near him, he began to descend, always holding by one part of the rope as he let himself down by the other, and supported from falling only by the man above ; who had no

part of the rope fastened to him, but held it merely in his hands, and sometimes supported him by one hand alone, looking at the same time over the precipice, without any stay for his feet, and conversing with the young man as he descended.* In a very short time he returned with a young fulmar in his hand. The bird was placed on the ground, and a small terrier being set loose at it, provoked the bird to cast out repeatedly quantities of pure oil, which it spit in the dog's face, every time he approached. I held the palm of my hand below the bird's bill, and it was soon filled with a warm clear oil, having a very strong smell. When the fulmar had exhausted his stock of oil, he threw off from his stomach a quantity of thick orange coloured matter, like the sediment one sees at the bottom of a jar of oil. And this they always cast up, when the dog continues to provoke them after their oil is gone, as if from an effort to throw out more oil. The young man then again descended, and was let down to the depth of sixty fathoms. Here he seized four fulmars, and with two in each

* "I know not how to give my readers a better idea of this mode of descent, than by comparing the hands of the man above to a simple pulley, over which the rope is thrown, so that both the power and the weight are at the same point below; for the person who descends, rises or falls at pleasure, by placing his feet against the rock, and either pulling the rope which hangs parallel to that which sustains him, or letting it slip through his hands."

hand, continued nevertheless to hold the rope as he ascended, striking his foot against the rock to throw himself out from the face of the precipice, and returning with a bound, flew out again, capering and shouting, and playing more tricks than I had courage to see, for I expected his love of fame in displaying these gambols to a stranger, would either be the means of pulling the man over who held him up, or dash his own brains out with the violence with which he returned from these springs, if the rope did not slip through his comrade's hands, and send him headlong to eternity.

“ Four fulmars were now placed before the dogs, several of whom attacked them, and were absolutely covered with the oil they threw out. The little terrier I brought from the island was one of them, and he retained the smell of this oil, for many days after we left St. Kilda.

“ Several others now descended, and hung at different depths over the precipice, bringing with them whatever birds they met with, fulmars, Solan geese, Ailsa cocks, strannies, murrirts, &c. The Solan geese are not numerous upon St. Kilda. The little island of Borera, at about five miles distance, is covered with them, and upon a rock near Borera, their numbers exceed all calculation. The best time for taking the Solan geese is in dark stormy nights. The St. Kildians then go with their ropes, and take prodigious numbers. The

Solan geese have always a sentinel placed to keep watch ; the object is to surprise this sentinel : if he gives the alarm, all the rest immediately catch it, and the project for that night is overthrown.

“ The mode by which the sentinel is surprised is this : they descend the rock at some distance from him, and then the pendant thief passes along horizontally till he comes close to him, when his neck is quickly broken, and all the birds remain perfectly quiet. He then goes to another, and placing his hand gently beneath his breast, softly lifts him up, till he places his feet in his hand. Thus situated, he conveys him to the resting place of another bird, and places him roughly beside him. A battle between the two instantly ensues, which disturbs all the geese on the rock, who come in swarms to the place to separate the combatants. The catcher then begins to twist the necks of as many as he chooses, thrusting their heads into his belt, or throwing them down if the place will admit of it, and by this means eight hundred are sometimes taken in one night.

“ We were preparing to descend again to the village, when the fatal gun from the vessel, roaring round all the precipices, and heard for some time like distant thunder, summoned me on board. The men were much alarmed, and in a short time a number of the women from the village were heard squalling up the hill, leaving their huts from the

fright it occasioned. I had some difficulty to pacify them; and, upon my arrival below, found Mr. Maclean with the long boat, insisting upon the necessity of my leaving the island. I hesitated for some moments, well knowing it would be the last time I should see St. Kilda. At length I wrote a note to the mate, informing him of my determination to remain there during the night; but if he found himself unable to cruise off the island, I begged he would make for the Long Island, and I would take the opportunity of the first west wind, to follow in the boat of the island. Another gun from the cutter increased the consternation of the natives, and cut short all hesitation on either side. I attended Mr. M. to the shore, and saw him depart, uncertain when our next meeting might be.

“As I returned from the boat towards the town, I observed that not one of the natives had accompanied us down, and was considering what might be the event of the mistrust they evidently betrayed, when I discovered my young friend with a party of his countrymen, running hastily towards me. As soon as they arrived, and my determination of staying was made known, they kissed my hands, running sometimes before, and sometimes after me, saying, ‘Come, we dance and sing; you eat and drink!—come! make haste! fine lad! very dear!’

“We now all adjourned to the little hut of the

minister. The whole village was convened, and having stowed them as well as we could, the women on the floor round the wall, and the men standing behind, and those who could not get in, placed on the outside; some of the oldest and most respectable of the inhabitants, assisted by the minister as interpreter, thus opened the history of their grievances."

Here the journal of Mr. Clarke breaks off, and nothing more is found respecting St. Kilda, but scattered notices and memoranda interspersed amongst his papers. It appears that the inhabitants laid before him a full statement of their alleged grievances, which he designed to insert in his journal. After some intermission, the journal is thus continued:

"Having left St. Kilda, we passed close under the island of Borera, northward of it, near which is a lofty naked rock, rising perpendicularly out of the sea, and so covered with Solan geese, that its top appeared at many miles distance like hoar frost; seen through a telescope, it seemed like the top of a cake, stuck thick with caraway cum-fits. They exceeded in number even the swarms of Ailsa.

"The birds of St. Kilda and Borera, which is another rock, but longer, and has a slight verdure,

sloping down one side, are Solan geese, fulmars, Ailsa cocks, green plovers, two sorts of gulls, large and small, herring blackbirds, eagles, wild ducks, strannies, murrirts, scriddies, pettrils, eider ducks, and some others, unknown to me. There is one sort the sailors called 'pick-dirt,' because it pursues the gull, flying below it, and when the gull drops its dung, it catches it for food, before it reaches the water.

"Two hours and a half from St. Kilda, west wind, tide against us, we made land from the mast-head. The Flannan Isles, seven in number, lying north-west from Gallan-head, in Harris; they are called by the natives of the Long Island, 'the Seven Hunters;' but whence this variety of appellation originated I could not learn. The best course for vessels to steer from St. Kilda, in sailing to the Butt of Lewis, is east by north. This our experienced pilot, Mr. Ritchy, informed me.

"We soon came in view of the Long Island, leaving the coast of Harris to the right, and passing the Gallan-head, and steering across the mouth of Loch Roag, in which there are no less than thirteen islands, besides several rocks and isles of little note: Pabay, Vacasa, Wiavore, Little Bernera, Flotay, Lilwea, Bernera, Vacasay, Calvay, and Kirtay. The largest is Bernera; it is about five miles long, from north to south, and a mile and half broad, from west to east. It is eight

miles across the mouth of the Loch, in which are included other lochs with different names, as Loch Bernera and Loch Carlowa, and it extends about thirteen miles up the country, to the end of Loch Kenhulawick, and about ten to the end of Loch Roag, properly so called, a small inlet, from which it takes its general name.

“Steering our course due northward, we at length doubled the Butt of the Lewis, the northernmost point of all the Hebrides, lying in latitude $58\frac{1}{2}$, seven miles more south than Cape Wrath, and only five leagues below the parallel of Pentland Frith, which separates the Orkney and Shetland isles from the shores of Caithness.

“Sixty leagues to the northward of Lewis, lie the Feroe Isles, subject to the dominion of the king of Denmark. They are the great mart or warehouse, as they may be termed, of smugglers, who find here a quantity of spirits for the public market of any vessel, of any nation. The inhabitants are many in number, and the islands themselves would form an interesting object to the notice of future travellers. The crew of our cutter were desirous of returning to the Cumbray Isles to profit by the herring fishery, or we should have visited them, together with Orkney and Shetland; but having experienced from them a ready attention to all our wishes during the voyage, I could not consent to a sacrifice of their general domestic

interest for the sake of individual curiosity, perhaps beyond what it was in our power to counter-balance.

“ At Stornaway I met with some gentlemen who had lately visited the Feroe Isles. They spoke highly of the hospitality and kindness of the natives. It is a custom in those islands to reward any person who discovers a vessel, with 2s. 6d. in order that pilots may immediately be sent out to them, whether they come to trade or not. They found in one of the harbours, the clergyman of the island, fishing with his parishioners ; dressed according to the custom of the country in a jacket and breeches of sheep skin. He left them to go on shore, and returned with a pilot for the neighbouring coast, and a present of a sheep. The sheep of those islands are remarkably fine ; and they have several noble harbours.”

Here occurs another chasm in the journal. It is resumed at Ullapool, in Caithness, as follows :—

“ Ullapool—founded by the British Fishing Society, within eight miles of the head of Loch Broon. The entrance to this lake among the Summer Islands, is extremely beautiful. The rocks, bold, steep, and craggy ; cascades and torrents, pouring down from the high hills on all sides. These hills are inhabited by ptarmigan, red-deer, partridges, and a variety of other game.

“Ullapool is pleasantly situated on a small flat promontory, running out from the bottom of the hills on the side of the lake. It consists of a few new-built houses, some of which are sashed. Mr. Melville and Mr. Millar of the Society, received us with the usual hospitality and welcome of their countrymen. The latter of these, shewed me the house for curing red-herrings. It is an oblong building, one hundred and eight feet long, and twenty feet wide, it is also thirty-three feet from the floor to the top of the roof. In this building one thousand barrels of herrings are rendered fit for the London market in three weeks; and for continental markets in five or six. The process is simply as follows :

“The herrings when first caught are suffered to be two or three days in salt, which may be done even in the hold of the ship, or any convenient place. They are then very carefully washed, and purged of all external filth, to give their skins a fine golden glossy hue after they are dried. They are suspended in rows, parallel to each other, from the bottom to the top of the drying house, on small wooden spits of about a yard in length, passing through their gills and mouths. The ends of these spits rest on transverse beams meeting them at right angles. Several fires are then kindled below them. The number in Mr. Millar’s was seventy-two. The fires are made by logs of wood :

no other fuel will answer the purpose, and they are nice even in the choice of their wood. Oak gives a finer flavour than birch, and birch is better than beech. The best of all is afforded by a mixture of oak and birch. A nice epicure in herrings will distinguish, by the flavour, the wood that has been used in drying them.

“When they have been smoked a short time the oil begins to exude. They then extinguish the fires, and suffer the oil to drain off. When this ceases to fall, the fires are rekindled, and the oil falls as before. The fires are a second time extinguished; a third process of the same nature takes place, and unless the herrings are remarkably large, the operation for the London markets is then at an end. For continental sale the fires must be repeated oftener; sometimes five or six times; as the change of climate, and the time required in keeping them before they are disposed of, render it necessary to have them higher dried. To eat these herrings in perfection, they should be taken from the drying house even at an earlier period than is required for any market whatever. But the consumption of such herrings must take place on the spot; they will not keep any time in their finest state.

“We were shewn the plan of the town, as it has been laid down by the Society, to regulate the mode of building which all must follow who settle

here. If it is ever completed, Ullapool will be one of the finest places in Scotland, north of Edinburgh. Squares are appropriated to the different markets, and the embryo streets laid out broad and straight. It is interesting to behold the first traces of an infant settlement; to see modern-built houses contrasted with low smoking huts, and markets and manufactories marked out in swamps and morasses. Until lately, the ground behind Ullapool was a peat bog. About half a dozen trees grow near the houses. If goats were extirpated, timber would thrive abundantly among the mountains. Wherever these animals have deserted the hills, it makes considerable efforts to rise.

“The harbour of Ullapool is strikingly beautiful, appearing entirely land-locked by high mountains. An excellent road winds among these hills to the head of the lake, and from thence to Inverness, which is only fifty-two miles distant. The kilt makes its appearance upon every Highlander among the neighbouring mountains. I remarked that it was more scarce in the islands than on the main land. The reason is, that the islanders, from their seafaring life, prefer the use of trowsers.

“Mr. Millar took us on board a well-sloop belonging to him, used in conveying live cod to the London market. These vessels are curiously constructed. The middle part of the hold is perforated by several hundred holes, which admit the sea

water into a space, that occupies at least one-third of her bottom: so that she floats, as it were, on the upper deck. A funnel, in which the water rises very near to the deck itself, communicates air to this well; which serves at once to keep the fish alive, and to prevent the great body of water from blowing up the vessel; which would inevitably be the case, if the air was excluded. In this well they convey one thousand four hundred cod to Billingsgate, besides lobsters, and occasionally turbot, &c. The lobsters have their claws tied, to prevent their fighting and killing each other. The cod live very well in confinement, but salmon being a livelier and more spirited fish cannot endure it. What seems extraordinary, the roughest weather suits them best. If a calm falls, or by stress of weather they are absolutely compelled to enter harbour, which they always avoid if possible, the fish die, for the change of water is not effected so rapidly as while the vessel rolls.

“The well-vessels are allowed to sail faster, and to bear greater stress of weather than other ships; for they have the united advantage of a flat and a round bottom acting together at the same time. But this circumstance I have only on the authority of the proprietors of those vessels, and do not know whether the fact will be admitted by experienced mariners.

“In the peat-bogs, all over Ross-shire, as in

many parts of Scotland, they find quantities of pine and fir-trees, a considerable depth below the surface. At Ullapool they use slips of this wood for candles and matches, which burn with a clear bright light. But I was more surprised to find the ropes of the fishermen's boats also of the same materials. They twist the long slips of it, into ropes and cables. Oaks are also found, the wood of which is hard enough to turn the edges of their sharpest weapons. On the north coast of Caithness, half a league from the shore, Captain Melville assured me, in heaving up an anchor, they once brought up a large mass of peat-bog, which lay below the sand.

"We lay becalmed among the Summer Islands, which called to imagination those of the *Ægean* sea; but instead of the subverted shafts of the fine Ionic pillars, we saw innumerable seals, rolling on all the shores. Took quantities of dog-fish; the people here will not eat them; they are eaten in most parts of Scotland and in the Isle of Man.

"August 7.—Found ourselves close into Lewis; the whole visible extent rocky and barren. Tacked, and made for the Shant Isles; by my glass they appeared a series of basaltic pillars. As we approached in the boat, the grandeur of the columns struck us with surprise. The whole of these islands are the ends of basaltic pillars rising out of the sea. They are not equal to Staffa, but full as

curious as the Giant's Causeway. The columns are higher than the latter, and larger than any in either of them. I measured the diameter of one that was six feet, and the fissures of separation were four or five feet.

“At the top of Carivelan, the largest of these isles, I found the ends of the columns peeping through a very thick verdure. Saw no inhabitant, but one solitary girl, with bare feet, who followed me about with such a volubility of Gaelic, that I am certain she was earnest to communicate something, but I could not comprehend what. There is a single house on Ilanakill, which I believe is the only spot inhabited on the islands.

“There is a range of rocks, called Galta-bec, and Galta-more, extending west from Carivelan, which are entirely composed of the naked shafts of basaltic columns, shooting boldly out of the sea; on which nothing is seen but swarms of birds, Solan geese, Ailsa cocks, and other sea-fowl. In one of these, Galta-bec, the rocks rise one hundred feet perpendicularly out of the sea. The height, therefore, of the columns in the larger neighbouring isles may be conjectured. Their size is enormous. Between Galta-bec and Galta-more is a smaller rock, perhaps about thirty or forty feet high, in which the columns lie perfectly horizontal one upon the other. Several bending pillars, as at Staffa, are seen here. And in other

instances they are piled together, all leaning to one point, in a conic form, like a stack of hop poles, in Kent.

“How little have these islands been explored. Perhaps still beyond the Shant towards Iceland, or among the Feroe Isles, similar phenomena may be discovered. From the top of Carivelan, I saw similar rocks, appearing above the sea at intervals, and reaching towards Sky. When we returned, we found the crew busily employed in taking cod and noddies. They shewed me a curious experiment with the heart of a cod. When taken out and exposed to the sun for some hours till almost dry, it still retained symptoms of life, for whenever it was touched, it became violently agitated for a minute or two.

“After leaving these islands, we coasted along the eastern side of Lewis, till we came to Harris. The day being very clear, we saw the lofty and pointed top of Harris; the country exceedingly mountainous. It was curious as we sailed to observe the different character of the mountains in Harris, and those opposite in Sky, and the main land. The mountains of Sky are almost all cones with broken tops, exactly like sugar loaves with their tops broken off. Nothing could exceed the beauty and extensive scenery in the channel between the Long Island and Sky. Which-ever way we looked, the sea like an immense lake

appeared bounded by distant and lofty territory. To the north we commanded the Shant Isles, the coast of Harris, Lewis, and the north-west coast of Scotland, even to Cape Wrath, and the Sugar Loaf* on the west coast of Sutherland, which was plainly visible at twenty leagues distance. To the south-west, we saw Benbecula and South Uist; and to the south, the undulating mountains in the north of Sky; to the west, the sound of Harris, North Uist, with the entrance to Loch Namaddy; to the east, the main land, with all the lofty mountains of Ross-shire.

“We passed the sound of Harris, in the west entrance of which are the islands of Pabba, Boreray, and Bernera. Several smaller isles almost shut up the eastern side, which, with a number of sunken rocks, renders it a very intricate passage for small vessels; and for large ones it is impracticable. The herring fleet sometimes passes through it; but it is a passage pregnant with danger and difficulty. Off the west coast of North Uist lies the Hiskere† Island, or isles, where Lady Grange was a year prisoner, before she was re-

* “This mountain, of the most perfect conic form, is on the west coast of Sutherland, about twenty miles from Ullapool. On its summit is an inverted cone, or crater, filled by a pool of water.”

† “Sker, or Skere, in Gaelic, signifies a rock. Hiskere is the name of several islands in the Hebrides.”

moved to St. Kilda. Towards evening, thick weather again came on. We saw the sun for the first time this day, since leaving Barra; made for Loch Bracadile, in the western coast of Sky; beat about all night with contrary wind and tide.

“August 8th.—We found ourselves off Macleod’s Maidens, three pointed rocks that rise perpendicularly out of the sea, and stand in a line beneath the cliffs.—Entered the beautiful harbour of Loch Bracadile. Mr. Pennant calls it the Milford Haven of these parts; and he could not have used a happier comparison, for both in the security it offers to vessels, and the scenery near its shores, it is very like it. As we came in, the appearances of basaltic columns were very numerous on the south side of the entrance. A fine cascade rushed down the hills immediately opposite the place where we cast anchor, doubtless augmented, if not altogether caused, by the heavy rains that had fallen. Sky should be called the Pluviose Isle; for from all the accounts I collect from other authors, as well as my own experience, it is constantly subject to wet weather. Having observed a prodigious quantity of gulls settled near a creek, as we came in, we took the boat to examine what the cause of it was. Our sailors were in hopes a shoal of herrings had been cast on the shore. As soon as we arrived we found the country people in crowds, filling their baskets with small fish,

which lay in myriads on the shore. They called them cuddies, as a general appellation, but I found them to consist of the young of the lithe and various other fish found in these seas. Mr. Donald Grant, the tacksman of the land, then explained to me the reason of their appearance. His poor labourers and tenants, according to a usual custom, had built a circular rampart on the beach with loose stones. The tide overflowing it filled the interior space with these fish, and afterward retiring through the interstices of the stones, left the fish an easy prey, exposed upon the sand.

“We returned to the vessel, and took a fresh set of rowers, to land in search of eggs and milk, our stock of fresh provision being nearly exhausted. We landed upon a part of the beach where two boats seemed to indicate a neighbourhood of inhabitants; but we had to walk two miles before we discovered any thing like a hut. At last, after walking through a good deal of cultivated land, we saw an assembly of several huts; and entering one of them, Mr. Maclean dispatched a messenger to Talliscar, to inform Mr. Macleod, his uncle, that on the following day we purposed making him a visit. Our search for eggs and milk was not so successful. They offered us extremely sour butter-milk to drink, but told us it was not the season for eggs, and that milk was not an article of sale with them. I thought I perceived

symptoms of that mistrust which we had sometimes met with in the northern Hebrides; but which the islanders do not usually shew to strangers. The reason of this was soon accidentally discovered. I let out, that we belonged to a revenue cutter; upon which they exclaimed, 'A revenue cutter! Ay, we thought so—they are seldom welcome any where!' Our mate afterward informed me, that it was most probable, they had wine concealed, from the wrecks which lately occurred among the islands. He said they discovered in a place as little liable to suspicion, as much contraband tea as came to two thousand eight hundred pounds sterling; part of which they had concealed in cellars; and great quantities in artificial excavations under ground.

"After a heavy fall of rain, the evening at last cleared up, and a scene of uncommon grandeur opened towards the southern part of the Loch. A series of mountains called the Cullen Hills, broke forth from among rolling clouds, whose pointed and craggy summits were characterized by the most violent convulsions of nature. They seemed altogether to have once formed an enormous cone, the base of which only now remained, on which were various other cones, some perfect in their forms, others torn and distorted, but all with sloping lamellated sides.

"Early on the following morning, we set out

with Mr. Maclean on our expedition to Talliscar. The walk was about six English miles. We passed Artrech, the village we had visited before, and continued to proceed through a heathy glen, at a small distance from the shore. Basaltic pillars appeared more or less visible on each side the glen, increasing in grandeur and variety as we advanced, till at last the beautiful valley of Talliscar, all at once, opened before us. In the middle of this valley, surrounded by trees, we discovered the hospitable mansion to which it was our fortune to go. We descended into it by the side of a noble cataract, which, with several smaller cascades, contributed its waters to the bed of a river that flowed through the valley.

“The vale of Talliscar is surrounded by grand and interesting objects. It resembles that of Festinivy in Wales; but the vale itself is smaller, and the mountains which enclose it are characterized by bolder features, and more lofty summits. Close behind the house an enormous mountain, of the most remarkable appearance, rises abruptly to a prodigious height, the whole of which is entirely composed of basaltic pillars, whose broken extremities are alone visible, through the vegetation which covers it. Near the foot of this is seen a group of small huts, tenanted by goatherds and peasants, who tend the numerous herds of cattle which are seen grazing on the sloping sides of

the mountains and in the valley below. The western side of this valley opens to the sea, and on the shore may be found an infinite variety of minerals; limestone, granite, slate, &c. petrified wood, and even pit-coal, in its natural state. Of the coal it must be observed, that various indications of it may be seen over the whole island, which has induced many of the inhabitants to prosecute their researches after so valuable a commodity to a considerable extent. These excavations have been made at different periods, sometimes even to the depth of seventy-two fathoms, but always with the same consequence, and without success. They found coal, but never in sufficient quantity, and always near the surface.

“Upon our arrival at Talliscar, we found the Colonel and his lady waiting to receive us in an old hall, whose walls still supported the insignia of their ancient chieftains. The enormous claymore, which their ancestors had wielded in the contests of their clans, was suspended from the wall. Their servants wore the kelt and tartan; the hearth was smoking with peat, and the table laden with the produce of their lands. Among the domestic tenants, I could not avoid noticing a wood pigeon, which had perched, with all the familiarity of a tame bird, on a pair of deer’s horns in the passage, and seemed perfectly unconcerned at our approach.

“Leaving Talliscar, with marks of even parental

kindness from Colonel and Mrs Macleod, we proceeded back on foot, by the village of Artrech, once more to our cutter; and getting under weigh we took our course due south, and coming once more in view of the hospitable mansion of Talliscar, hoisted our pendant and ensign staff, and gave it a salute with our guns, which we could hear acknowledged and returned, by the sound of some small artillery soon after among the trees in that beautiful valley. We passed, with a fair wind, once more between the islands of Canna and Rum; and I was happy to find the original description I had given of that island, if any thing still more strongly confirmed, by a second view of it. The evening being clear, we commanded a fine view of the interior summits and their forms, which have all the same character. It is unnecessary to repeat what has been already said with regard to this island; but I cannot take leave of it, without recommending, in the strongest terms, its various curiosities to the attention of future travellers. Hitherto it has been little noticed; but if its natural productions and curious fossils were insufficient to attract more general notice, I will promise that the scenery, in approaching its bold and lofty shores, the astonishing grandeur of the natural arch I have mentioned, will amply repay the artist, or any traveller who shall deem it worth his while to profit by the recommendation I have made.

“Having seen the basaltic pillars of Sky, those of Canna will be found exactly of the same description. The appearance of the land in each, rising in regular gradations, from the tops of one range of columns to the next above them, is the same in both; and there can be no doubt but they are coeval with each other, although since their original formation, divided by the encroachments of the sea. I did not visit the small isles of Egg and Muke, but their appearance, as we sailed from Ardnamurchan, was the same as that of Rum. We reached Col at midnight, touching at the north end of it for the purpose of landing Mr. Maclean, who had so kindly accompanied us during great part of the voyage, and in the morning found ourselves again passing down the sound of Mull, from whence we steered, by the island of Lismore, to Oban. The ruins of Dunoly Castle form a very interesting object as you enter the beautiful harbour of Oban; which is formed by the isle of Kerrera, lying accross the mouth of a small bay; and it appears land-locked to the north by the island of Lismore, lying about three leagues from the town.”

(Here follow some geological remarks, respecting the country about Oban, which, in compliance with the author's injunction are omitted.)

“About two miles from Oban, beyond Dunoly,

at the mouth of Loch Etive, is Dunstaffage. Both these edifices are erected on lofty eminences above the sea. Of Dunstaffage it is unnecessary to say much, as Mr. Pennant has given a copious description of it; the most important part of which my readers will find in a note below.* The ivory

* The following appears to be the passage intended for insertion by Dr. Clarke :

“ This castle is fabled to have been founded by Ewin, a Pictish monarch, contemporary with Julius Cæsar, naming it after himself Evonium. In fact, the founder is unknown; but it is certainly of great antiquity, and the first seat of the Pictish and Scottish princes. In this place was long preserved the famous stone, the palladium of North Britain; brought, says a legend, out of Spain, where it was first used as a seat of justice by Gethalus, coeval with Moses. It continued here as the coronation chair, till the reign of Kenneth the Second, who removed it to Scone, in order to secure his reign, for according to the inscription,

Ni fallat fatum, Scoti quocunque locatum

Invenient lapidem, regnare tenentur ibidem.

“ Mr Campbel shewed to me a very pretty little ivory image, found in a ruinous part of the castle, that was certainly cut in memory of this chair, and appears to have been an inauguration sculpture. A crowned monarch is represented sitting in it, with a book in one hand, as if going to take the coronation oath.

“ The castle is square; the inside only eighty-seven feet; partly ruinous, partly habitable. At three of the corners are round towers; one of them projects very little. The entrance is towards the sea at present by a staircase, in old times probably by a drawbridge, which fell from a little gateway. The masonry

figure there mentioned is still preserved, and was shewn to us by the owner. It is most faithfully represented in his work.

“The remarkable echo near the ancient cemetery of the castle, I did not think equal to the accounts I had heard of it. A ludicrous trick was practised by means of it, a few years ago, upon a fraudulent miller, who was admonished by the echo to alter his measures, upon pain of going to hell, as he was reading the inscriptions on some of the tombstones. This unexpected menace from an invisible monitor so alarmed the poor man, that in a fit of consternation, he fell trembling upon his knees, and was found by some of his customers making due acknowledgment of his past transgressions.

“The cemetery of Dunstaffage is still used by the inhabitants of Oban, and the neighbouring country, as a place of burial.

“A curious species of theft has been practised of late years by the poor of those parts, which is likely to create no small degree of confusion among the antiquaries of future periods. They frequently purloin the sculptured stones from the tombs of Icolmkill, to place over the grave of any person

appears very ancient; the tops battlemented. This pile is seated on a rock, whose sides have been pared to render it precipitous, and to make it conform to the shape of the castle.”—Pennant’s *Voy. to the Heb.* vol. ii. p. 354.

who happens to die, so that a goatherd or a fisherman, proudly decorates the place of his interment with the hieroglyphics, the heraldry, and the effigies of Caledonian kings. Some of the modern inscriptions of Dunstaffage have nevertheless a more genuine characteristic of recent masonry. As a proof I shall insert the following curious memorial which I copied during my visit to that place.

Here (with her Predecessors and mine
SCAMD.L. & CRACKEIG) lays. the. corps

of. Beatrix. Campbell. Spous. to.

Arch. Campbell. Tacksman. of

Clachanseil. L. & daughter. to

Don : Camp : of. Scamidell. who DY

ED. at. Clachan. the. 24 : Octbr

1741 aged. 34. this Monument

was. laid. over. her. grave. By

The. above. Archd : CAMP : her Hus.
band.

Snatched. from. me. is. my. modest. dove.

by. death

Whose. pious. virtue. must. outlive. her.

breath

Her. mournful. mate. & offspring.

must. deplore.

So. quick. a. parting. tho. to. joys. e'er more

We. mourn. because. she's. happy. I resign

Her. Dust. &. hope. we. shall. together. shine.

(Here is a representation of the monument.)

“ Opposite the entrance were these mottos,

‘ Death comes
Time runs } round the hour-glasses.

‘ Memento mori | round the skulls.

‘ Arise ye dead, and come to judgment.’

“ A most ludicrous figure, like a Bacchus on a sign-post, blowing two trumpets. On the outside, each side the door, a skull and single thigh-bone.

“ Seals we observed in great numbers near the bay of Oban. I did not know, until I came to Scotland, that it was possible to tame a seal, and render it domestic. Mr. Ritchy brought up a young one by feeding it with milk, which followed him, and would keep up with a four oared-boat, in the water. It was accidentally mistaken for a wild one, and shot. Otters are frequently tamed in the Western Islands, and taught to fish for their masters. Mr. Maclean, of Col, had one of these animals. They will resort to the sea, catch young salmon, and bring them home entire.

“ Some years ago, a cave full of human bones was accidentally discovered in one of the cliffs of Oban, round the point, a short distance from the custom-house. I went to see it, and found several skulls, and other bones lying in it. The mouth had been stopped up with stones and rubbish. The tradition of the inhabitants respecting this cave is, that a plague once raged in that neigh-

bourhood, and that infected persons were sent to that cave, and regularly supplied with provisions, laid every day upon the beach, about forty yards below it. That in process of time, all died who were sent there, and after their bodies had lain some time, the neighbouring inhabitants came and closed up the mouth of the cave. Mr. Stevenson informed me, that he remembered its being discovered; and that a most intolerable stench prevailed there for some time after it was opened.

“ Having long felt a curiosity to visit the site of the ancient Beregonium, once the capital of all Scotland, and being offered horses by Mr. Hugh Stevenson, jun. we set out, in company with that gentleman, on the morning of the 16th of August. English readers, when they hear of excursions in the dog-days, will suppose the heat of the weather no incitement to enterprise. But they are little aware how great an alteration of climate is felt, in a latitude so little more remote than that of London. We were, indeed, informed, that the season had been more unfavourable during the summer of 1797, than had ever been remembered in Scotland. But the months of July and August are, more or less, always attended with rain. So unfortunate were we in this respect, that a sunbeam was a luxury, hardly once experienced during the whole month of July. I may safely affirm, from the 12th of July to the 17th of August, we never

saw a sky perfectly unclouded. One day of sunshine we experienced, and about three others of tolerable fair weather. Fortunately for me, these generally occurred during my visits to the mountains.

“Our journey to Beregonium was attended by every obstacle that wind, hail, and rain could interpose. I mention these circumstances, because, though trivial in their nature, they occur with so little intermission in the country I am describing, that travellers should be made acquainted with them, lest they undertake an expedition of the same nature, improvident as to its consequences. As the state of the weather ought never to be a reason for inactivity or neglect, every one should be sufficiently fortified against the changes of it, to support the most unfavourable attacks.

“In our way, we visited once more the venerable ruins of Dunstaffage. About a mile from Oban, in the road to this castle, we passed a piece of water, exactly resembling the lake D’Agnano, in Italy. This lake, commonly called Pennyfuir Loch from a farm near it, is distinguished among the natives by the appellation of Loch Duigh, or the black lake.

“Leaving Dunstaffage, we crossed the narrow mouth of Loch Etive; by what is called the Connel ferry. The tide rushes through this channel with such rapidity, that it sometimes forms a cascade

of six feet. The ferry, in consequence, is frequently dangerous, and always requires the cautious management of an experienced boatman. The old pilot who conducted us over, with our horses, had attended the ferry upwards of sixty years, and the management of it has been in the same family, handed from father to son, for three hundred years. The mode by which we crossed it, reminded me of the rivers in Piedmont, the passage over which is exactly the same. The boat is launched from one side of the river, and intrusted to the torrent, which carries it with great rapidity down the stream, the men all the while tugging at the oars, till at last it reaches the opposite side, a considerable way lower down. By constant practice, the ferrymen are dexterous enough to reach generally the same point, where there is a sort of quay for landing; but this is not always the case, nor was it so when we crossed over. Sometimes the eddies are violent enough to turn the boat round, by which they lose the command of her, for a few seconds, and you are then hurried somewhat lower down the stream. Notwithstanding the perilous nature of the stream itself, the uncertainty of the old crazy boat they use, frequently thronged with passengers, and terrified horses, who betray great uneasiness in passing, I heard of no instance in which an accident had been fatal to any one.

“About two miles* beyond the ferry is all that remains of Beregonium. When I state what this *all* amounts to, few will deem it worth their while to explore it, unless that local enthusiasm which Dr. Johnson deprecates the absence of, upon ‘any ground that has been dignified by wisdom, bravery, or virtue,’ should lead them to a barren rock, without a vestige of human habitation. Of such a character are, at this moment, those celebrated plains, which at the confluence of the Simois and Scamander, supported the palaces and walls of Troy. Yet where is the man who would not rejoice to land upon the Sigæan promontory, to witness scenes so consecrated in the page of history?

“The situation usually appropriated to Beregonium is a rock of slate, which rises, as it were, insulated in the middle of a plain, at the foot of lofty cliffs; and on this rock, I thought, but it might be conjecture, I could trace the circular basis of a fortress like those commonly attributed to the Danes. As I was employed in determining the traces of this edifice, a peasant from the plain below brought me a piece of pumice stone. Upon inquiry, I found that several fragments of the same nature were found at the bottom of the rock, but that they were all derived from one spot at the other end of the rock. Being conducted to the

* “One computed Scotch mile; according to our computation, two miles English. Perhaps both are inaccurate.”

place, I found a mass of vitrified matter, upon a basis of slate, facing the west, on the summit of the rock. In this mass I observed a very extraordinary effect of fire upon a heap of stones, some of which were completely vitrified, and appeared covered with a glossy substance. Others like the substance found at the bottom of furnaces in the glass houses. Others, again, were reduced in part to pumice, but not entirely; the outside being pumice, and the interior part of the same stones less affected by fire. Others, again, remained in their original state, except being a little scorched on the outside. These probably owe their present appearance to artificial fire.

“ In the plain below the rock, are two causeways, which still bear among the natives the appellations of Meal-street and Market-street. That which is called Market-street is a mound or bank, like that of Romney Marsh, in Kent, and extends from the rock along the sea-shore, to the opposite cliffs. It appears to have been originally raised to prevent the incursions of the sea from the plain behind it, and has since received additional strength from the beach which has been thrown up against it. It is very probable, whatever might have been the original purport of its construction, that during the existence of Beregonium as a city, provisions were here exposed for sale, as it offered so fair a mart, in the immediate vicinity of those who came

to the shore with their boats from the neighbouring country: and probably from this circumstance, which was a consequence and not a cause of its being erected, it obtained the appellation of Market-street.

“ In the plain behind this embankment, is one of those upright stones, often noticed by Mr. Pennant, and common to all the Hebrides, the main land of Scotland, the Orkney isles, and the southwestern counties of England, particularly those of Cornwall and Devonshire. Near this stone a number of human bones were lately discovered by the peasants in tilling the ground. A kind of coarse pavement was also found, not far from the same spot, but not mosaic; merely a rude layer of very irregular stones. A few years ago, in picking some stones from a neighbouring rock, one of the labourers found about half a dozen thin silver coins. I could not discover what afterward became of them; nor could any other account be obtained of the coins themselves, than merely what related to their original discovery.

“ When we look back to the remote periods in which the city of Beregonium must be supposed to have existed, we are not to wonder at the slight vestiges which now appear of a metropolis once so celebrated. It is highly probable, that a fortress, surrounded by huts, constituted all from which those vestiges are now to be derived.

“At present, so destitute is the spot on which that metropolis is supposed to have been founded, that I could not contemplate the site of it without calling to mind the observation of a British nobleman, in Italy, whose remarks afforded no small degree of entertainment to those of his countrymen who resided with him in that country: ‘When these antiquarians,’ said he, ‘explain the nature of a thing that *is*, I can listen to them with some degree of patience; but when they drag me about to shew where something *has been*, I can bear it no longer!’ From Beregonium we returned by a different route, which instead of passing by the castle of Dunstaffage, takes a course more towards the east, and leads by an excellent road through glens and mountains, characterized by genuine Caledonian wildness, to Oban.

“It is impossible to leave Oban, without noticing the important consequences, which have resulted to that place, from the talents and industry of a single family, in the short period of twenty-six years. When the elder of two brothers, Mr. Hugh Stevenson, arrived there, a single thatched hut, with about five persons, constituted the whole of what has since, by their exertions, risen to a populous and flourishing town. In the year 1791, a list of the inhabitants was made by Mr. John Stevenson, at the request of the Duke of Argyle, when they were found to

amount to six hundred and fifty-nine souls. And in the year 1797, their number had increased to seven hundred.

“ We found at Oban a very pleasant and commodious boat, neatly equipped with sails, and mounting four oars, for the express purpose of conveying passengers to the different islands and places in the neighbourhood. Having agreed with the master of it to take us to Fort William, we took leave of our cutter; nor was it without painful emotions, that, as we left it, we heard the roaring of her guns in a salute, and observed the men in the yards preparing to give us the last proof of their zeal in our service by three hearty cheers.

“ Having cleared the bay of Oban, we passed along the eastern extremity of Lismore island, which has been sufficiently described in Mr. Pen-
nant’s work. Near this end of it, resides Mr. M’Nicol, celebrated as the author of an answer to Dr. Johnson. He has been reprov’d for retorting too malignantly upon his antagonist; but I must confess the perusal of his work afforded me both instruction and amusement. Let those who condemn Mr. M’Nicol, consider the nature of the provocation he had received; let them peruse the errors and misrepresentations of Johnson, on the spot from whence they originated; and having so

done, their determination will perhaps incline very differently.

“ The passage to Fort William by water is infinitely preferable to the journey by land ; on account of the ferries and other inconveniences which occur in the road, and occasion very unprofitable delay. With a west wind it is easily made in four hours, and the scenery during the voyage, if not characterized by any great degree of variety, is at least grand enough to absorb the attention during so short an interval. The circumstances of the tide are to be considered, as at the return of it through the narrow straits which join Loch Linnhe to the interior bay on which Fort William is situated, the current is so rapid that a passage is not easily obtained. This channel, called the Coran ferry, is about half a mile across ; but the water is deep, and ships of any burden may pass through at high water. After passing these straits, the mountains on each side appear of prodigious height, and rise abruptly from the surface of the water. Notwithstanding the steep declivity of their sides, they appear to be covered with a thin verdure, in many instances, even to their summits. During our passage, we saw several seats near the water's edge. Among others, the Marquis of Tweedale's, pleasantly situated among trees, backed by mountains, and fronted by water.

“Upon our arrival at Fort William, we found the inhabitants busily occupied upon the shore in mending their nets, and preparing their boats for the herring fishery during the ensuing night. Vast quantities of fish had been taken that morning, and from the scarcity of salt which prevailed, they were selling at that moment for a groat per hundred. Some of the fishermen told me, they could take as many fish as they pleased, but as the buyers were few, and the price low, they were hardly worth the trouble of bringing to shore.

“The road from Fort William to Fort Augustus, and all the way to Inverness, is excellent. Notwithstanding which, it cost us nine hours to get to Fort Augustus, which is only thirty miles. The only mode of conveyance was upon the shelties of the country, and these were such miserable, infirm, and aged animals, that it was painful to compel them to proceed. Travellers would do well to order a chaise for this purpose from Inverness. The expense is nearly the same, and if there is much baggage, such a plan would be more economical. About a mile from Fort William, the road passes close to the ruins of Inverlochy Castle, from which it is said the Duke of Argyle took the plan of Inverary.

“After leaving Inverlochy, we passed under the foot of Ben Nevis, which is the highest mountain in Britain, being 4370 feet above the level of the

sea. Its summit was perfectly cloudless during the first part of the day. The view from its top is reported to be, as may be conceived, amazingly extensive. It is not without a sigh I confess my indolence in not paying a visit to its summit. It is almost the only instance in which I have passed the base of any mountain, without exploring the 'aerial solitude' of its top, whatever might be the weather or the season. At the same time I must add, that the view alone was no inducement to such an undertaking. On the tops of mountains, we are best enabled to ascertain, with accuracy, their productions, whether fossil or vegetable, which are always pregnant with information. If the weather be favourable, it is from such a situation one is best enabled to become acquainted with the topography of the country; and if otherwise, something may be learned from the production and appearance of the mountain alone. Ben Nevis is the last of the range, called the blue mountains, which extends through all Scotland from east to west. It was now the middle of August, and snow lay in abundance far below its summit, which is said to continue there through the year.

“Descending a hill about eight miles from Fort William, we crossed the High Bridge, consisting of three lofty arches, thrown across the perturbed current of the river Spean. It was almost imme-

diately after crossing this bridge, that in ascending the declivity on the eastern side of it, my attention was caught by a remarkable artificial rampart. I cannot find the least notice taken of it, by any author, or in any traveller. It lies to the left about two hundred yards from the road upon an undulating and barren moor. The form of it is a perfect square, raised about sixty or eighty feet, its sides sloping gradually, and with great evenness. It appears evidently to have been some Roman station or camp, but its present state is so perfect, all its angles are so nicely and regularly determined, that it is extremely singular no travellers have either described it from their own observation, or gathered some account of it from the reports of others.

“A small inn at Letter Findlay, about half way from Fort William to Fort Augustus, offered us refreshment for ourselves and our miserable ponies. In the wildest parts of Scotland, where not only the luxuries, but most of the comforts of life are wanting, one frequently meets with a delicious repast in the productions of their dairies. The women of the house placed before us, on a coarse but clean cloth, a large bowl of cream, fresh butter, goat cheese, curds, whey, fresh eggs, and oat-cake.

“From Letter Findlay the scenery is water and mountains, almost the whole way to Fort Augustus.

On the opposite shore, as you leave Letter Findlay, are seen the ruins of a castle, among some trees. The road continues by the shores of Loch Lochy and Loch Oich, until on approaching Fort Augustus, the more extensive surface of Loch Ness, surrounded by high mountains, whose sides are beautifully adorned with hanging woods, opens to the view. The miserable inn at Fort Augustus is almost the only mansion, except a few huts, out of the garrison. We found it completely filled with smoke and company, the latter of which had assembled to see the pupils of a dancing master, on the evening of their practice, and to form a little ball among themselves. Happening to express to the master of the inn a wish to see the Highland reels, as danced by the natives, I received a very polite invitation from the assembly room, purporting that my company would be welcome among them, and that I might stay or retire as late as I pleased.

“I found the gentlemen in the genuine Highland dress, with their kilts and tartan hose, dancing with all that vigour, vivacity, and alertness, which is so peculiar to the Highlanders in their favourite reels. The infinite variety of their steps, the snapping of their fingers, the exactness with which the sound of their feet and hands marked the time and the different character of the tunes, as they varied in succession, amused us highly. Many, even of

the children, gave an elegance and expression to their motions, such as I had never before witnessed in the most skilful of our London Bacchantes.

“The journey from Fort Augustus to Inverness, is by much the most interesting of the whole tract which is called the Chain, and perhaps is not equalled in Scotland. Immediately upon leaving Fort Augustus, the road quits the lake, and winding over the mountains proceeds, by several small pools of water, among others a lake called Loch Turf, and through a wild country, for fourteen miles to the Rumbling Bridge, and the famous cataract called the fall of Fyres. Here you are again presented with a beautiful view of Loch Ness, lying far below you. Some time before you reach this cataract, the unusual appearance of trees adds greatly to the beauty of the scenery. The Rumbling Bridge is the first object to attract your attention. It is a few yards out of the road, about a quarter of a mile before you arrive at the cataract. Some persons have thought it as well worth seeing as the fall, but there surely can be no comparison. It consists of a single arch thrown across a roaring and tremendous torrent, which, rushing down a chasm of solid rock towards the bridge, proceeds afterward boiling and foaming among huge blocks of stone, towards the greater fall. The bridge itself trembles as you stand upon it, with the violence and fury of the surge below.

After having visited the Rumbling Bridge, the road itself conducts the traveller close to the fall of Fyres. For some time before you approach it, a loud noise and thick rising mist, which ascends far above the highest point of the cataract, give notice of its vicinity. The view from the road is considerably above the fall; but, looking down, a striking spectacle presents itself. Having seen all the principal cataracts in Great Britain, I can confidently aver, that the fall of Fyres is superior to any of them. At the same time it must be stated, we saw it in its greatest glory; after a season of more rain than had ever been remembered in Scotland, during the summer months. But circumstances less liable to alteration, than the state of the atmosphere, equally conspire to give it a pre-eminence. The scenery around it is of the boldest character. The broad and distant surface of Loch Ness, rocks, mountains, woods, and precipices, all afford their tributary characteristics, of vastness, majesty, and grandeur. The fall itself is uninterrupted in its course by any intervening mass. In trifling cascades, interruptions of this kind are not only ornamental, but sometimes absolutely requisite to the production of effect. The case is far otherwise in cataracts of more importance. When a torrent is precipitated from any considerable height, the whole body of water breaks spontaneously into enormous rolling volumes

of surge, foam, and vapour, infinitely grander, and more varied than any effect which an interruption to its progress could produce.

“ I have stated that the fall of Fyres is superior to any cascade in Great Britain. It may also be necessary to add, that it is equal to those of Tivoli, but inferior to that of Terni. It differs from the great fall of the Monach, near Aberystwith in Cardiganshire, in being composed of one entire cataract, whereas the latter consists of five separate falls, all of which appear to unite, in one point of view. The height of the fall of Fyres was lately taken by a party of gentlemen, one of whom was let down by a rope to the bottom of the torrent, in which perilous situation, he measured it from the surface of the water below to the beginning of its fall, and found the distance 470 feet.

“ From the fall of Fyres the road passes by a gentle declivity to the General's Hut, a small inn, about a mile distant. The number of passengers who had thronged it on that day, had entirely subverted the little economy of its owners, and thrown every thing into confusion. We found the eldest daughter weeping over the fragments of a broken tumbler, which though a trivial loss in places less remote from commercial intercourse, was an important consideration here, as there was not another to be had. To my great surprise I heard that the poor woman of the house had risen

only four days from her accouchement, and at that moment was laboriously employed in washing dishes, with her bare feet in a puddle of water. Her husband assured me it was a matter of no astonishment, as she never indulged in any confinement upon that account, and added, 'On the morning she brought me this fine boy, she made dinner for fifteen persons.'

"The appellation of the General's Hut was given to this place, from the circumstance of General Wade having made it his place of residence, during the time he commanded the forces employed in constructing the various military roads through the Highlands of Scotland. Nothing could surpass the beauty of the ride from the General's Hut to Inverness. For many miles the road passes through a continued grove of hazel trees, among which occasionally are seen the mountain ash, whose branches bend beneath the weight of its blushing berries, the oak, the white poplar, and the weeping birch. On the other side the lake, surrounded by trees, appeared the ruins of Urquhart Castle, an edifice renowned in other times. It consisted of seven great towers, and is said to have been erected by the Cumins. It was demolished by Edward the First.*

* "Tour through Britain, p. 242.

"About four miles to the westward of this castle, on the top of a very high hill, is a lake of cold fresh water, thirty fathoms

“ After travelling thirteen miles in this manner, by the side of the lake, the road is continued to its north-eastern extremity five more from the kirk of Dores to Inverness; leaving the Bunatria of the Romans to the left, and passing the whole way parallel to the river Ness. On entering the town of Inverness, the first object that occurs worthy of note, is the ruins of Macbeth’s castle, in which Duncan, King of Scotland, was murdered. It has undergone various appellations, being at that time distinguished by the title of Fort George, and continued in good preservation, till it was blown up by the rebels. It formerly constituted a very great ornament to the town, being situated on an eminence above the river, and overlooking the whole of Inverness, with its bridge, harbour, factories, and churches. It was never a place of strength since the invention of gunpowder, as it is commanded by a hill above, but it formed a beautiful barrack. The engineer employed in laying the train for the destruction of this place, was carried to a great height by the blast, and fell into the river. An old man who attended us to the spot, said he saw the accident happen, and that the engineer’s dog was blown into the air with his

in length, and six in breadth; no stream running to it, or from it. It could never yet be fathomed; and at all seasons of the year it is equally full, and never frozen. Ibid.”

master, but escaped with a trifling lameness, in consequence of the disaster.

“The evening was growing dark as we entered Inverness. The appearance of the shops by candle-light, was more splendid than we expected to have found them in this part of Scotland; but the town has been improving fast for many years; and those who borrow their ideas of it from the accounts by De Foe, and former travellers, would hardly believe it could be the place they have described.

“The morning after our arrival, we rode to the field of Culloden, and having procured upon the spot one of the peasants, all of whom retain by heart the whole history of the memorable battle fought there, we hastened to indulge a melancholy contemplation over the graves of the slaughtered clans, who with valour worthy of a better cause, fell victims to a mistaken zeal. The line preserved by the Highlanders upon that occasion, is distinctly marked along the plain, by the number of their graves. They were interred exactly as they fell, their bodies being guarded during the night after the action, and the following morning all the peasants of the neighbouring country were summoned to assist in giving them such a burial as the place would afford. Our guide assured us, that his father assisted at their interment, and that they laboured two days incessantly before they were all committed to the earth. Two thousand

fell during the action and in the retreat. Our great moralist, Johnson, observes, 'The man is little to be envied, whose patriotism would not gain force upon the plain of Marathon;' but what degree of apathy must characterize the traveller, who, in crossing the field of Culloden, could pass the solitary graves of the Highlanders without a sigh? Never was a spot more calculated to awaken emotions which obliterate the present in memory of the past. The scene is a wide heath, whose uniform and melancholy surface is only interrupted by turf-grown sods rising at intervals, where, hushed in death, repose the bodies of brave but ill-fated Caledonians. Wherever these mounds appear, the heath no longer grows, but the white clover and the daisy, mingled with a fine green turf, betray the deposit mantled by their verdure.

"Our guide with his spade gently raised the turf from some of these rude tumuli as we passed. We found them filled with the bones and skulls of bodies, which seemed to have been hastily covered without much attention to order or disposition. In some of them were shoes and rotten pieces of wood. Flints, nails, balls, bullets, fragments of broken weapons, and even holsters, are often found upon the heath, but the eagerness of the people to possess a relic of this kind, soon occasions them to be as effectually concealed from future observation, as if they still remained buried in the field of

Culloden. We found a very intelligent guide in the peasant we had brought, and I could not avoid thinking, what an excellent subject he would make for an historical painter, as he stood in the middle of a wide heath, leaning upon his spade, over the graves of his countrymen, relating the traditionary tales of their valour, tracing out upon the turf the line of the adverse armies, and pointing out the spot where the most celebrated of the different clans were interred. We found in no instance a heap of earth over a single body; the graves, though not large, were all made to contain as many as possible; and in one long trench, which was dug upon that occasion, it is supposed above one hundred persons were buried.

The remarkable remains of a vitrified fort, on the summit of Crag Phadrigh, was the next object which called for our notice in the neighbourhood of Inverness. It is exactly of the same nature as that which I discovered at Beregonium. If specimens of either were laid together on a table, it would be impossible to discern one from the other. The pumice-like matter of Beregonium is, however, not found at Crag Phadrigh. Something approaching very near to it, of the same nature, but not so highly affected by fire, is mingled with the other matter, but neither altogether so porous nor so light as that of Beregonium; every other appearance is exactly the same: the stones all lying

in a heterogeneous mass, cemented together by the melted matter, which ran from those most easily fused. An accurate and minute description of Crag Phadrich has been given by Mr. Fraser Tytler, in the second volume of the Edinburgh Philosophical Transactions.

“The whole of Cawdor castle is peculiarly calculated to impress the mind with a retrospect of past ages, feudal customs, and deeds of darkness. Its iron-grated doors, its ancient tapestry, hanging loosely over secret doors and hidden passages, its winding staircases, its rattling draw-bridge, all conspire to excite the most gloomy imagery in the mind. It was indeed a fertile spot for the writers of our modern romances. The mysteries of Udolpho would vanish in contemplation of the less perspicuous intricacies in the castle of Cawdor. Among these must be mentioned the secret apartment which so effectually concealed Lord Lovat from the sight of his pursuers. Never was any thing so artfully contrived. It is impossible for the most discerning eye, without previous information, to discover the place of his retreat. And even after being told that a place of this nature existed in the castle, I doubt whether it could be discovered. It is placed immediately beneath the rafters in one part of the roof of the castle. By means of a ladder you are conducted by the side of one part of a sloping roof into a kind of channel

between two ; such as frequently serves to convey rain-water into pipes for a reservoir ; by proceeding along this channel you arrive at the foot of a stone staircase, which leads up one side of the roof to the right, and is so artfully contrived, as to appear a part of the ornaments of the building, when beheld at a distance. At the end of this staircase is a room with a single window near the floor. It is said Lord Lovat used to be conducted to this place when his pursuers approached, the ladder being removed as soon as he ascended. When the search was over, and the inquirers gone, the ladder was replaced, by which means he lived comfortably with the family, and might long have remained secure, if he had not quitted the place of his retreat.

“ A remarkable tradition respecting the foundation of this castle is worth notice, because circumstances still remain which plead strongly for its truth. It is said the original proprietor was directed by a dream to load an ass with gold, turn it loose, and, following its footsteps, build a castle wherever the ass rested. In an age when dreams were considered as the immediate oracles of heaven, and their suggestions implicitly attended to, it is natural to suppose, the ass, as tradition relates, received its burden and its liberty. After strolling about from one thistle to another, it arrived at last beneath the branches of a hawthorn tree, where,

fatigued with the weight upon its back, it knelt down to rest. The space round the tree was immediately cleared for building, the foundation laid, and a tower erected: but the tree was preserved, and remains at this moment a singular memorial of superstition attended by advantage. The situation of the castle accidentally proved the most favourable that could be chosen; the country round it is fertile, productive of trees, in a wholesome spot; and a river, with a clear and rapid current, flows beneath its walls. The trunk of the tree, with the knotty protuberances of its branches, is still shewn in a vaulted apartment, at the bottom of the principal tower. Its roots branch out beneath the floor, and its top penetrates through the vaulted arch of stone above, in such a manner, as to make it appear, beyond dispute, that the tree stood as it now does, before the tower was erected. For ages it has been a custom for guests in the family to assemble round it, and drink, ‘Success to the hawthorn,’ that is to say, in other words, ‘Prosperity to the house of Cawdor!’”

The travellers proceeded in their tour through Elgin to Aberdeen; thence to Dundee, Perth, and Stirling. On their way they visited Glamis Castle, which Mr. Clarke thus describes:

“About a mile out of the road near Glames,

anciently Glamis, six miles from Forfar, are the venerable remains of Glamis Castle, the property of Lord Strathmore. I do not know a building so calculated to impress the mind with ideas of feudal dignity, and castellated grandeur as this of Glames. A winding avenue of trees conducts you by the side of a noisy rivulet, to its irregular and majestic front. It stands on a noble plain, surrounded by extensive woods and plantations of thick embowering trees. A part of it has been taken down, but sufficient still remains to shew its pristine importance. On approaching, the eye is lost in a futile attempt to discover any thing of design or plan in its appearance. A number of small and gloomy windows, with the minute intersected casements, which distinguished the residences of our forefathers, appear without order in various parts of the edifice. High above all rise a number of turrets of a singular conical form. Approaching an enormous portal, thickly embossed with iron studs, we knocked long and loudly for admission, and as we listened to learn if an approaching footstep indicated the residence of any human being, the wind roared loudly over the battlements, and whistling among the interstices of its walls, was heard at a distance like the faint screams of persons in distress. A clanking of iron was heard upon the stone staircase within, like the fetters of some person descending in chains towards the door;

and the impressions made by so extraordinary a noise, were not weakened by hearing the creaking of an enormous iron grate, opening on the inside. At the same instant a small door of about a foot square, formed in the middle of the outer portal, was opened by a female figure, with long black hair, bare feet, and a large bunch of keys, who demanded our business.

“To see the castle, I replied. ‘All the castle?’ again rejoined the same figure, ‘or only the room where the murder was committed?’

“I know of no murder committed in this castle, said I, but wish to see as much of it as you are willing to shew.

“The door was then opened, and we followed our conductress up a winding stone staircase, to an old chamber in which stood a bed of uncommon magnificence, though at present in a very tattered condition. It was of rich crimson velvet, and straw-coloured satin, on which had been wrought a beautiful embroidery of flowers in gold. In this room we were told, that a murder had formerly been committed by some hired assassins, who were conducted to their victim by a servant they had bribed. But who that victim was, or when the pretended murder was committed, or at whose instigation, or for what purpose, we could never discover.

“In the principal bed-chamber of the castle,

over the chimney-piece, is a painting of uncommon merit; whether an original or a copy I am not decided. To use the technical term of an artist, it had much of that *fatness* in the colouring which is supposed to mark the free touch of an original painter, but at the same time there were parts in the drapery, which appeared to be laboured. The subject represents our Saviour paying the tribute-money. It consists of seven figures, half-lengths, according to life. The disposal of these figures, the fore-shortening of a venerable countenance, peeping over our Saviour's left arm, and the happy distribution of shadow throughout the whole, are admirable. If the painter has failed in any thing it is in the portrait of our Saviour, which forms the principal figure in the piece."

Mr. Clarke thus expresses himself, respecting the beauty of the country, on approaching Dunkeld :

" Nothing occurs particularly remarkable, until just before you arrive at the toll-gate, before descending into the beautiful vale of Tay ; and from that moment, a scene opens before you, which perhaps has not its parallel in Europe. I know not in all Scotland, nor in any part of Great Britain, a scene more striking than Dunkeld, as you descend to cross the ferry. From the toll-gate towards the river, you have the great forest

of Birnam above you on the left, and down far to the right, a long hollow valley, watered by the rapid meandering Tay, attracts the attention. Dunkeld, shut in by high mountains, rises with its ruined cathedral, its church and houses, above the water. To enrich this noble scene, the finest trees are seen flourishing with the greatest redundancy. How weak and groundless are the aspersions of Johnson, respecting Scotland and its timber, when one beholds this luxuriant valley, proudly decorated with majestic oaks, sycamore, limes, beech, maple, birch, and all the glories of the forest. I measured a single oak close to the ferry, and found it to be seventeen feet in the girth, and near it stood a sycamore of much greater magnitude.

“The grounds belonging to the Duke of Athol, I do not hesitate to pronounce to be almost without a rival. There are some scenes about them, which bear a resemblance to the finest parts of Mount Edgcombe in Cornwall. The walks alone form an extent of sixteen or seventeen miles, and these are kept in the finest order; not fantastically cut according to any absurd rule, which may violate the grandeur of nature; but winding among the most solemn groves, and majestic trees, which the earth produces. I cannot pretend to detail its beauties. The pencil alone can, and even that would but inadequately describe them.

“The greatest curiosity of Dunkeld, at least that which is generally esteemed such, is the cascade, formed by a fall of the Bran, about half a mile from the ferry of Inverness. The manner in which this is presented to the spectator, has been much reprobated by several of our modern tourists, who, anxious to shew their taste for the beauties of nature, hastily condemn the smallest interference of art. For my own part, I entirely differ with them respecting the cataract of the Bran at Ossian’s hall. I consider it as one of the most ingenious and pleasing ornaments to rural scenery I ever beheld. A hermitage, or summer house, is placed forty feet above the bottom of the fall, and constructed in such a manner that the spectator in approaching the cascade, is entirely ignorant of his vicinity to it, being concealed by the walls of this edifice. Upon entering the building, you are struck with a painting of Ossian, playing upon his harp, and singing the songs of other times. The picture, as you contemplate it, suddenly disappears with a loud noise, and the whole cataract foams at once before you, reflected in several mirrors, and roaring with the noise of thunder. It is hardly possible to conceive a spectacle more striking. If it be objected that machinery contrivance of this sort wears too much the appearance of scenic representation, I should reply, that as scenic representation I admire it, and as the finest specimen

of that species of exhibition; which doubtless, without the aid of such a deception, would have been destitute of half the effect it is now calculated to produce. A little below this edifice, a simple but pleasing arch is thrown across the narrow chasm of the rocks through which the river flows with vast rapidity. About a mile higher up the Bran is the Rumbling Bridge, thrown across a chasm of granite, about fifteen feet wide. The bed of the river, for several hundred feet above the arch, is copiously charged with massive fragments of rock, over which the river foams and roars like the waters at Ivy Bridge, in Devonshire. Approaching the bridge, it precipitates itself with great fury through the chasm, casting a thick cloud of spray, or vapour, high above the bridge, and agitating by its fury even the prodigious masses which form the surrounding rocks.

“Few objects will more amply repay the traveller for the trouble of visiting them, than the woody precipices, the long, winding, shady groves, the ruins and cataracts of Dunkeld.”

The travellers arrived at Edinburgh on the 8th of September, and stayed there till the 20th. Thence setting off for England, they visited the Cumberland lakes, which appeared to disadvantage after the bolder scenery with which they had

lately been familiar. Mr. Clarke thus expresses himself, in his journal, respecting the lakes and mountains of the north of England:

“We approached Saddle Back and Skiddaw from an open country; those mountains looked very contemptible after the Scotch hills. I could hardly believe I saw Skiddaw when it was pointed out. A lady might ride on horseback to the top. We saw distinctly the summit, with a pile of stones upon it. It is covered with verdure, and looks more like the South Downs, than a mountain so famous.

“Nothing remarkably beautiful or striking occurred till we ascended a hill, and the vale of Keswick opened before us, with the lakes of Derwentwater and Bassenthwaite—a scene uniting grandeur with beauty, wild mountains with lakes, and cultivated fields smiling in harvest, and full of trees. The accounts of the lakes are much exaggerated. Loch Lomond surpasses any of them. Derwentwater, from Crow park, compared to Loch Lomond, looks like a pond. When you are on it, or wandering upon its shores, and among its creeks, it is certainly very beautiful. The fact is, the mountains round it, from the vastness of their dimensions, diminish the appearance of the lake itself. On Skiddaw are no abrupt precipices or broken rocks; its sides are sloping, green, and

uniform; and have all the insipidity of a lawn. Mrs. Radcliffe's account of her ascent is truly ridiculous.

“The appearance of the mountains in Borrowdale deserves all the notice that has been given them; they are truly great; in the first style of mountain sublimity. I wished much to have penetrated the pass, which winds among them. The road from Keswick to Ambleside, by the Grasmere Lake, is equal to many of the finest scenes in Switzerland. But no lake is equal to that of Lucerne. Ambleside is a little straggling place, neat, and entirely supported by the swarms which throng annually to the lakes.

“I hardly know what to say of the appearance of Windermere as we left Ambleside. It is certainly unique; but not equal to Loch Lomond; neither can they fairly be compared together. The beautiful appearance of the trees and cultivated fields, full of yellow harvest, is unknown at Loch Lomond.

“Windermere is the most pleasing of all the lakes. I would make this distinction between Windermere and Loch Lomond. They are both sublime; but characterized by different sources of sublimity. The sublimity of Loch Lomond results from vastness, grandeur, and terror: that of Windermere from magnificence alone. And I think this a more accurate description of those lakes

than to say Windermere is beautiful, and Loch Lomond sublime; though certainly in Windermere there is more of beauty than sublimity; and in Loch Lomond more of sublimity than beauty."

Mr. Paget and Mr. Clarke concluded their tour on the 26th of September, by arriving at Plasnewydd in Anglesey, the seat of Lord Uxbridge.

CHAP. V.

Residence at Cambridge—Engagement with Mr. Cripps—
Commencement of his Grand Tour—Hamburg—Denmark—
Sweden—Lapland—Norway—Finland.

WITH the journey which was the subject of the last chapter, the connexion of Mr. Clarke with his young friend, as tutor, was terminated; but having been formed at a moment when their minds were softened by a common calamity, and continued under circumstances of perpetual novelty and interest, the impressions left by it were unusually strong and lasting; and upon it was laid the foundation of a mutual attachment highly gratifying to both, but reflecting particular credit upon the character of the pupil. That the warmth of Mr. Clarke's heart, the kindness of his manners, and his eagerness both in acquiring and communicating knowledge, should have secured a temporary hold of the affections of a young and ardent mind, is nothing more than might have been expected, and what in fact did happen in more cases than in this; but in the spirit and constancy of an attach-

ment, which neither the lapse of more than twenty years, nor the wide difference of their pursuits and situations in the world, nor the pleasures of a fashionable life, nor the business of a public one, could ever weaken, there is something as admirable as it is rare. So long as Mr. Clarke lived, the interest and the exertions of his pupil were always ready to be employed in the furtherance of any object which he had at heart: and when that event occurred which is too often found to acquit all worldly obligations and to dissolve all common ties, it only served to bring his friendship forward in a more striking point of view. In every mark, whether of public or of private respect, paid to the memory of his friend, Mr. Paget was always among the foremost; and the readiness with which he entered into all the details connected with the comfort of the family of Mr. Clarke, and the warmth of his exertions in the promotion of every measure recommended in their behalf—exertions not less successful than they were extensive—were such as could only have been expected from a very near relation, or from one who had lived in daily habits of intimacy with him, to the last moment of his life.

Upon their return from Scotland, Mr. Paget was sent to Oxford according to his destination, and Mr. Clarke returned to Uckfield, where, towards

the end of the winter, the author of this Memoir went, in conformity to a long promise, to spend a few weeks with him. He had been living with his family ever since his return, and it was reasonable to expect that the arrangement and digestion of the materials of a journey, in which he had taken so much interest, while the objects were fresh in his recollection, would have been his principal employment and resource; especially as it was always his intention to publish them; but he had dismissed this subject from his thoughts, and, to confess the truth, was wholly absorbed in the occupations and amusements of an active country gentleman; amongst which shooting was the most prominent. For the more effectual prosecution of this object, he had procured from the Duke of Dorset, the deputation of several large woods and manors in the neighbourhood of Uckfield, in which it was his daily habit to expatiate, and with as much enthusiasm and delight as the keenest sportsman of his time. He was not successful indeed, nor was success necessary to his enjoyment; it was the wildness of the sport, and the bustle and activity of the exercise which captivated him; and as he was then without any definite objects in life, it became a matter of painful conjecture to those who regarded him, when and how the indulgence of such a passion might cease. On this account all the influence of his friend was

exerted to withdraw him altogether from this scene of fruitless labour (for such it was to him on many accounts), and to induce him to take up his residence in Cambridge, where he would be certain of finding pursuits worthy of his ambition, and friends disposed to partake of them. But this was a more difficult undertaking than might have been imagined. The repugnance he at all times felt to remove from his mother's house, had lately been considerably strengthened by a sense of something like independence which his election to a Fellowship* had created, and what was more unfortunate, by an unaccountable dislike to the very place where he was urged to go; and it is very probable, that every remonstrance, and every effort of his friend would have been unavailing, if they had not been happily seconded by an accidental circumstance, which occurred most seasonably to aid them. His name was put down at Uckfield for the supplementary militia, and such was his dread of being compelled to serve in this corps, that without stopping to inquire by what other means he might escape the chance of the impending evil, he immediately seized upon the idea of College, as of a place of refuge from it. "My going to College for a short time," he says in a letter to his friend, soon after the latter's return to

* He was elected Fellow of Jesus College before he went to Scotland.

Cambridge, "I am afraid, will now be absolutely necessary, for they have entered my name to be ballotted for as a supplementary militia-man. Tell the Master I will be bursar, or shoe-black, or gip, to avoid marching amongst a mob of undrilled recruits. Only fancy, Captain Clarke, or, what is worse, Ensign Clarke, of the awkward squad. I am very sure you would soon find the addition of ——brought to a court-martial for disobedience of orders. Seriously I will beg of you to request the Master to appoint me bursar without delay, that I may go to Lewes, and tell the justices I am exempted by a College office, and only there upon a visit." Accordingly he was appointed bursar; and rooms having been prepared for him at his request, he prepared to take up his residence in College at Easter 1798.

In the mean time, however, an engagement more directly connected with the line of life he had adopted was proposed to him; and as this engagement led afterward to important consequences, and was, in truth, the cause of his undertaking, and the means of his completing his celebrated journey to the Continent, it will be proper to speak of it more fully. The object of the proposal was a young man of his own neighbourhood in Sussex; who, having lately succeeded to a considerable estate in that county, was desirous of placing himself under the guidance and instruction

of Mr. Clarke for three years, in the meritorious hope of supplying the defects of an indifferent education, by those means, which though late were still within his power. In the pursuit of this advantage, the place was of secondary importance to him, and he was easily induced, at Mr. Clarke's recommendation, to admit himself a Fellow-commoner of Jesus College, and to accompany his tutor to Cambridge; with an understanding, which was equally agreeable to both, that after a certain time spent in preparatory study, they should undertake some journey to the Continent together. The pecuniary part of the proposal was very liberal, and the plan was entered upon without delay. With them came also to the University a gentleman of a very different character, and in a different situation in life; led there indeed partly by the same motives as those which influenced Mr. Cripps, a love of Mr. Clarke's society, and a desire of profiting by his information, and, in this respect, affording a remarkable instance amongst many which might be quoted of the strong attachments inspired by Mr. Clarke; but chiefly induced by another reason, which, considering his circumstances, will be regarded as very rare. This was the Honourable John Tufton, an elder brother of his first pupil, the same who had accompanied him as far as Brussels on his tour to the Continent. He had lived a considerable time in the

fashionable world, had partaken largely of its interests and its pleasures, and at the time of his admission at Jesus College, was in the full enjoyment of all that men usually desire, being splendidly allied, a Member of Parliament, and possessed of a larger fortune than he could spend. In all this, however, he had not found what would satisfy his understanding and his wishes, and one object of his coming to College was to try, whether the pleasure of academic pursuits and the society of literary men would prove more effectual. The experiment, however, was unhappily of short duration: his health, which was indifferent when he came, declined rapidly after his admission, and compelled him frequently to remove to town for advice: and before eighteen months had expired, he fell a victim to a species of atrophy, under which he had long laboured.

During the next twelvemonth, Mr. Clarke resided constantly with his pupil at Jesus College, and thus commenced a new and important era in his life, in many respects highly beneficial to him. Hitherto his studies had been desultory and irregular, dependent upon the situations into which he was thrown, and the tastes and sympathies of the persons with whom he lived, and otherwise pursued under many and striking disadvantages; but now he enjoyed the inestimable benefit of being master of his own pursuits, and of a considerable

portion of his own time, under circumstances most favourable to the cultivation of them. Accordingly, notwithstanding his employment with his pupil and his College office, he contrived to attend constantly the chemical lectures, and to improve himself in several other species of information essential to his future views; and what was more important, he began to establish in his general reading a certain degree of regularity and method, to which he had hitherto been a stranger. But to the society of the place, he was unquestionably indebted for the most decided advantage. Formerly he had lived either with young men of family who looked up to him for their opinions; or with persons whose age and situation placed them beyond the reach of competition; but now his mind was brought into daily and familiar contact with those of many able scholars, of the same rank and standing with himself, and engaged in a similar career—men, for the most part, of more regular understandings and more mature judgment than his own—from whose conversation he could not fail, amongst other improvements, of making some progress in a species of knowledge, oftener forced upon us than sought, but valuable however obtained, that of himself. It must be confessed, however, that at this period his residence in Cambridge was not productive of all the satisfaction to himself, which his friends had so confidently

promised. There was something in the tone and habits of the place, by no means calculated to do away the prejudice he brought there: it was neither the varied gaiety of the world, nor the unclouded serenity of home; but a scene different from both, for which his former life not less than his natural disposition rendered him unfit, without some previous experience and discipline. Beyond all this, the love of travel still shewed itself to be the ruling passion of his mind, and was constantly urging him towards the means of fresh gratification. Thus, notwithstanding the many sources of advantage and enjoyment with which he was surrounded, he was never less disposed to be at ease in the whole course of his life, and if they who knew him best were desired to point out that period of his history, in which he appeared least amiable to others (and it is only of the degree of which there can be any question), it would certainly be this year of his residence in Cambridge. On these accounts he often urged upon the author of this memoir, at that time senior tutor of the College, the immediate execution of a scheme they had long had in contemplation of going abroad together. In this person he always found a willing auditor; and as no part of the Continent was then open to English travellers, but the north of Europe, it was determined, after various plans had been proposed and rejected, that they should visit

Norway and Sweden, with as much of Russia besides, as could be comprehended within the extended limits of a long summer vacation. Mr. Cripps, his pupil, was of course of this party from the beginning, and with it was afterward associated a gentleman, since highly distinguished in the literary world, Professor Malthus. He was at that time Fellow of the College, and having been occasionally resident during this year, and often present at the discussions to which the scheme had given birth, was easily persuaded to embark in an expedition, which, besides the many obvious inducements it held out to him in common with the rest, afforded a prospect of information peculiarly desirable to himself. He had lately published his first work, an octavo volume, upon the Principle of Population; and although it was quite impossible for him to anticipate the deep and extensive interest, which the peculiar circumstances of the country have since given to the subject, it is certain that he was at that time exceedingly impressed with the practical evils to which the prevailing errors respecting population had given rise, and not less firm in the truth of his own conclusions, than sanguine as to their ultimate establishment. But being certain that a theory so adverse to all the rooted prejudices and received opinions of mankind, was not likely to make its way by argument alone, however logically supported, he was

anxious for the sake of truth as well as of public happiness to collect from every quarter of the habitable world all the prominent facts which could fairly be supposed to bear upon the question. In this inquiry the countries northward of the Baltic were for many reasons likely to be of importance ; but they were precisely those in which the state of society was less known, and the details required less likely to be obtained from native authors, and on this account he was glad of the opportunity now afforded to procure, by actual observation and inquiry, the materials of which he was in search. To this tour, therefore, the public are indebted for all that curious statistical information respecting Norway and Sweden, with which his quarto volume is enriched, and for many of those facts and documents by which the truth of his former demonstration is so triumphantly supported and confirmed.

But to return to Mr. Clarke. The party set out from Cambridge at the time appointed, the 20th of May, 1799 ; and the journey, which was at first intended to occupy only six or seven months, was continued by himself and his pupil for more than three years and a half, having been concluded in the latter end of November, 1802. During this period, the series of letters next presented to the reader was addressed to his friends at home. They will form, it is presumed, by far the most amusing

as well as the most instructive portion of the present work; and on this account they will be inserted with as little alteration and curtailment as possible; but as they were composed under a variety of circumstances, and possess very different degrees of merit, the following observations upon their character and contents may possibly assist the reader's judgment respecting them.

As Mr. Clarke never failed to write to some one or other of his friends from every remarkable spot which he visited, and as very few of his letters have been lost, they will be found collectively to furnish a succinct and faithful narrative of that long and eventful journey, the enlarged details of which have occupied no less than six volumes quarto, and have mainly contributed to spread the reputation of the author throughout every part of Europe. In this point of view they cannot fail of being highly interesting to a large class of readers, who, having wanted either the time or the opportunity to make themselves masters of so voluminous a work, will be delighted in this summary, but interesting way to reap the benefit of his researches. But it may be farther affirmed, that these letters are not less valuable when considered separately, than when regarded in connexion with each other; for besides the raciness and freshness they possess in common with all other information conveyed under similar circumstances, having been written

while the objects were still warm in his recollection, or actually in his sight; they have the peculiar advantage of exhibiting in a striking point of view, that stream of colloquial eloquence in which the goodness of his heart was most apparent, and the playfulness, the vivacity, and the force of his imagination had their fairest and freest scope. Of all the species of writing which he essayed, the epistolary was the most becoming to him; and as the letters now exhibit in a narrower field the qualities which accompanied him when he spoke, no one who reads them with attention will be at a loss to discover what his conversation once was—the same ease, lightness, and spirit—the same distinct view of his own character and thoughts—an expression still more graceful and flowing—with a talent for description, and a taste in the selection of his topics, which have rarely been surpassed. To be natural indeed could scarcely be called a virtue in him; for his conceptions were so rapid, and struggled so much for utterance, that they could scarcely at any time be controlled.

But if the form of these communications may be supposed to give them an air of novelty, even with those to whom the travels are familiar, may it not be said with truth, that much of the matter will be new to them too?—They constituted no part of the materials from which the great work was constructed. Many of the facts stated in them

are entirely different from those of his journal : while others which are the same, are still presented in different lights ; and in one large class of thoughts originating in the prolific source of his own susceptible and vivid feelings, which the various objects and incidents of the journey could not fail of calling out, the advantage is almost peculiar to the letters : for, however natural it may be that such topics should occur in a species of composition, in which it is permitted, nay expected, that a man should speak frequently of himself, they could not appear with so much advantage in a grave and didactic work, expressly and elaborately written for the public eye. Remarkable specimens of this kind of merit will be found in the letters from Ida and Parnassus, and particularly in that from Jerusalem, which will probably be considered as one of the happiest effusions of his pen. It is curious to contrast the exaltation of his mind upon his arrival at the Holy Land, with that sobriety of spirit which characterizes his subsequent description of it. The Bible was in his hand, and the book of nature lay open before him, and from these two sources, amid scenes the most sacred to our recollections, and customs scarcely less durable than the rocks and valleys amidst which they are preserved, he has drawn the materials for a succession of pictures, which, in point of faithfulness and effect, may be compared with any that have

been presented to us from that country since the days of Holy Writ: while the pious and didactic turn of the images and associations with which they are filled up, give to the whole a calm and impressive character, which is not less appropriate than it is pleasing and instructive. It is impossible for a well-educated man to read this letter without pleasure, or a pious one without edification and improvement. Upon the whole, it may be observed, that the matter of these compositions increases in interest, as he advances in his journey, for a reason which has been already given: nor can it escape the notice of any one that this interest takes a higher character, when the classical scenes of Asia and Greece present themselves to his view.

Having said thus much of the correspondence generally, it will be proper to add a few words respecting the letters addressed to his mother, which will be found to possess a character of their own. To account fully for this distinction, the reader will be pleased to keep in mind, that the parent to whom they were written was a person of a most kind and affectionate heart, and of a sound and useful understanding, but with no pretensions to learning, and without any decided literary taste: and farther, that when her son left England, she was labouring under a disorder which had long excited the most lively

apprehensions in the minds of her children; and otherwise placed in circumstances requiring every consolation for his absence, which in truth she did not long survive, and to which nothing could have reconciled her, but the assurance of his welfare and advantage. In this state of things, that he should have been more occupied with her feelings, than with his own, whenever he sat down to write to her, and that amid the various topics which occurred to him, he should have selected only those calculated to amuse her, or to be agreeable to her taste, will be no matter of wonder to his early friends, who know well, that to have excited a cheerful train of thought in her mind, or even a passing smile upon her countenance, would at any time have been in his eyes a greater triumph of his epistolary talents, than the most successful exhibition of his own learning and ability in any other quarter. Accordingly, these letters to her will be found throughout easy, animated, and playful, abounding in cheerful views of things, and droll and peculiar turns of thought, but devoid of all literary and scientific discussions, as being beside his purpose, and abstaining from every painful circumstance affecting his own health or happiness, of which there occurred but too many, as being certain to give her pain, and to add to her anxiety about himself.

It remains now only to say a few words of the

pupil, whom his good fortune had allotted to him, from whose character and habits he unquestionably derived the greatest facilities and advantages in the whole conduct of the tour. There are few young men of independent fortune, who would have been disposed to undertake so difficult a journey, and fewer still who would have been able and willing to go through with it. But Mr. Cripps had all the qualities requisite for the companion of such a man, in the prosecution of such an object: a singular attachment and devotion to Mr. Clarke, disposing him at all times to acquiesce cordially in every plan, which the better knowledge and experience of that gentleman suggested—a sweetness of temper, which neither crosses nor privations could ever ruffle—a liberal spirit ever ready to furnish the means, whenever an opportunity of making an important acquisition occurred, and an ardent desire of information, which made him at all times as anxious to press forward and to extend the limits of their journey, as Mr. Clarke himself. To these may be added a strong and hardy constitution,* in all the vigour of youth, enabling him to

* Of what importance this quality was to a companion of Mr. Clarke in his travels at that period of his life, can be known only to those who have been with him upon such occasions. There was at times a feverish impatience about him, which would never allow him to place his own rest or comfort in competition with the more rapid attainment of any object he had in view, nor even

endure, without material inconvenience, those hardships and labours, which Mr. Clarke struggled through by means of his enthusiasm, at the expense of great personal suffering and the permanent injury of his health.

It was at first thought advisable that the letters should tell their own story, without any other aid or explanation than that which may be derived from the map: but a more accurate examination of them has discovered several chasms in the narrative, in which a few words of explanation will be required. Such, therefore, will be given when necessary: but not to interrupt materially the thread of their proceedings, which is so well unfolded by Mr. Clarke himself, it may be proper for the reader to anticipate that the party separated into two, near Lake Wener in Sweden, after having dined together, within a circle of Runic stones between Mounts Hunneberg and Halleberg. Whether Mr. Clarke, having now ascertained the spirit and

to tolerate such a disposition in others. The friend who writes this memoir, sometimes experienced this to his cost; and Mr. Clarke himself confesses, in one of his letters, that in their journey from Lake Wener to Torneá, which including their stay at Stockholm occupied about eighteen days, they were never in bed more than four hours out of forty-eight. The consequence of which was, that he was compelled to prosecute his journey to the north of the arctic circle, under the effects of a severe disorder brought on entirely by this imprudent haste.

powers of his pupil, already contemplated a more extensive tour, and therefore had become indifferent to the order of the first, or whether the scenes within the arctic had risen into more importance in his eyes, he determined immediately to proceed to Lapland before the summer should be far advanced; but as this step was quite incompatible with the limited views of the other travellers, they adhered to the original arrangement, and passing through Udevalla, entered Norway at Fredericshall.

To his Mother.

“HAMBURG, May 28, 1799.

“My dear Mother.—We arrived here safe on the 25th, after the most expeditious passage, perhaps, ever known. The captain assured us, that during forty years, he had never reached Hamburg on the third day. Read and determine! We sailed on Thursday at noon. On Friday, at midnight, we passed Helgoland. On Saturday, at half-past six in the morning, we entered the Elbe. At half-past ten we arrived at Cuxhaven. Finding a vessel bound for Hamburg, the wind fair, at eleven we started again; and as the sun was setting, at eight in the evening, after a most delightful voyage, we landed in Hamburg. What think you now of our

flight? At Cambridge, on the 20th; at Hamburg, on the 25th.

“We had few alarms in the passage. Rather a stout gale, as you may suppose by our progress; but not more than the sailors desired. Twice we received signals to hoist our colours; and once we were boarded by the crew of an English hired armed cutter. Otter suffered most in the voyage. Malthus bore it better than any one. Cripps made a good seaman, being always upon deck.

“There are two things which the English expect to receive from Hamburg, viz. news, and hung-beef. The hung-beef I shall keep for our own use among the mountains: the news you are welcome to; and I assure you it is very considerable. Turin is in the hands of the Allies. Naples is taken, &c.

“Hamburg is a place of much higher importance than I had imagined. Her merchants are princes, and their coffers the emporium of the riches of the world. I can buy all sorts of India goods, cambric, Holland, &c. free from any duty.—

“We go next to Copenhagen, and from thence along the western side of Sweden, into Norway, to Christiania. We shall then proceed northward as near to the pole as possible. I intend to pass within the arctic, at all events; that for once I may see the sun revolve for twenty-four hours, without setting; and learn what sort of a Rump Parlia-

ment they hold in Lapland. We then pass round the north part of the gulf of Bothnia, and afterward cross over to Stockholm and Upsal. Then we visit Finland, and proceed to Petersburg; after which, having letters to Domingo Gonzalez, we embark for the moon. Love to all! God bless you!"

To the same.

COPENHAGEN, June 7, 1799.

"You are not to be in the least alarmed, if you do not hear regularly from me; because our route lies through countries, where the post is always irregular, and often where there is no post whatever.

"We are at this moment arrived here. I write under great fatigue, and in that hurry which must attend a traveller, with many other things to think of, and on the top of a trunk. We had a pleasant journey from Hamburg, where we spent a week. A fierce republican, à la Jacobin, came and smoked a pipe with me, to know how matters went on in England. We are all well, and very happy. I have not had above four hours sleep these seven nights past; but never was better in my life."

To the same.

COPENHAGEN, June 10th, 1799.

“We long to hear news from England, and to know how you are all going on. I cannot hear from you till I arrive at Stockholm; which is a sad grievance, as our tour to the north takes place before we descend upon that city. Lord R. Fitzgerald, the English ambassador, has been very civil to us. Our party dined with him yesterday. I sent my apology, and staid at home, to recover the arrears in my journal, and to settle the account of expenses; which last is very complicate; owing to the confusion arising from money of so many sorts and denominations.

“Pray write word of all that happens. Every little thing relating to England is interesting here. Send all your letters to Stockholm. There has been a report that Lord St. Vincent has beaten the French fleet. I fear it cannot be true.

“On Friday next, there will be a grand review of ten thousand Danish troops, at which the King and the Prince will appear. We wait to see that, and then depart for Sweden. Copenhagen rises like a Phoenix from her ashes. She has twice been destroyed by fire. At this moment before my eyes, are the ruins of the finest palace in the world. It was burned down about three years

ago. You may remember reading an account of the catastrophe in the papers. Every thing was destroyed. A collection of pictures, that cost many years, and much treasure, to complete; books, furniture, plate, and so on.

“I suppose you have traced our route. We came from Hamburgh to Lubeck, Kiel, Eckrenforde, Flensborg, Apenrade, Hadersleben, Assens (in the Isle of Funen), Odensee, Nyeborg, Corsoer (in Zealand), Slagelsó, Roeskilde, and Copenhagen. Now I will give you our route from this place, till we get to Stockholm. From Copenhagen to Elsineur, thence to Gothéborg and Christiania. Then through Norway into Lapland, and descend southward, to the north of the Gulf of Bothnia. Then down the western coast of the Gulf, to Stockholm. Then cross the Gulf to Finland, and through Finland, to Petersburg.”

To the same.

“GOTHEBORG, in SWEDEN, June 18, 1799.

“After a journey of one hundred and twenty miles, without sleep, and almost without food, I sit down to write to you. Out of the one hundred and twenty, sixteen were performed on foot, and the rest in waggons, over Swedish wilds. All this you know is play to me; only it may prevent my

writing regularly. And I must beg of you never to be surprised at not hearing from me. Two months may elapse, and a letter not reach you. I shall of course always write when I can.

“Sweden is not so mountainous, nor with so foreign an aspect as you would imagine; so far as we have yet explored it. The roads are better than in England; but we travel in waggons, sitting on a bare plank, without springs, or any thing to put our feet upon, over a wild and desolate country: chiefly characterized by extensive heaths, uncultivated commons, or barren rocks. We may fairly say we are shaken to death; but it is death unto life; for I never was better in my days, nor ever so completely enjoyed myself. The party seem all of the same mind, and are resolved to attack the pole.—The little *désagréments* we meet with are the stimulants to new exertion; they constitute the zest of enterprise, the salt of intellectual food. Before the middle of July, I hope to stand within the arctic circle.—

“To-morrow we leave this place to visit the cataracts of Trollætta, and the Wener Lake. To-day we dine with a Swedish family. We have above fifty letters of recommendation to the north, not including those of Otter and Malthus.”

To the same.

“WENERSBORG, SWEDEN, June 21, 1799.

“Now you will have no difficulty to find me in the map of Sweden. Open it this instant, and behold me upon the great Lake of Wener, or Wener See, in Westro Gothland. I am now dripping from its waves; having bathed in its crystal waters. There! you have the map open! Well! don't you see me? How do you do? I perceive you have your spectacles on. What a lake! It is one of the largest in the world. One hundred miles in length, and fifty in breadth. Come, will you take a boat with me? I will row you across to some of the islands. There, sit down at the stern. Ay, that is right—take care you don't wet your petticoats.

“This is a land of iron; therefore, to be in character, I write to you with my old iron pen. We are all very well, and very happy. I shall present your compliments to the King of Sweden, and ask him, if he will eat his beef pudding with you in the autumn, and belong to our whist club, at Mrs. Budd's.—I have prepared my speech upon the occasion.

“I have somewhat altered my route, and mean to go straight from hence to Stockholm; where I shall be in four days: so, I shall get any letters

from England, at least six weeks sooner. From Stockholm we proceed to the north of the Gulf of Bothnia into Lapland, and through Lapland into the north of Norway, and then, steering south, we return to Sweden again, before we set out for St. Petersburg."

From Wenersborg Mr. Clarke and Mr. Cripps proceeded rapidly by the direct route to Stockholm, where they stayed only a few days to procure money, and to purchase a light waggon for their northern journey. Thence, they immediately took their way through Upsal, and along the shore of the Gulf of Bothnia to Torneá; at which place they arrived on the eighth of July. During this interval Mr. Clarke wrote no letters.

To the Rev. Robt. Tyrwhit, Jesus College, Cambridge.

"TORNEA, Gulf of Bothnia, 66 deg. N. Lat.

July 9, 1799.

"My dear Sir,—I have promised to write to Satterthwaite, and many others; but as, at this time of the year, I know no person so likely to be in College as yourself, you will, I hope, excuse my troubling you with this. I will beg of you to shew it to any friend, who may be interested in the success of our enterprise,

“I wished to write from Upsal; but really every moment is so precious, that I was not able. It is now eleven at night, and the sun shines upon this paper. We hope to see him all night above the horizon, when we get farther to the north; but I fear we are too late. He sinks for about an hour and a half below the horizon; but we have no other difference between noon and midnight, than that the thermometer during the former is at 75, and during the latter at 46. Our fatigue has lately been excessive; but we are in excellent health. We have now traversed the whole of Sweden; having completed a journey of near two thousand miles to this place.

“Otter and Malthus left us at the Wener Lake. Our parting was very painful, but we shall soon meet again. They found it necessary to give up part of their journey, that they might not trespass on their time, as limited at setting out. It appeared also, that they were somewhat daunted by the account they received of an expedition so far to the north. Malthus thought I should never be able to effect a passage by land, from Lapland to Norway. They went into the south of Norway. We came to Stockholm, Upsal, and through the towns on the western coast of the Gulf of Bothnia to this place. Our expedition has succeeded beyond our most sanguine expectations; as you will in some measure learn by the date. We travel in

a little waggon. From the Wener Lake to Stockholm, we passed in carts, without springs, in no degree better than an English dung-cart. The joy I feel in the prospect of visiting the countries within the arctic is not to be expressed. It is my intention to go from hence to Enontakis, in Tornea Lapmark, and from thence to North Cape, to visit the coast of the icy sea. If I find it impracticable to pass to Drontheim, from thence, by water, I shall return, and cross to Pitea Lapmark; from whence I can proceed into the north of Norway; visiting various interesting scenes. If we do not meet Otter and Malthus in the north of Norway, we shall find them afterward at Stockholm. Had they been lads of sufficient enterprise, I still think, they might have undertaken a journey full as extensive as ours, with very little addition of time or expense. It is not certain, that I shall not be at Drontheim, even now, before they arrive. I intend to launch a balloon at the capital of Tornea Lapmark; in order to attract the natives together. All the materials are ready. The north of Sweden is the finest country in Europe. Italy and Switzerland may boast of higher mountains and bolder scenes; but the magnificence of its forests, the beauty of its lakes and islands, and the honesty and the hospitality of its inhabitants are unequalled.

“Would any Englishman expect to find here a good supper, and a post-office? We have had our

tea, and a game at romps with some Lapland lasses. I am preparing to have a dance with them. Their faces are smeared with bear's grease; and they come as near to the human as any animal, except the natives of Owhyhee.

“Having conquered all the bug-bears, I am disposed to be more facetious than is consistent with the dignity of a letter from the arctic, impregnated with the electric rays of the Aurora Borealis, and which, beyond all doubt, will shine in the dark. But, to listen to the nonsense one hears—‘What get to Torneá?’ exclaimed a multitude, ‘you may as well think of getting to the moon!’ Yet, here we are, without a single accident; and I may almost add, without a single shower; which has proved very agreeable to passengers in a waggon. I do not intend to turn back until I have scented the polar air. I never was in better health. It is true there is no part of my body I can call my own, except (grace au ciel!) my right hand, and left eye. My left arm is possessed by the *Furia Infernalis*. Various venomous insects occupy my body externally. Internally, a commotion owes its origin to sour milk and rye bread. But all these losses render me lighter, and more fit for enterprise.

“Cripps makes an excellent traveller. He is occupied in sending a case of minerals to Stockholm. Mineralogy, botany, manners, politics,

astronomy, antiquities, have all found a place in his journal; he seems to grasp at universal science; and works with his hammer among the rocks, like a galley-slave. He particularly desires to be remembered to you. I promised to write to Alderman Newling and to Mr. Outram, of St. John's, the public orator. As I cannot possibly fulfil my engagement, I shall be obliged to you to make those gentlemen acquainted with any particulars respecting our tour, which you may think proper. If there is any article of literature or natural history which you wish to receive from these countries, I beg you will make me your porter. A letter directed, 'à la poste restante, Stockholm,' will reach me any time before the autumn."

To his Mother.

"TORNEA, on the most northern point of the Gulf of Bothnia, 66 degrees of North Latitude. July 9, 1799.

"Would you believe it? In this place to get pen, ink, and paper, and to find a post-office? 'What, get to Torneá?' every one said; yet here I am, and what is more, have not done yet, for I will not turn back, until I smell the Polar air. How happy I am! Can I believe it?—am I dream-

ing? pinch my nose! To tread within the arctic!—only fancy! And to get here without a single accident—not even a soaking.

“Long letters you cannot expect from travellers, who have slept only four hours in forty-eight for the last fortnight. Would you like a slice of an arctic ham? It was taken from the thigh of a fat bear. I do assure you, it beats the Surrey hams, out and out. None of your sneers at the Laplanders! They come as near the human as any animal, except Dame Osborne, and the folks at the alms-house.

“We have seen Stockholm and Upsal, and came along the western coast of the Gulf of Bothnia to this dear place. And what would you have? Look at our supper—a bare-footed Laplander is placing it on the table. A tureen of chocolate milk, some very nice rusks, pickled salmon, and pancakes! If a votary of enterprise cannot feast there, let him starve!

“We enter Norway next. You must never be alarmed at not hearing from me. It is quite uncertain when you will get another letter, but certainly not before I reach Drontheim; which will be in the middle, or towards the end of August, then you must allow time for it to get to England.”

To Mr. R. Malthus.

“TORNEA, July 9, 1799.

“We should have been here on the 7th, if we had not waited a day for Baron Hermelin, and a day with Dr. Nøzen, at Umea. From the moment we parted with you, we may date the beautiful scenes of Sweden. But from Upsal to this place, nothing in Europe can surpass it. You may imagine what my surprise has been, who expected to pass an insipid, barren, flat, maritime territory. Peter is still with us. We have procured our Lapland interpreter, and are setting off for the pole. I do not intend to turn back till I have dipped in the icy sea. I find we can penetrate into Finmark, through Lapland, and to the North Cape, through Finmark.

“We should have been at Drontheim long before you, if we had not extended our tour. There are as many passages into Norway, as rivers flowing from it. We might pass, 1st, from Hernosand to Roráas, by Gustavsberg; 2d, from Pitea to Nasa Fjal; 3d, from Luléa to Quicjock; and 4th, from Torneá to Torneá Trask. This last we shall make; but shall not go from the icy sea to Tronheim; but return by Nasa Fjal, through the lakes and mountains of Pitea Lapmark. Afterwards we go from Sheleftea to Hernosand, and then by Gus-

tavsberg to Tronheim, in order to visit the mines and interesting scenes in that passage.

“ My balloon is ready, and will be launched in the capital of Lapland. The priests are to give notice in the churches, that all may come to see the Englishman, and his wonder of wonders !!!

“ We have many rare plants ; but never since, have once seen that beautiful plant I gave Otter at Hunneberg. Pray let him take care of it, and it shall be painted.

Dianthus Superbus,

Rubus Arcticus,

Rubus Chamæmorus,

Epilobium Montanum,

Linnæa Borealis,

Comarum Palustre;

“ These are fine plants; but we have fifty more, and in Lapland, they say, are the rarest plants in the world.”

From Torneá they proceeded northward, principally by water, up the Torneá and Muonio rivers, with an intention of penetrating to the North Cape. During the greater part of this journey, however, Mr. Clarke was exceedingly ill, and generally compelled to lie at the bottom of the boat, exposed to great changes of temperature, and suffering dreadfully from the mosquitoes. Of this

illness, which, combined with the lateness of the season, was the cause of their turning southward from Enontakis, he says nothing to his mother, for the reason already stated. He appears to have owed his cure principally to the fruit of the *Rubus Arcticus* and the *Rubus Chamæmorus*.

To his Mother.

“ ENONTAKIS, in Lapland, on the frontiers of Finmark, $68^{\circ} 30' 30''$, North Lat. In the most northern province of the Swedish Dominions. July 29, 1799.

“ We have found the cottage of a priest, in this remote corner of the world, and have been snug with him, a few days. Yesterday I launched a balloon, eighteen feet in height, which I had made to attract the natives. You may guess their astonishment, when they saw it rise from the earth.

“ Is it not famous to be here, within the frigid zone? More than two degrees within the arctic; and nearer to the pole, than the most northern shores of Iceland? For a long time darkness has been a stranger to us. The sun, as yet, passes not below the horizon; but he dips his crimson visage behind a mountain to the north. This mountain we ascended, and had the satisfaction to see him make his curtsy, without setting. At midnight, the priest of this place lights his pipe,

during three weeks in the year, by means of a burning glass, from the sun's rays.

“We have been driving rein-deer in sledges. Our intention is to penetrate, if possible, into Finmark, as far as the source of the Alten, which falls into the icy sea. We are now at the source of the Muonio, in Torneá Lapmark. I doubt whether any map you can procure will shew you the spot. Perhaps you may find the name of the place, Enontakis. Well, what idea have you of it? Is it not a fine town?—sashed windows, and streets paved and lighted—French theatres—shops—and public buildings? I'll draw up the curtain—now see what it is! A single hut, constructed of the trunks of fir-trees, rudely hewn, with the bark half on, and placed horizontally, one above another; here and there a hole to admit light. And this inhabited by an old priest, and his young wife, and his wife's mother, and a dozen children, and half a dozen dogs, and four pigs, and John, and Cripps, and the two interpreters, and Lazarus, covered with sores, bit by mosquitoes, and as black as a negro. We sleep on rein-deer skins, which are the only beds we have had since Torneá.

“We have collected minerals, plants, drawings, and, what is of more importance, manuscript maps of countries unknown, not only to the inhabitants of Sweden, but to all the geographers of Europe. The best maps afford no accurate idea of Lapland.

The geography of the north of Europe, and particularly of the countries lying to the north of the Gulf of Bothnia, is entirely undetermined. I am now employed in tracing the topography of the source of the Muonio. We are enabled to confirm the observations of Maupertuis, and the French missionaries respecting the elevation of the pole, and the arctic circle. I shall bring a piece of it home to you, which stuck in my boot, as I stepped into the frigid zone. It will serve as excellent leaven, and be of great use in brewing, a pound of it being sufficient to ferment all the beer in the cellar; merely by being placed in my cabinet.

“The wolves have made such dreadful havoc here, that the rich Laplanders are flying to Norway. One of them, out of a thousand rein deer which he possessed a few years ago, has only forty remaining. Our progress from Torneá has been entirely in canoes, or on foot, three hundred and thirty miles. There are no less than one hundred and seven cataracts between this place and Torneá. We live on rein-deer flesh, and the arctic strawberry: which is the only vegetable that has comforted our parched lips and palates, for some time. It grows in such abundance, near all the rivers, that John gathers a pailfull whenever we want them. I am making all possible exertion to preserve some for you. Wheat is almost unknown here. The food of the natives is raw fish, ditto

rein-deer, and sour milk called pijma. Eggs, that great resource of travellers, we have not. Poultry are never seen. Had I but an English cabbage, I should feast like an alderman."

"TORNEA, August 14th, 1799.

"You may imagine the comfort and satisfaction we feel, upon our arrival once more in Torneá. We descended the Aunis and Kiemi rivers, through Kiemi Lapmark, and are rejoiced to get a morsel of sweet bread, and to converse again with human beings. We go now into the north of Norway. Write to Christiania."——

After leaving Torneá the second time, the travellers made the circuit of the upper part of the Gulf of Bothnia, and then descended on the eastern side of it, through Ulea to Wasa; from which place they passed the Gulf, in a vessel to Umea, on the western side. Thence they went to Sundsvald, and then took their way directly west, across the mountains of Malmagen, a part of the chain which separates Sweden from Norway, descending into the latter country near the celebrated copper mines of Roraas.

To the same.

SUNDSVALD, North of SWEDEN,
Sept. 10, 1799.

“—— We set out for Norway to-morrow. I hope you received my last from the regions of thick-ribbed ice. I shall be home in November, or the first week in December, at farthest. How painful is it not to know whether you are well or ill, and what is doing at Uckfield. All my thoughts centre there. Could I but see, once more, your hand-writing! My dear sister, too, how does she do? And George, is he with you?—tell me all.

“—— We came across the Gulf of Bothnia, from Wasa to Umea. The sun has burned my hands and face, until they resemble this ink. I am become a Laplander in visage, dress, and manners. It would frighten a powdered English beau, to see such figures as we are. Only fancy, being compelled to tar our faces, necks, hands, &c. in Lapland, to save us from mosquitoes!

“ We know no more of England than if we were in New Holland.—Now for the mountains.”

To the Rev. William Otter, Jesus College, Cambridge.

TRONHEIM, September 23, 1799.

“—— What I have suffered since I saw you I will not fill my letter with; it will be enough to

say, I have never had two days of health since I set out for Lapland. I had the melancholy task of telling Cripps how to commit my poor carcass to a grave, and to get home. Once I lost my senses ; and, but a few days ago, having crossed the Norwegian Alps with great fatigue, I fancied I had a hole in my throat, and fainted with the chimeras of my own disordered imagination. Now, thank God ! I am better, as you see, for I can write. All my illness arose from fatigue, and neglect of sleep, and perhaps from the effect of climate on a constitution unarmed to encounter a frigid zone.

“We are to suppose you intended that we should experience a very serious disappointment, when you neglected to leave the promised letter from you in the post-office. If you had known with what anxious impatience we should search for your hand-writing, in every post book, you could not have done this. We have ransacked half the houses in the town, in hopes you had at least left us a line ; but in vain. Why did you not give us a little information about the people here, and a few hints necessary to be observed in travelling ? We find you missed Bergen, yet we know not why. This is remarkable, as you were so many days idle here. Poor Cripps was ready to weep, when the long-expected letter was not found.

“We penetrated as far as the frontiers of Finmark, traversing the provinces of Torneá, and

Kemi Lapmark ; visited the sources of the Muonio and the Aunis, surrounded the whole of the Gulf of Bothnia; crossed the Alps to Roraas, and came here last night. We are delighted with this place—live in the same room you did, and ask questions of you all the day. What libraries they have here ! And even the arts flourish. I have bought beautiful pictures already. We are to attend the meeting of the Literary Society, and the Clubs—all Jacobins ! I suppose the vast increase of population here interested Malthus ; and even you would be an antiquarian here, in seeing the spot once tenanted by Norwegian kings. I assure you, I never saw such scenery in Europe, as between Hoff and Holtaalen, on the Roraas road. It is neither Alpine, nor Apennine, but Norwegian ; combining the wildness and sublimity of Switzerland, with the groves of Sweden, and the vales of Italy. Of course you collected the rare minerals which are produced by the mine near Hoff ; particularly that singular fossil, the indeterminate crystallization of quartz. Would you not smile to see me in the character of a botanist ? I botanize from morning till night—‘*O quam mutatus !*’ It is so vastly absurd, you know, to be poking for weeds in a ditch. Were I any longer in doubt, Sweden would make any man a botanist. I have collected all the plants engraved in the *Flora Lapponica*, and many others. I have bought here the *Flora Nor-*

wegica. It is a good work ; but describing the *Rubus Chamæmorus* (to which I owe my life), he says the English call it Cloud-berries. Did you ever see it in Britain ? Perhaps the bogs of Scotland produce it.

“ Some plants are still in bloom here. The *Ranunculus* will be the last ; as the *Tussilago Farfara* was the first. I collected the *Ranunculus Glacialis* yesterday. Among other affectations, I am ready to dispute with Linnæus, that the *Lichen Coralloides*, and the *Lichen Deformis*, are the same. That the cause of barrenness in the *Rubus Arcticus*, when transplanted, originates in accidental selection. The specimens carried to the south of Europe, were not Hermaphrodites ; but a singular monster common to that genus, which is male alone. How little do botanists know of plants, when they judge of them from local character ! Here is the author of the *Flora Norwegica* describing the *Pedicularis Sceptum Carolinum* ; and he says, ‘ *Sæpissime caulis est nudus, foliis tantum radicalibus instructus, haud raro autem præterea etiam folia verticillata habet circa medium posita.*’ The fact is, the *variety*, if it may be so termed, of the *Pedicularis Scept. Car.* as found here, has little resemblance to the plant in its natural state. It is a poor, stunted, dwarfish, deformed emigrant, exiled from Lapland ; and not possessing more than a family likeness of its parent. The *Scept.*

Car. in Lapland is never seen with a naked stem. It grows almost to the height of a man; the most magnificent of all the arctic flowers, ornamented with foliage in beautiful gradation, diminishing, and proportionate from its root to its blossom. In Norway, it only shews a miserable head, without the body.

“Have you seen the dissertation by Rudbeck on this plant? The best engraving of it, is in the *Flora Lapponica*; but the seed vessel is incorrect. The *Flora Danica* is generally above all, but fails in this.

“I have treasures inestimable—minerals, antiquities, plants, birds, fish, maps, books, insects, drawings, and so on. Of plants I have, I believe, a thousand specimens, many of course are duplicates; and I hope some of them will supply you, where you have failed. I hope to give some also to Newton, and to Brooke. In all my illness I never deserted my journal, though it grew thin to keep me in countenance.

“The *Gentiana Nivalis*, *Pedicularis Lapponica*, *Andromeda Hypnoides*, *Saxifraga Azoides*, *Comarum Palustre*, *Salix Amygdalina*, *Lychnis Alpina*, *Pedicularis Scept. Car.*, *Dianthus Superbus*—of these, and many others, I have seed. Will they grow in England? The *Rubus Arcticus* I have preserved in spirits, with its leaves and fruit. Of its flowers I have many specimens in my books.

I have also the plants peculiar to Sweden; the *Betula Nana* (though found, by the bye, here), *Cratægus Aria*, and others mentioned by Linnæus. Respecting that illustrious man, I have many curious things to speak, and to exhibit. If it had not been for illness, we should have reached North Cape. We beheld, however, Finmark from the mountains, standing on the spot which Linnæus calls the *last angle of the world*, beyond which there is hardly a trace of animal or vegetable life.

“The Laplanders constitute an interesting portion of our acquaintance. When I sit with you again, I will shew you their march from Persia to the pole; you shall hear how they have preserved to this hour the customs and the language of the first patriarchs. Why did you not visit them from Roraas? It is only one day’s ride from that place to the mountains of Malmagen, on which we found a settlement of Laps, with above a thousand rein-deer. One of which we purchased, and brought with us. His horns and hide, I preserve for the public library. His flesh, at this moment, smokes on the table; and Cripps is clamorous, lest it should cool, before I join with him, in conveying it ‘ad inferos.’

“You perhaps recollect what ideas I had formed of a journey along the Gulf of Bothnia. It has nothing of the maritime character. The Gulf is never seen but as inlets, forming the most beautiful

lakes, covered with islands, and ornamented with the tallest and most luxuriant groves. Angermanland, of all the Swedish provinces, is the most interesting. It is the Switzerland of the north. Ostero Bothnia is the most fertile. But, estimating Norway from the specimen we have hitherto perceived, it promises to surpass all the north of Europe in grandeur of scenery. Solander lived at Pitea, in Westro Bothnia, and in that neighbourhood I procured the *Flora Suecica* of Linnæus, with his manuscript annotations. Literature is at the lowest ebb in Sweden; I had the utmost difficulty to get a copy of that work. They are ignorant of the only famous author their country ever produced. But the people are better than the Norwegians—more industrious, yet in greater poverty, more virtuous and more hospitable. Did you meet Acerbi in Stockholm? We sent letters by him from Uleaborg.

“Tell Malthus we have regularly estimated the thermometer. We have obtained the height of it here since the year 1762. Mr. Hornman also brings me a curious account of the increase and present state of population; which may be useful to him. I have procured Professor Leem’s account of Lapland and Finmark, in Latin. His widow still lives here.”

To his Mother.

“BANDELIE, in NORWAY, October 12, 1799.

“As I know I shall not have a moment to myself in Christiania, where we hope to arrive to-morrow, I avail myself of an opportunity to scribble from a little post-house, on the shore of the Hudals lake.

“I have the satisfaction to inform you, that after three passages of the Norwegian Alps, we are both safe and well; with eager and anxious expectation, making all speed to Christiania, to get letters from dear friends, in dear England. I have not seen even your hand-writing since we left Stockholm; except in reading over and over the letter you sent me there, till I have it by heart. I shall keep this open, till I have read yours in Christiania. You may guess what my feelings are, till I know you are all well. Every moment is an age.

“You will hardly credit, that at this season of the year, in this part of Norway, we are still collecting plants in bloom. The harvest is not yet got in. How little do we know of this country in England! Travellers describe it as a region of snow; and even the illustrious Linnæus says, that before the end of August, winter returns, without autumn, in this latitude. We have traversed the whole of Norway, from Tronheim, or Drontheim,

as it is erroneously often called in maps, to the south. Do not be vain of your English refinement! Yesterday I left a party of beautiful young ladies, working tambour, at the foot of the Douvre Alps.

“This is the land for mountains. Ossa and Pelion—Gog and Magog! Switzerland must yield the palm to Norway, in beauty and grandeur of scenery. The mountains here may not have equal elevation above the level of the sea; but nothing in Europe can be more sublime. Tronheim is as fine a town as Bath; and its inhabitants not less polite, though much more hospitable.

“We have only to go now to Stockholm and Petersburg, and then, huzza, for old England, once again! I must leave a little room, in case any letter at Christiania requires an answer.”

CHRISTIANIA, October 15.

“What treasures I have found here! No less than four letters from Uckfield; three from you, and one from Anne. I received them with fear and trembling, and shook so much, I could hardly hold them, till I saw your hand-writing. Oh, blessed news; and all well! I tore open the seals, and your last date, which is August 29, tells me George is safe at home, and all well! So—I am at ease! thank God! thank God.—Do not let any body direct the letters but you; because

that alarms me dreadfully. Never mind what you write, your hand-writing is all I want to see, though your letters continue, as they always were, interesting and precious. Your lace, table-cloths, &c. you may depend upon having; and I wish to buy for you a black silk cloak, lined with such fur, as you once had, on a white satin, that you may not perish in your long penance at church. It shall be handsome, and yet sober and decent; such as you like."

To the Rev. Wm. Otter, Jesus College, Cambridge.

CHRISTIANIA, October, 24, 1799.

"—— We were surprised to learn that you halted a day or two at Elstad, instead of selecting a spot among the sublime scenery you afterward visited in the neighbourhood of Douvre fiel. But let me congratulate you upon the tour you so fortunately selected. Surely nothing can equal Norway! I have never seen such sublime scenery any where in Europe. Sweden is far inferior. Angermanland resembles it in its features, but is never so grand. If our journey were to be repeated, I would go first through Norway to Tronheim, and thence to Nord Cap, and afterwards to Torneá and Stockholm.

“What a fine opportunity you had to collect plants on the Douvre Alps. In all our travels I have never seen such a profusion of rarities as flourish there. We were too late for flowers, but collected seed; particularly some beautiful species of *Saxifraga*. The *Gentiana Campestris* is still in bloom; also many varieties of *Ranunculus*.

“I have the skins of the Norwegian lynx, white fox, mountain squirrel, snow riper, cock of the wood, &c. Richard tells us, you saw some Laps near Roraas. We weary him with inquiries after you.”

“Oh that we could meet you once again! Both the Ankers aer princes; and act as such to us, but above all *Columella Anker*, whom you did not see.”

To the same.

“STOCKHOLM, December 8, 1799.

“—— Oh, what a journey! It interests me too much.—I am in a fever from morning till night. Could any one expect to find such a field of antiquity in Lapland? A view of mankind in their origin opens before me, so extensive, and so glorious, that human vision cannot bear it. It comprehends all the descendants of Japheth, spreading their colonies and language over the north-western

world. In the Swedish, I behold the origin of my native language, somewhat corrupted in Norway, and almost obliterated in England. I can speak it feebly; but the little I have acquired will be soon forgotten. What intellectual darkness covers us all. I seek after wisdom, and the result of my inquiry is only a conviction of my own gross ignorance. Every day I perceive I know less and less, and should give it up in despair, were it not for the reflection, that I am more contented, more happy, more acquiescent, than when I thought I was wiser. What is to become of us! Are we ever to know any thing of the earth on which we live, and of primitive causes? Two-thirds of the race of men vegetate, and lift not up their eyes to the light—the inquisitive few labour in vain.

‘ But much they grope for truth, and never hit,
Yet deem they darkness light, and their vain blunders wit.’

“We have been in almost every province of the Swedish dominions. Our journey in Norway was very pleasing. The king has resigned the chancellorship of Upsal in anger. It is expected his reign will be very short. There are insurrections at Gotheborg and Gefle. A scarcity of corn prevails, and the value of paper money is so low, that corn cannot be imported, but at a price which places it beyond purchase. I perceive you did not get half my letters. We have preserved the

Rubus Arcticus in spirits, in sugar, in books, in seed, in roots; in short, in every way, which may ensure it a growth in England. Tell Don at the Botanic garden, I have plenty of seed from the gardener at Upsal for him. We attended Thunberg's lectures there in botany; also those of Afzelius in chemistry. I shall bring home a chest full of books; ditto of drawings, maps, costumes, &c.; ditto of Lapland productions; ditto of minerals; ditto of antiquities; ditto of *slang*. Tell Hailstone I have trap enough for him, and that Estmarck of Kongsberg will give him a complete collection, if he will sail across from Lynn to Christiania (which is only seven days) to see him.—

“They have translated Alonzo and Imogine into Swedish, preserving the metre.

“In many parts the strong analogy of the language to the English is striking, as döds-kalle, or, as it is pronounced, dead skull, for a skeleton's head. And take one of the lines, it is curious—

Lät Hjelman fran hufoudet falla—

“And now according to the pronunciation—

Let Helmen from off ud het falla—

“And now in literal English—

Let helmet from off his head fall.

“We set off in three days for Petersburg. You

have bereaved us in taking the two volumes of the *Voyage de deux Français*; but if you have left it at Petersburg, it will do. We cannot buy it here.

“The little waggon we bought for fifty dollars lasted us till Tronheim, and we there sold it well. I wish I could say the same of the phaeton we brought there. We have now purchased a magnificent affair for eighty pounds, made at Vienna; a close carriage, full of drawers, mysteries, and conundrums, lined with blue morocco. It is a monstrous porcupine; and if I did not hope to go in sledges, in Finland, I should fear the whole would fall to pieces. Apropos, we have had no appearance of winter yet, and walk about without great coats. The thermometer is not at the freezing point. The climate is dry and fine. We had never any rain; from June till the beginning of November, not a single drop. Tell the Jesuits, it is a shame they have never written; if they will send a line by return of post to Petersburg, it will be worth a treasure to me, and cost them little trouble.”

To his Mother.

“STOCKHOLM, Dec. 10, 1799.

“As Cripps’ friends have written to desire he will visit Petersburg, before his return, we are no

longer under any apprehension as to their being impatient of our delay. He would go to the mountains of the moon, if I would consent to accompany him. I never had a more active, useful, or pleasant companion in travels. He is always endeavouring to make me happy, and therefore I ought not to omit making him this acknowledgment.

“You may be sure I want no spur to make me extend a plan of enterprise; but as George is returned, and many other things call me home, I really wish to be in England. Cripps is very urgent in pressing me to accompany him to Moscow, and to Vienna, and as I foresee all this will keep me out much beyond the time limited for my return, I lose not an instant in making it known to you.

“If I go with him to Moscow and Vienna, it will occasion a delay of two months at least. This being the case, I cannot be in England before May; but I positively will not be absent after the end of April, if I can possibly get home. I think you will agree with me, that I ought not to lose the opportunity of visiting Moscow and Vienna, which may never occur again. Cripps, moreover, has put himself to the expense of a handsome carriage, and done every thing which he thinks may conduce to my comfort and convenience. There is another reason for my staying out, which is the unpleasant and dreary journey through Prussia,

in the depth of winter, where the roads are almost always impassable without accidents. We have here the most delightful weather imaginable."

Mr. Clarke finally left Stockholm for Petersburg, on the 14th of December, 1799, having previously spent some time at the University of Upsal, and examined with great attention the whole of the mining district of Dalecarlia, of which he has given a very full account in his travels. Grislehamn, where the next letter is dated, is a small port of Sweden, upon the Gulf of Bothnia, at which travellers usually embark for the Aland passage to Abo, the capital of Finland: this passage, which is generally very interesting and beautiful, being for the most part thickly studded with islands of red granite, clothed with dark pines, exhibiting to the traveller, as he sails along, a variety of picturesque groups, and forming occasionally the most curious and intricate straits, presented nothing but dangers and difficulties to Mr. Clarke, who was more than a month in completing it. By Mr. Malthus and the author of this memoir, who made the passage in fine weather, it was effected in less than two days, and to them it only appeared too short. In the first part, betwixt the coast of Sweden and Aland, the sea is open, as the map will shew.

*To the Rev. Mr. Satterthwaite, Jesus College,
Cambridge.*

“GRISLEHAMN, on the Bothnian Gulf,
Dec. 15, 1799.

— “The circumstances of our long journey have doubtless been detailed by others to whom we have written. Denmark, Sweden, Lapland, part of Finland, and Norway, we have completely traversed. But Sweden has occupied most of our time. We have passed through every province in the empire, except a small territory south of Stockholm, bordering on the Baltic. You will find I have not been idle. My drawings, most of which are from my own sketches taken on the spot, were considered as an object of public curiosity even in Stockholm and Christiania; where the manners and customs of the Laplanders are more known than in Jesus Combination Room, though much less understood. This may seem a paradox to you; but I assure you no people are more ignorant of the ancient history and geography of their own country than the Swedes. If, when things are at the worst, any change will be for the better, Sweden will speedily improve. Its finances are annihilated; manufactures stagnate; public credit is at an end; literature expires; the poor are oppressed; murmurs rise in the provinces; insurrections are begun in Gotheborg and Gefle;

and the merchants are becoming bankrupts. The winter is but just opened, and already there is a scarcity of corn. The paper money is worth nothing; therefore, corn cannot be imported, but at such prices as to be beyond the reach of the poor.

“We are now going through the south of Finland, or Finland Proper, to Petersburg. I mention this, to distinguish it from the former part of our travels in Finland; which comprehended Ostero Bothnia and Wasa, before we crossed the Gulf, in our way to Halsingeland, Herjeadalen, and Norway. I wish I could give you an idea of our figures, as they would not fail to amuse you. On our feet we have thick yarn stockings; over those, stout leather boots; over those, sheep skin boots, with the wool on the inside; over those, reindeer hides, with the hair on the outside. Our heads, and bodies, and hands, are wrapped in flannels and furs; and with all these in a close carriage, we cannot prevent the escape of caloric. The cold is excessive. Thermometer twenty degrees of Fahrenheit below freezing, at noon day. The strongest Madeira wine becomes solid in our carriage; and our bread and meat present no other consistence and flavour between the teeth than that of a snow ball.

(Here he gives a sketch of his person and dress.)

“ Such am I, *O quam mutatus*, at this moment. Did you ever see a biped better equipped for the other world? Pray for me, if you have the least spark of humanity. Tell Caldwell, I may perhaps look like a well-fed animal, but, gramercy! 'tis all error. Bowels empty and groaning—tympanum relaxed and flabby—mouth ready to water at a rotten egg—what will become of us!—we have not had a good dinner since we left Cambridge. Do send us a box of prog to Petersburg, or, at least, such an account of your feasting, that we may live and grow fat in the perusal of it. It is very uncertain what route we shall take from Petersburg; but I believe to Moscow and Vienna. My health is improving, and if Cripps' visions were to be realized, we should see round the globe. Sometimes he is raving to explore the wilds of Siberia; at others, he would lead me to Astrachan, and bathe in the Caspian sea.

“ It is now getting dark; I will finish this letter at Abo.

“ When I professed my intention to finish this letter at Abo, I was not aware of my own presumption. There was so much delay in our getting a vessel, that it ended with our being detained five days at Grislehamn, by a tempest. On one of these, we were near lost in attempting to leave the place. On the morning of the sixth day, be-

fore it was light, the sailors, who belonged to Aland, and were impatient to return, called us, saying that we must go on board with all possible expedition, as the weather was more mild, and the wind somewhat favourable. After what we had experienced before, it was folly to venture again, without a certainty of tranquil seas; but it was the height of insanity itself, to suffer them to take our heavy carriage in the same boat. Thinking it imprudent to dictate to mariners, I let them have their own way. Now, their boats are not accustomed to take large carriages; neither are they fit for it. You might as well put to sea in a saucer, and if the saucer is half filled with snow, and very shallow, you will have some idea of the Finland passage boats. The shore is so formed, you can have no knowledge of the weather, until you get clear of the land. The sky looked horribly red in the east, and as black in the west, in which quarter the wind was.

“The wind gathered additional force each instant as we left the land; but the wind was nothing compared with our arch enemy the sea, which having been agitated many days, to the astonishment of the sailors, presented mountains of boiling water. I had once the misfortune to sail in a storm, off the island of St. Kilda, in the Atlantic ocean; but I never saw such a spectacle as this. I observed the consternation of our boatmen, and

you may be sure I felt it. Cripps was in the carriage; it was no longer possible to conceal our situation. All subordination was lost; and that fearful confusion in which men lose all presence of mind had taken place. I begged they would put back; but was told that to alter the course of the boat, would ensure her going down. So rapid was the change, that within ten minutes from the beginning of our alarm, all hope was gone. I prevailed on them to take Cripps from the carriage, that he might be lashed to an oar. He was taken out; but not a hand could be spared to do more. At some distance from our stern, appeared a boat in equal distress; but so far to the windward, that there was no hope of her venturing down to save us, if the boat went over; and we have since learned, she had enough to do to bale out the water, which filled every moment on her lee-side. Our boat took in water on both sides, and laboured dreadfully. They began now to reproach us, on account of the carriage. 'For God's sake heave it overboard!' we all exclaimed; but they assured us, the mere attempt to move it would upset us. Every thing got worse and worse. We had at the helm an experienced seaman, who had taken the management of the vessel from the moment our danger appeared. He advised them to let go the foresail, but would not suffer the main-sail to be touched, as we had already fallen too much to

leeward, and if we did not keep up to the wind, we should be driven into the Baltic, and inevitably perish. The noise and yelling of the sailors, is still in my ears—crying out, whenever the mountain waves approached. Upon such occasions, they let the vessel fall off with the wave, and she was carried into a gulf of foam; which broke over us, covering all our bodies, and sometimes forced us to quit our hold. At last, every hope seemed to vanish. In despair we clung together upon some sacks, near the stern, and during the short intervals, when the sea left us, had recourse to fervent prayer. It pleased Providence that we should at last escape. What our feelings are, you will better imagine than I can express. I assure you, my blood is chilled with horror, as I now write to you. How we were preserved, I know not. All I recollect of our first glimpse of hope is, that after a considerable time, the island on which the telegraph is stationed, appeared to leeward, at a great distance, under the boom of the main-sail; but the sea still was in its greatest commotion. Soon after the men began to shout, and we had an island to windward, which afforded us more tranquil water. We then sailed close to land, but it was impossible to reach it owing to the surf.

“Having cleared these islands, matters went better, and soon after mid-day we arrived at Ekerö.”

To Captain George Clarke.

“By way of a date, One day shorter than any other.

“It is by no means so easy as you may imagine, to give you an idea of my situation at this moment. Few maps will tell you, where the island of Vardö lies, and those few are not within your attainment. It is a portion of that range, or cluster of insular territory, which goes by the name of Aland, in the Swedish charts, and chokes up the entrance of the Gulf of Bothnia. I am now endeavouring to effect a passage to Abo, in Finland; and from thence to Petersburg. Sometimes we are drawn across the ice on sledges; at others, it is a labour fit for Hercules to cut a channel through it, sufficient to admit a boat, and in the widest parts we sail.

“The narrowest squeak I ever had for my life took place in passing from Grislehamn to Ekerö, with a large and heavy carriage in a boat very like Master Muddle’s hat. When the water is in a passion in these seas, it is more like the boiling of of a kettle, than the gentleman-like roll of the Atlantic.—

“It has been impossible to get home so soon as I intended. And as we cannot reach Cambridge before the Term divides in February, it is of little use to break our necks in the hopes of getting there a few days after; so we have extended the

plan of our tour; in consequence of which I shall not, I fear, see England before the latter end of the spring; but I will do my best, as I long to shew you how to brew the real Powder Plot; fourteen bushels to the hogshead.—

“We are now in a little wooden hovel, about ten yards and a half square, waiting anxiously for morning, that we may cross the rest of these islands. When you receive this letter, we shall be in or near Petersburg; as I do not put it in the post till we land in Finland. Cripps, and his little dog, who has been with us in all our wanderings, are asleep upon some straw, in one corner. John, his servant, is broiling a piece of stock fish, as he says, to keep life and soul together. Peter, our interpreter, is smoking with the boatmen, in another hovel. Such are the joys of enterprise.”

To the Rev. William Otter, Jesus College, Cambridge.

“ISLE VARDÖ, between Bomarsund and Kumlinge,
in the passage to Abo, from Grislehamn,
Christmas day, 1799.

“Have you forgotten this little place? If so, you are happy. I fear I shall have too much reason to remember it. I sent a letter to Satterthwaite from Bomarsund, giving him an account of our escape from ‘a wat’ry grave.’ Cripps is now upon the island of Kumlinge. I have not seen him since

yesterday morning. I attended him as far as that island, and finding that the Lappoesi passage was not frozen up, I returned back in the same boat, and have been again to Bomarsund for our carriage, which they had persuaded us to leave behind; positively declaring that it was impossible to take it farther. As I like to combat impossibilities, I have conducted it safe to the water side, and in the morning it will go with me to Kumlinge. I have been no less than seven times, backwards and forwards from the sea to this village, which is about five English miles from the shore. We are compelled to wind in all directions, through forests, &c. to avoid the ice, which is not every where strong enough. However I brought our heavy carriage across the two sounds Bomarsund and the Vardgatta, and you know what they are. I have had twenty-five peasants at work the whole day, and if it please God to let this north-east wind sink a little of its fury, I shall have the satisfaction of giving Cripps an agreeable surprise before noon.

“ We have used sledges ever since we landed in Aland. Nothing can be more delightful than such a mode of travel. It may appear paradoxical, but we suffer less from cold in an open sledge, than in a close carriage; and as for the motion, I know not how to give you a better idea of it, than by referring you to the description of Leonora's ride

behind Death, in the German ballad; rocks, forests, rivers, seas, islands, seem to fly beneath us, as if we travelled through air. Now is the season for a trip to the pole. I would wager to be at Enara Trask in a fortnight, and hail the new century upon the icy sea.

“I have many things to say, and much advice to ask. We shall not get home before the year 1800; but before the month of June, I hope to be there. I mention this, because, though a man’s ideas may travel fast enough over a map, I do not think yours, respecting our journey, will move so fast as our bodies. For instance, if I tell you, I am going into Asia—that I intend to visit Tartary—that I shall certainly pass the Volga—that I shall afterward follow that river from Kasan to Astrachan—that from the Caspian to the sea of Azof, and the Black sea, I shall journey to Constantinople—then I know you will give a whew! and say, Yes, his health is restored, but at the expense of his reason. Why he will not get to England these two years! Now let me beg of you, neither to entertain such ideas yourself, nor to encourage them in other people. If Cripps had not pressed me to extend his travels, I should have been in England by the end of January, from Petersburg; but when our plan was altered, I gave more time to Stockholm, and to other objects. I am now very sorry I did not send our seed to you. It is

gone in different cases to England. I thought to have planted them myself, and felt proud in the hope of shewing you the *Dianthus Superbus*, the *Pyrola Uniflora*, the *Pedicularis Lapponica*, and many of the rarest of the *Saxifraga*, in our College garden. We have at this moment roots of the *Rubus Arcticus*, which we have long kept in moss. It is still alive, and puts forth buds, but it can never reach England, according to our present plan.

“Now for your advice. I wish you to tell me, in a letter, which you must instantly send to Petersburg, ‘aux soins de Messrs. Paris et Warre,’ what plants I can collect on the banks of the Volga, and in Hungary? Also, what books will illustrate the botany and natural history of those countries? I should think the Genus *Gnaphalium* will appear in greater glory than any other, when we get to warmer climates. The view of our plan will suggest many other things.

“P. S. This is my second letter, and it finds me again at Bomarsund. The north-east raged with unabated fury during thirty-six hours. I had no anxiety; as they assured me the storm would keep the sea open. Guess my grief and astonishment, when at day-light this morning, I beheld it a solid field of ice, as far as the eye could reach; and all this in one night! God knows when I

shall see Cripps again—all communication is cut off: he is on the bleak island of Kumlinge—doubtless in the greatest anxiety. I am alone without clothes or books. There is a hope that if this severe frost holds four days, I may walk over to him; the distance is twenty-one English miles. I have already driven a sledge with a horse over the Vargatta and Bomarsund. Cripps has the thermometer; I should think it must be thirty degrees of Fahrenheit, below freezing, as the sea did not freeze at 25.

“Second P. S. I have opened my letter again, to tell you we are safe in Abo; but if I were to tell you all that happened since this was sealed, I must begin a volume. Suffice it to say, that after being a week separated from Cripps, by twenty-one miles of ice, I undertook a circuitous route by the island of Sattunga, and performed a walk of seventy English miles in two days across the sea. The peasants, who were my guides, deserted me in the midst of the ice, refusing to proceed. The cold was so severe, that the exercise of walking alone enabled me to support it. What think you of thirty-nine degrees of Fahrenheit, below freezing? Brandy became solid in an instant. At last, more dead than alive, I reached Kumlinge, when all communication with the island was said to be shut. Cripps and I came in open sledges to Abo.

On the second morning of our journey, John's face became frozen, and we have been afraid it would mortify. Cripps had two spots in his; and Peter and the peasants recovered their noses with snow. I escaped all these to undergo severer trials. Last night the cold was at 40. Some said the mercury was rendered solid. Cripps and I had closed the stoves. In the night we were seized by convulsions. I lost all animation in my feet, hands, and nose, and it was not till this morning that the circulation of the blood was restored. Cripps is still unwell. A violent headache is all that remains to me. Adieu! After many escapes from death, I still have power to trouble you.

“We have got very comfortable lodgings, and mean to wait here, while Peter goes back for the carriage, which can now be conveyed in sledges on the sea.”

To the same.

ABO, Jan. 13, 1800.

“My last letter was full of disasters and difficulties. I hoped to have ended the catalogue; but really our lives were not worth insuring at sixpence an hour, from the time we left Grislehamn. We are now bound in thick ribbed ice. The Bal-

tic, and all the rivers are adamant. I was misinformed about the mercury being frozen. Professor Gadolin says it congealed in his thermometer last year, when it fell in Abo to forty degrees of Celsius. Our greatest cold now is twenty-seven of Celsius, below 0, at noon, and at midnight it has been thirty and thirty-five. The people stare to see an Englishman walk about without great coat or pelisse.

“You will wonder to find us still here ; but still more when you hear that we wish to prolong our stay. I am become a student here ; and, I do assure you, little as I have hitherto esteemed study in a foreign university, I shall ever acknowledge my obligation to this. We have received great kindness from all the professors ; but the venerable Porthan, whose history of Finland will render his name famous through Europe, is my master ; and I hope to carry through life the same memory of his instruction, that I have of his kindness. He took a fancy to converse with me when I first came here ; and as it will benefit us both, I am become of the number of his pupils.

“We have here a circle worth tracing in the line of professors. Porthan, in history and antiquities ; Hellenius, in botany ; Gadolin, in chemistry and mineralogy ; and Franzèn, in poetry. They beat Upsal out and out. The Upsalians at present are bitten by Kant ; and nothing is heard of but his

philosophy, which, I am told, he does not himself understand.

“I have such a picture in view!—but alas! I shall never get it. They have destined it for a church, I know not where.”——

END OF VOL. I.



